

Esquire

NOVEMBER 1974
PRICE \$1.50

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**Today a waitress, Buster,
but tomorrow a star!**

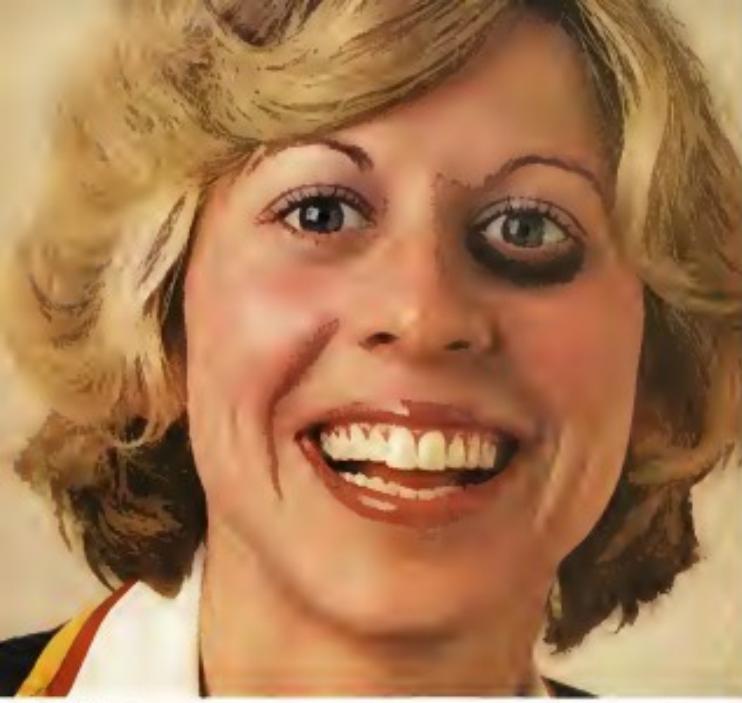
(Discovering America's hidden talent—page 131)



**The office politics
of J. Edgar Hoover**

**Art and Money:
A Special Section**

**Guide to the 92
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in the world**



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TALE OF THE FOX

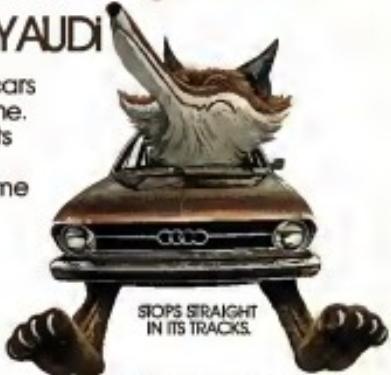
BY AUDI

Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

Then along came sports cars, economy cars, compact cars, you name it cars.



The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be



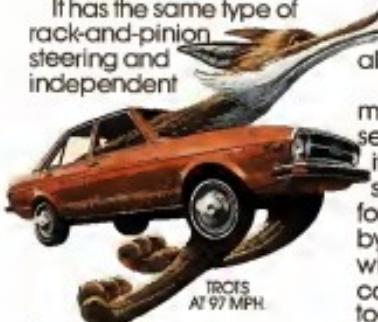
a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

Enter the Fox by Audi: a real, true sports sedan.

Its front-wheel drive makes it incredibly surefooted. (It also gives you that traction you need to help get you

through the snow.)

It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent



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Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's overhead-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

If you're in the market for a "sports sedan," try a true sports sedan: the Fox by Audi.

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ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Cleveland Amory as the Gloria Steinem of animals' lit

Cleveland Amory, is sending me a copy of his new book, *Man's Best? Our Ferocious War on Wildlife*, has reminded me that we've known such other "crazy" years—that is, forty-five such? This in turn reminded me of one of his earlier books, the *Vanity Fair* anthology, with its memorable diction of "We made with but a single thought, half a thought per

iodine." Cleveland's *Julius* is by now a well-known cult, and it's hard to believe that this is his first really serious book, in the sense that its subject is one with life-and-death consequences for its protagonists. All his other books, *The Proper Bostonians*, *The Last Resorts*, *Was Hitler Stupid?*, and the other volumes he co-edited, *Celebrity Reporter*, had to do with a way of life, whereas this one is concerned with a way of death. It is the first time, at least in books, that he has turned from his concern with human society to another. I suspect his present passionate concern about what he plainly regards as "animal" society—the fate of the human race—comes from his awareness by those who serve as agents of death for wildlife. For over a decade now, in television and radio, in magazines and in his syndicated newspaper column, Amory has undertaken a role that has made him today perhaps the country's best-known spokesman for animals. He has been nothing but opposition to the needless, thoughtless, magnified and cruel forms of massacre of wildlife that have been perpetrated, often under the cloak of "conservation," in the interests of sport, fashion, commerce and science.

Characterizing this killing as self-servant, and unnecessary for conservation of the ecology, his most recent column blames the killing as being motivated three ways: killing for fun, killing for profit, and killing for revenge. He divides his book accordingly, into three sections called, first, "Support Your Right To Ann Basco"; second, "Bad People Wear Faux Fur"; and third, "The Most Ferocious Lure."

In the opening section, setting the book off in a ringing start, is the summary of the famous Hunt-the-Hamster-Barn Chase, beneath which reads Cleveland Amory's note to himself as the most unforgettable chapter ever featured on the Today show. With an irony seldom matched since the days of Jonathan Swift, Amory

announced the formation of a new club, a world wide organization with the motto, "If you can't play a sport, shoot one," and denied that it proposed the extermination of all humans. All it proposed, in the hunters' own words, was "counseling the herd," with a carefully regulated regular open season on humans . . . and above all, absolute enforcement hunting who shoot with a bow and arrow, for example, would themselves be shot with a bow and arrow, and were to add that "the more true meaning this form of shooting really . . . Trappers would be trappers—hurrah!—of course—and free hunters would be ridded down by nothing but their neighborhood hornets and parrish dogs; furthermore, fox hunters could be hunted only by correctly dressed members of that branch of the class in clean pink coats. There'd be no letting down the hounds. All members, however they preferred to hunt, would be asked only to use discretion, and not simply go out and take pot-shots at hunters—within city limits, say, or in parked cars, or in their dinner rooms."

The opening is hard to top, but the book does hold, both in interest and indignation, and the author, with Amory's fervor of all the creatures of the wild, and therefore the last factored on the "most persecuted lost," is one you'd never guess. That section, which begins by pointing out that griffins, which can snarl the skull of a lion with one blow of their forefeet, use only their forehooves—which are covered by a padding of thick skin, and these amount to a reasonable equivalent of soiling gloves when they fight each other, is particularly remarkable. In fact, it will amaze a hundred times their spans their deadly venom when fighting each other. Nor does the shark apart its sacretoe except at predation, and never at other sharks.

This leads to the paragraph containing, as well as any one paragraph can, the book's message:

"Now tell even and all his marvelous weapons. What has he learned? Perhaps someday, when he has finally released biological and nuclear warfare—and for that matter thrown away his guns—then it will be time to compare him with his betters. But until one may be able to say that he has the brains of a griffin, the sum of a mathematical proof, the decency of a saint."

Read it. It's hard to see how you can help. (Continued on page 281)



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Cadillac  '75



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

November brings with it many things, among them Election Day. This year's election, more interesting than most, for reasons not thought of in older times, has been never so important and again since we shall all know who got the most by Whigpox, here, one case, etc., relating to how our political attention concentrated on the provinces, where we all live, instead of on the whole United States, which we merely sort of inhabit. Now when we think of a part of America instead of the whole, we naturally think of California first, and consequently that time we thought of Governor Brown's Bay (page 112), a report on the past and the prospects of Edmund Gerald Brown Jr., who, though many times he has been said! appears to many others to have just now emerged from a long kind of political undress. Author and See *Prairie Schooner* columnist Dick Nelson has worked for the *Schooner* since 1948, so if anything in California is indeed new, he ought to know.

In the great world of fine arts, of course, everything is always new, the perishability of novelty is where it's at. But not everything in the arts is new. At present the news has, among other places, is the emergence of intricately latticed hats that laymen call, relying on the one constant element, the Bobbie trial. The *Portrait of Mark Rothko* (page 128) makes it all remarkable, even, considerate. Lee Schless, who wrote the piece, is a descendant of a family of laymen, which may have helped. Mrs. Schless, a lady of mysterious grace and patient bearing, came to the Bobbie trial, by way of freelance reporting on the art world for *The Village Voice*, she is a graduate of Radcliffe and also of The Boston Museum, Colby's, which has she left as an associate editor, six months before it failed, and both the Washington and New York offices of *Newhouse*.

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FINE WRITING WITH A BEAUTY COMPANY

Two other writers in Esquire's November Art and Money section are new to the magazine; they are Douglas Davis and Fred Ferretti. Mr. Davis is the art critic of *Newweek*, a former editor and critic of *Art in America*, and a contributor to *Life*, *Birds*, *Mademoiselle* and others, and he's an artist himself, working in a number of non-academic non-painting areas, like film and video tape. The problem at hand is

Mr. Davis' "Toasted the Billion-Dollar Painting" (page 126) is a round one. "It's impossible," he says, "to hope that people won't put that price down and say, well, he thinks art should be a commodity. I don't think that at all." The issue is, about the extent that, for a painter, it's too high. "The whole notion of artists trying to work in a field that's considered noble and won't be a commodity is not simple. It's a struggle that's doomed to fail until we think of some other way of exchanging goods and services." Which isn't going to happen this year, not even for Christmas, though of course Mr. Davis is author of *Art* and the *Future History* *Prophecy of the Collaboration Between Science, Technology, and Art* (Prager, 1953). Fred Ferretti (*Market Forecast*) '74-'75, page 129) has been a reporter at *The New York Times* for five years, covering about everything from cultural news to the African revolution before joining *The Times* as editor for the New York Herald Tribune, where he reported on Sen. John F. Kennedy's assassination. A collector himself, on occasion he makes small hypotheses for the reader of *Market Forecast*: '74-'75. Mr. Ferretti also writes for *Arabses* and is the author of *The Great American Mouth Book* and *Afro-A-Koma: Sacred Art of Cameroun*.

We conclude this monthly morsage with two cheers and a hooray. A cheer for Cynthia Cook, author of our lead article, *All the World Wants the Jew Beast*. Her *Stonewall Disputation*, first published in *Esquire*, is one of the O. Henry Award for 1964. Closer for Nancy Walker, well-known TV-commercials waitress and this month's cover girl! She has appeared on about every important television show there is as actress, comedienne, singer or dancer, and created the role of Rhoda Montgomery's mother, Ida, on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and has appeared on Broadway in *On the Town*, *Pal Joey*, *Wonderful Town* and *Do, Re, Mi*. Now the raspberry! last September this space gave a publication date for William F. Buckley Jr.'s new book *United Nations Journal*, from which this article *United Nations* Spain's *Madrid* was excerpted, and asked the question that the publisher was G. P. Putnam's Sons. That was a silly question and we are sorry for it, and hope everyone who reads this will run right out to Putnam's and buy a copy. —
Ed

The Galliano Sour. La Dolce Sour.



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½ oz. lemon juice
½ oz. orange juice
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Dear's Journal

As a junior presently matriculated at Vassar College, I found the article in your September issue, *Mom of Vassar*, by June Gajraj, superb, although was bordering on the sensational.

During my enrollment at Vassar I have witnessed its state of transition, the move toward coeducation—a subject of many articles in early, it seems that the same segment of the student body—and their lifestyle—is flaunted, represented openly as if it were a representative of the entire Vassar community. Personality Vassar values. Certain self-appointed p.c. "persons" have given a distorted view of this fast-evolving process.

It can be readily stated that each Vassar student is unique, as is the college itself. However, the statements in the article, dealing specifically with the sexual identity, role and behavior of the Vassar male, were grossly exaggerated. Return to Vassar, attend the mid-term celebrations, and let the rest of the student body be heard. This result may be less exciting, but words closer to the truth.

Richard Kendall Green
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Prussia High...

Warmest congratulations to Michael Sparer for superb article, "Milkay Steel," in your September issue. Having worked with Milkay I can attest to the authenticity of this remarkable man who would attack such job as if it were an act of love. His concern for his fellow workers never overshadowed his desire to see that a job was done on schedule, done right, and done in safety. His sense of humor brightened even the darkest day.

Milkay's ability to portray the ironworkers' frustrations, as well as their needs and aspirations, is a rare talent and you are to be commended for carrying this particular jewel.

Joseph J. Bellino, President
S. V. Construction Co. Inc.
Old Bridge, N.J.

Hopiian remissness

Fritz Leyton's "Sleep! Or, the tree hunting of the piñon in the Jemez (Anasazi)" was strong on emotion and development, weak on recent history and symptoms of decline and transformation.

How could we neglect, for example, the act which single-handedly re-

vived the thrower's art and opened it to new arenas and found for it a purpose and an end? The event occurred in Bloomington, Indiana, in 1969.

Clock Kerr was delivering the first of a series of lectures on the future of the university. As he made his way to the auditorium, Jim Rutherford, a locally well-known political activist, jumped off from his place in the audience wearing a red dead rock, complete with ears, nose and tail. Shouting his demands for Kerr's politics, results and educational policy, Rutherford launched a battle-axe made shoving-iron point for a left-peel dust bat.

Some months later, Rutherford was rewarded with a witness to the Monroe County Jail. How could Leyton have missed it? It was in the *National Enquirer*.

Howard B. Charlton

Los Angeles, Calif.

Impresario coach

I was amused and then distressed as I read the article about Dorothy Barnoff (*I Impressed My Lawyer*, by Jerry Bock) in the August issue. Unfortunately, the writer presented her coaching experience in such a way as to give a slightly askew notion to Ms. Barnoff and her operations.

Ms. Barnoff consistently puts impressive checks for coaching, as well as younger, middle-aged executives who simply have no idea of how to speak properly. Her latest assignment is from Henry Kissinger's State Department. Some top people there are now being prepped by Dorothy to get some of the disastrous out-of-their-memories from Harry Belafonte.

She is impressive and highly unusual. In no case, she worked wonders.

Ronald Calderhead, President
Calderhead Jackson Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Midwest muddle

Vincent Tresselt, alias "Mr. Peacock" (*The Art Below* in Dinko, August), is going to have some difficulty realizing his plans for the future, i.e., "tip-dancing with Hapi Indians on the grid where New Mexicans, Colorado, Texas, and Arizona all meet."

Not only do these states not meet at a common point (it's Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah), but also the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona is over fifty miles from

the point where the four states do meet.

Natal
Joe B. Rutherford
Mother Lode, The Women, by Helen Kaminsky, taken in Paris, with A Street History of Paris, by Brock Turner, running a close second. Keep the toner of your trans-

late day!

As the wife of an avid *Enquirer* subscriber, I should like you to know how very well received your August issue was. The article on Cleo Moore's Love, The Women, by Helen Kaminsky, taken in Paris, with A Street History of Paris, by Brock Turner, running a close second. Keep the toner of your trans-

late day!

Some months later, Rutherford was rewarded with a witness to the Monroe County Jail. How could Leyton have missed it? It was in the *National Enquirer*.

Howard B. Charlton
Los Angeles, Calif.

...and a few more

It's a pity that a woman of Helen Kaminsky's obvious writing talent does not wield her golf pen with as much energy and accuracy. All through her article, "Cleo Love," her language is sluggish—like a body hanging up. There are thousands of women who would have liked to be like her, a small part of what Cleo Love has achieved. Helen Kaminsky's memo won't change that! Letitia Baldwin Hollisterman
New York, N.Y.

The August *Enquirer* seems to have been written to commemorate somebody's postdoctorate or as a memorial to a convention of orologists. In at least three of your stories, ears are passed by the poor and frightened by a bear, by a Senator of the United States who is introduced as a "childless" representative of reading in the school classroom, and by a disturbed child who does it all over his poor father. The nose de forma was the explosive snarl on kidney stones. I can't wait for your postdoctoral issues, the leukemia special and I hope for some lyrical prose celebrating the gonococcus.

Vivian M. Balkoff
Director of Participatory Education
Department of Psychiatry
University of Toronto
Toronto, Canada.



1 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine/100's, 0.9 mg "nic."
12 mg nicotine in 1 mg equivalent. © August 1974.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

here's johnny

here's johnny



I can get pretty wound up doing a show five nights a week. Flying, diving and tennis all help me unwind. But when I do want to dress up, this suit, from my fall collection, is perfect. It's dressy sure, but there's nothing uptight about it. And the vest makes me feel sort of debonair. This is one suit I know I'm going to wear a lot.

JOHNNY CARSON "KENMORE" SUIT COMPOSED IN 100% WOOL WITH COORDINATED SHIRT, TIE AND POCKET SQUARES

I've always felt that if you choose clothing that suits you, you'll look good no matter where you are. Take this herringbone sport coat. The styling is super and the matching belt is really a unique touch. It looks as good in L.A. as it does in New York. When you have to get around as much as I do, that's important!

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WRITING RUST HILLS

This month I'm going to describe six recent books for you, and your problem is to figure out what they have in common. After such titles, it's given you a clue.

Book #1 is *Walking Stuck*, a novel by L. J. Davis. This is a kind of funny little book about a lawyer named Coffey, who finds himself making out when he arrives in N.Y. & Co., and then begins to make out like crazy. Second half of the book is the real story: Coffey's in Brooklyn, last resided in a rooming house being renovated, and is dedicated daily by a young advertising executive, Coffey falls in love with this man's long, smooth-and-polished wife. Thereafter, it becomes like one of those amateur comedies—people climbing in and out of windows, dropping the bone, and so on—except that you're supposed to identify with the Ruth Bellamy rule, the guy who loves the girl, which I find it easy enough to do. I want to make it perfectly clear (I use the words of another self-published novelist) that all these fine things I have to say about this book have absolutely nothing to do with the fact that the author, L. J. Davis, is known to be the author of some drivel in the front page of the Washington Post "Book World" and that I was sent four copies of this book to review (one on two bound gather and two hard-cover).

Cue #2. The hero of this book is small—that is, he is short in stature, he has a small height.

Book #2 is *Waterridge Cleanse*. This is a sort of various salts and plasters worked up by the Yale Repertory Theatre people. Robert Brustein, the director, explains in an introduction how he became interested when he was traveling in Greece in 1973. "I was struck both by the parallels and the contrasts between two stories that of King Oedipus, relentlessly pursuing the person responsible for the blight upon his state and discovering himself to be the culprit, and that of President Nixon, equally responsible for a blighted state and equally relentless—not in identifying the culprit but rather in screening him from public view. These reflections soon resulted in a sketch called *Oedipus Nixon* . . . " So there's a lot of other clever people—Perfie and Bushwacker are the most easily recognized names, but they are all clever—stated during rip-offs of various popular and classical themes in terms of Waterridge: *Mask*, *Cosa-*

House of Address, *Theopompos O. Gador*, etc, etc. This is available for your Waterridge collection from the Yale School of Drama, New Haven, 06520. Definitely this is all slyly and witty, and I don't want to underestimate the contributions—but I imagine that sort of thing—taking off the classics for political satire—is a lot easier to do than you'd expect it to, once you get started, and that getting started isn't always a big problem.

Cue #3. There's one parody featuring characters called Feberon, Ebenezer, and Hildebrand.

Book #3 is *The Connoisseur*, by Eros E. Cornell Jr. This is really a long short story, about one of Cornell's favorite characters, the slightly connoisseurish Mabbsack, and it scares me as good as Knopf to be publishing it separately as a short novel. What happens is that Mabbsack gets hooked on pre-Columbian art objects—he gets a harpum, then he gets statue, then he gets face-



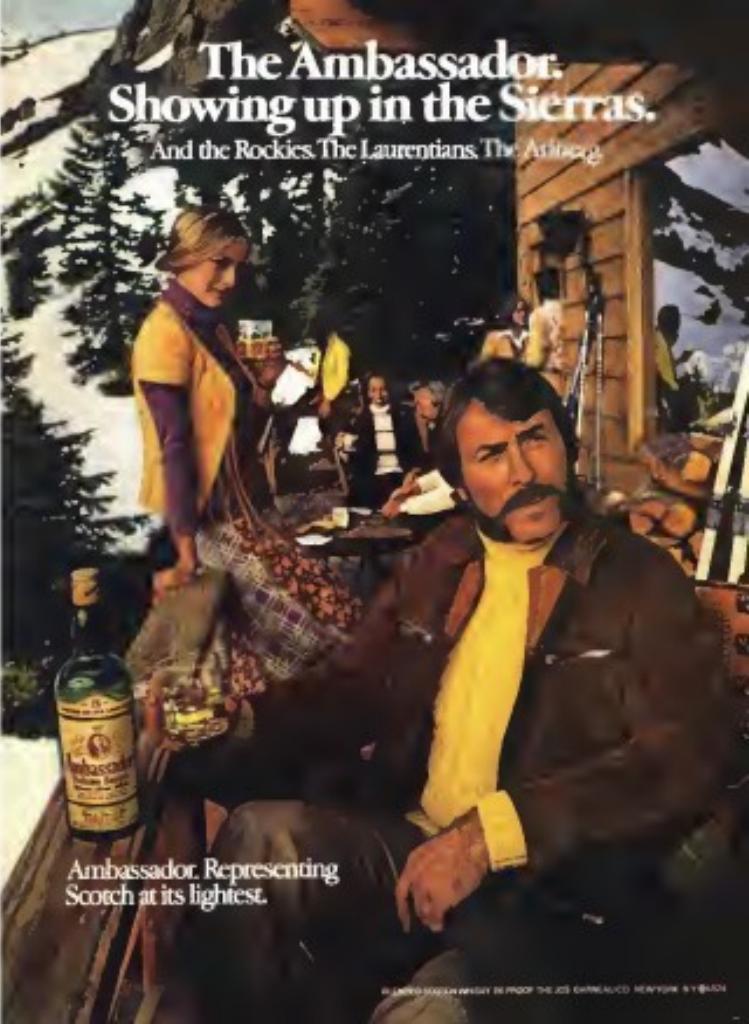
nated. Cue suspects the same thing happened in Cornell, as he wrote a book about it. It's amazing that this book isn't dull, dull, dull, but it isn't, at really isn't. I guess I ought to say, yeah, this is an absolute sucker for Quality. Mr. Cornell, a Brooks staff, for his Lance & Robert staff, and for his Mabbsack wife. Brooks' people staff—Notes from life in a Botticelli and Coopers' home and like that—I can either take or leave alone, and I usually find it easier to do the latter.

Cue #4. There is a character in this story called Puglet.

Book #4 is *Rodriguez*, a novel by R. G. Vist. Either this is a beautiful little book which moved me deeply or it is romantic-antennalistic-poetic behavior which moved me completely, I can't tell. I think it's a beautiful little book, but I always suspect fiction that affects me, gives me the lump in the throat, the tear in the eye, and so on. This tells the story of Jesus, who

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feudalism in 1818 and is kidnapped by three Mexican bandits. Two of them are killed and she falls in love with the third and then he's killed. It's all told in a mixture of their Mexican and her French-English, which a lot of the time comes out just fine, though I think it's better to take the English. In the rock is how life and love manage to survive and grow in a completely hostile environment, like the rock springs in the desert, which are part of the setting and, you know, the title and a big symbol and all that's in a pool, and so on. I want to do a digest on the two kinds of bad fiction poets write, and why. Meanwhile, though I have thinking that maybe is a beautiful book, and I wish we'd read it.

Cine #4. Copy from Young accompanying my advance copy says that "Barbara Goldin, an accused reading, called this 'a lovely little novella' (which may or may not strengthen them.)

Book #5. *Hercules Poirot*, by Maxi Vonnegut. How did Kurt Vonnegut get to be so smart? Not "smart," smart, but wise. How did Kurt Vonnegut get to be so wise? He used to be a charming B-S writer, lived up on Cape Cod, men to kill. Now he's saying truly wise, full-of-wisdom things in an offhand way to people like the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the 1970 graduating class of Bennington, and the P.E.N. Conference in Stockholm (Stockholm, for heaven's sake!).

I can understand how he came to be successful, famous, well-known, even a *littre bon*. But how does he live? Is he near death or far from it? I don't think you ought to read this book, a collection of caricatures, speeches, and reviews he's done recently. At one point he tells the old National Institute of Arts that he understands the whole truth about everything that's written today—what it is that the chemistry of our bodies requires us to live in a folk society and that's not the way we're living. I guess I know that—it struck me as absolutely correct the instant I read it—but I don't think I ever realized it before or that anyone else has ever realized it. If I give you any more examples of how really and wise Vonnegut can sound, you might think that's water and wine water, I know how you are, but here's the most optimistic thing I could think of to tell these Bennington grads: "Everything is going to become unimaginably worse, and never get better again." Now surely you can't deny that has the truth of the matter?

Cine #5. At the end of the book is an interview Piegler did with Vonnegut. (Continued on page 363)



Minolta helps you grin and bare it.

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HANGING OUT

ROBERT ALAN MURTHUR

One night, when I was sitting around with a bunch of the boys, one of them being George Plimpton, we decided to play chess. We were trying to pass the time, so we had no chess pieces—just, even now, some of us groping and panting—with a hand over his mouth—about the board, concentration and concentration in would swiftly develop the energy and skill of the young Ray Robinson, the lethal power of Lee Lewis in his prime, the explosive tenacity of Mariano, the franchised arrogance of Ali. In the silence of the lights, across a room where lighter feet were trying to prove herself.

Under special circumstances, depending largely on an assessment of how much my audience cares, truth comes. I will tell my Fight Story, a ringer if wisdom isn't involved: barren, grand, hopeless, lamentations, joy, pathos, violence, and, yes, a moral. Everything but sex. That recent night with the boys was such a time good company, in addition to which I wanted to impress Plimpton. Mariano, the manager, had me as a person to accompany him to an adversary party to prove it.

Two months before penmanship, first, this world appears to be a war story, then an elaborate nose-expander, the meanderings of old soldiers once pastafarians dreams in its form beyond veterans' remembrance and postdocs' bars. But he was destined to my life. World War II it is merely an occasion without which the three leading players would have been lost. As for the other players, two of them must be chosen. With me it doesn't matter. There is no regeneration to come, and the existence of invitations on altered salary has long since run out. But the one I will call Kid Corleone, a respected emigre and retired saloon owner, needs to be disgraced, as does the pseudopope Ted Oberhauser, in his youth a gifted writer, today the vice-president of an honorable Wall Street firm. All three of us now a few light-years in time and space from the island of Guern, that exotic background earlier promised when the events took place.

And so, using the red name, I asked George Plimpton if he'd ever heard of Kid Corleone. Without bas-

tation: "A —weight boxer second around 1950, fought for the title once, or was it twice? That's right. He was a good boxer, though. He had a lot of heart in me because during the war," I said. Plimpton started to nod; he is sleep, but I doggedly rambled through the exposition. Late spring, 1945, training for the assault on Japan. I'm the Mean-molar platoon commander of the 3rd Battalion, 3d Marines. And on long, tedious marches it evolved that Kid Corleone, a recruit and singer, had selected me as his confidant. A brash youngster who had built a reputation the sensible humor on live fires of charging alone into caves, could only understand generosity. Corleone was also the best-looking, strongest, cleanest of our division, almost by default, a pro-enlistment professional fighter, he had had no competition. Our mountains and through the ravines of Guern, as I pleaded, the Kid

tripped, one strangler dropped him right into the sea to the north. A blow to the head, then nothing. One of us, I am sorry to say, for a while Kid Corleone was silent and then, suddenly, "Hey, lieutenant, how would you like to make a lot of money?" Not really caring, I said, after all, would survive the Japanese mainland leading". I emphatically admitted that making a lot of money was generally a good idea. "I've got the way," the Kid said, "but you have to swear absolute secrecy. Do you swear?" A Scout's Honor satisfied the Kid. "EP tell you at the next break," he said.

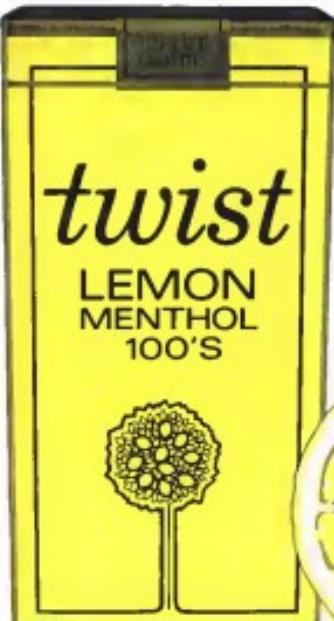
The scheme took four hours to explain, and the details were complex enough. In three weeks the All-People Boxing Championships were to be staged at the very field on which the E.P.'s had just landed. As our division champion, Kid Corleone could be an alternate entry, but as a Marine he would be an unknown with no repartition. An alternation between the ultimate winner would have to fight four times to become champion. To make our fortune, the Kid said, we would be brainy money. I was needed to lay the bets among the Air Corps officers who initially could be considered as nothing more than barefooted, bare-chested fighters. "For the first fight?" the Kid said, "with all the money you've saved, all you can borrow, you bet me at three or four to one, maybe even more of them ready like this leg. I say four, win by a decision, because we don't want the odds to drop too much for the second fight. Then you take all that money."

"Hold! What's to guarantee he so easily wins the first fight?" The Kid looked at me with pity. "Listen, lieutenant," he said, "I could come up a distance of eight with a baton, carry a seventy-piece pack, and there still isn't anyone between here and San Francisco I couldn't laid in one round just before me." I believed him.

It begins at a night course during a five-month break, which stretched to six or more as one overhead a stroke fight of E.P.'s returned from a Tokyo raid. On the ground Kid Corleone and I were alive and well, above, the 20s were as something right. In darkness, flaws dropping to reduce his trouble, feet exhausted, wounded aboard, some green-dead one place with a cracked tail assembly. As the fight each took the big bus at the western



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say three to one, and that's when you need it all in—on the other guy." I think I didn't understand.

"I dump," said the Kid. "I go in the tank, and we split the money."

At a little after two in the morning, back in camp, I found my tennis-mate, Ted Gibson, awake and reading *Forever Amber*. A captain, Gibson was intelligence intelligence officer, which for starters meant he was extremely valuable. It also meant he didn't come right out and framing stories. To qualify for admittance to Gibson, Ted had dawdled his way through Cornell mostly by helping run a dice game over a shiny saloon in Ithaca called the Green Lantern. Absentminded in his book, Gibson paid no attention as I stripped off my filthy garments, preparing to take a shower. Until I started to laugh, and then he asked what was so funny?

As I told Gibson, Kid Corrigan's proposal, *Forever Amber* dropped to the dirt floor. When I got to the fourth floor and the door opened, Ted asked, "One more? And where you tell her?" I started from the first. "I told her I was crazy." Naked, Gibson leaped from his cot, following me to the shower. "You're crazy!" he said. "Dinged, how much money do you have?" Well, between savings and poker winnings, I had maybe seventeen hundred dollars. "I have twenty-four hundred," he said. "Put together that's four thousand plus. Let's say we borrow another two..."

"Let's say we don't." I took him, stepping into non-hot water. So instead we grabbed the gun and got under a shower together. "Be careful with just the front," he said. "From the first fight we were set with at least twelve, maybe fifteen. After the second we have thirty. Seven more on the third, that's sixty. And then..." A pause. "We can win over a hundred thousand dollars. And split three ways..."

Only two ways, I told him. Kid Corrigan would get half the winnings Gibson earned off both showers. "Three of us in, the split is three ways, making us back to the price of one ticket. He demanded to know why I had refused to go with such a big score. Because of the dumb part, I said, not from a moral position—stealing from surprise

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driver was as brave not a whit—but from a long-detected point of view. "We will be killed," I said. "If we get caught they will ride us to Tokyo in one of those twenty-miles-and-drum as instead of limousines." From under his cap, Giffen pulled out a horn-rimmed canary. "The drop part is the key," he admitted. "Can we really be convincing?"

The way the Kid explained it, I told Giffen, you're the one who was the easiest. "He claims he's afraid of falling down. He says that under false names, for fifty bucks a fight and expenses, he went all around the Midwest taking down for guys breaking a record. He says that after the war he won't do that anymore, that if he has to get a shot, and guys will go in the tank for him."

Sipping from his canteen, Giffen said, "A person at falling down. Then how come you and me?" Because, I told him, it was not completely a good idea. "No, it's a great idea," I said. "And we're going to do it!"

For five minutes the following day in a meeting to which I brought the Kid, Giffen, Kid Costello was forces that I had violated Giffen's honor, but within another five minutes he completely endorsed Giffen as a one-third partner. The way Ted explained things, with an accumulation of a measly four grand, our four grand, a hundred-thousand-dollar corp was by no means out of the question. A game master at beating high rollers, through smoke and arithmetic, Ted would manipulate the Air Corps off its feet by laying them down. Speculators? Not what would our role be? Kid Costello had the answer. "You'll handle me," he said.

What can I tell you about that night, three weeks later, the first of four nights? Four hours of hell. We would witness the beginning again.

With forty-four hundred dollars in his pockets, seventeen hundred of them mine, Ted Giffen dressed in his navy the twenty-odd miles to the B-23 field, in drab-gray pants and a green slubby shirt, holding a tin knapsack and a little stool. I was pretending to be a fighter's brother and not a master-platoon commander. In the back, with his bag containing book, shoes, socks and necessities, the Kid sang endless choruses of John Henry was a steel-drivin' man. Neither Ted nor I ever stopped talking until he was seriously off.

It was still light when we reached the air base, directed in a distant toward stop, we found a parking place behind a Queen's hat. An hour before the bombs were to begin, the Kid spread a poncho in the shade and lay down for a nap as Ted and I made for the ring area some two hundred yards away. Ted to prepare his bottle, me in check in my fighter. (*My fighter!* What a grand thing to say!) Spectators, almost exclusively

Air Corps people, had already begun to fill the temporary bleachers for enlisted men; officers sat in a separate, off-magnitude section on camp chairs. By fight time there would be more than ten thousand people.

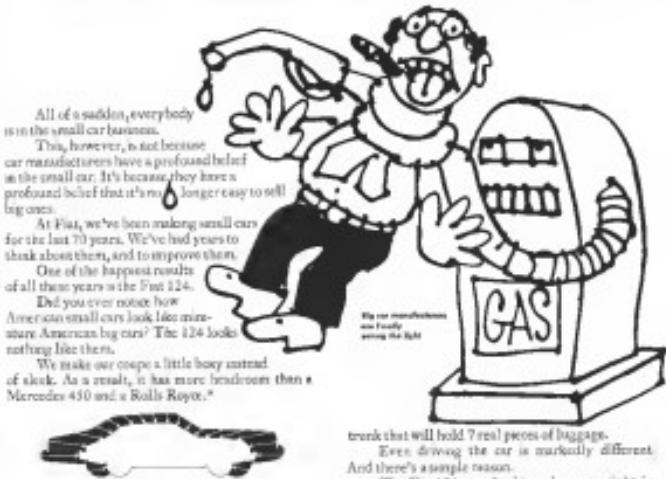
Predire a morning soldier serpent with a clubbed and two helpers, I charged across the field, but the Kid was scheduled for the last bout. Giffen, I asked about his opponent. A Filipina named Gomes, I was told, a ground-cover machine unknown in fights from Mexico to Honolulu. Trying to kill casual I found Ted in the officers' section already at work. In his sharpness pressed whale, he was dropping hints to a group growing in numbers and hostility that against Marines all airplane drivers were at best object converts. With the news of Gomes the Filipina, Ted found a new hero based on pure racism. He had not yet put down a dollar, but he was building.

After we saw the Kid Costello start in the gathering darkness an instant before I joined him, he was my fighter. Maybe, after the war, both surviving, I would take him home with me, care for him, lead him in a way to make sure he would be the top without pain, convince him to retire while still at his peak, perhaps an undetested champion of the world. With at least fifty thousand dollars each at a stake, there would be no talk town for us. In the distance the bladders had filled, and a shout from the crowd signaled the start of the first bout. The Kid rolled over, opened his eyes, snarled at me, and went back to sleep.

Minutes later the Kid was up and bawling. Charging into his drumming tags, wincing his poncho, he shambled toward actual shoulder. Now it was time, shrieking, howl and wail it was led by the Kid toward the ring. A great yell from the thousand-plus spectators greeted a popular decision. As we reached rimrock I tried to find Ted Giffen, there were too many people in the way, among them the two previous contestants and their seconds who were clearing the ring. Almost immediately, directly across from the Kid, a tall, dark, slender and hairy doctor climbed out of the crowd. The fighter, with a torn Army blanket draped over his shoulders, looked like a malaprop, noddle sleepily. This was Gomes, somehow, his masked arms reaching nearly to the crotch. When panic charred my stomach and numbness crept through my body I had to remind myself it was not I fighting Gomes, the Kid was, and how did the Kid feel? "What about him?" I asked in a cracking whisper.

Air Corps people, had already begun to fill the temporary bleachers for enlisted men; officers sat in a separate, off-magnitude section on camp chairs. By fight time there would be more than ten thousand people.

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THE WORLD OVER

A black and white photograph showing a bottle of Southern Comfort liqueur standing next to a plate of food, possibly a seafood dish. The lighting is dramatic, creating strong shadows.

Mandarine Napoléon

THE DIVISION TAKES THE LEADERSHIP
ELECTED WITH THE NEW ECONOMIC
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PROBLEMS DRAFTED. I am enclosing my problems, I am sending them to you at the same time. Please do not be afraid to return them to me if you do not like them. I will be very grateful for any suggestions you may have.

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Later, when John Ted Gibbons reconstructed the scene, during the middle of the ring, as Gorman struggled to meet him, the Red faced momentarily distracted, turned slightly to look back (was it the moment I started to fall, or in response to my yell of pain?), and in that very moment Gorman, his right hand rising from the deck, an entire body

Not yet moving into the ring, the Kid assessed faces with an easy smile. "My only problem," he said, "is can I carry him the whole fight?"

When the referee waved impudently, the Kid in one move grabbed the Broadsword and I forgot "Easy." Not even suddenly arms and legs didn't work; there was the stool to use hand, the basket in the other. A terrible tangle in the ropes until the Kid helped me through. Someone tried to hand me a towel and gloves, but I still held both stool and basket. A wild red face. "Jesus, hellacious, you don't need those things now," he said, "you'll be put under the board." No, no, no, no. Dropping the empty basket and seatbox stood nata the ground, I began trying to lace the Kid's gloves. Scared hands weren't so keen. An awful humiliation when the referee had to help, were ten thousand men laughing at? Hot lights people yelling. Now I saw Ted Gibbons Gramming and waiting he indicated that all the money would be given away. And, Sure enough, the referee stepped forward. Hand reaching, I was led by the Kid to listen to the referee's instructions. I never heard a word.

JIM BEAM

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"Sometimes I think the world is one big tobacco plantation."

A few off-the-cuff insights from Amphora's Henk Kramer, the Marco Polo of pipe tobacco.

"Every year I travel to almost every part of the earth. It's not that I like to live out of a suitcase. As Director of Leaf Purchases for Duane Eggers, my job is to buy good tobacco. And some outstanding tobacco grows in just about a hundred countries. I don't think I've missed one there."

"In order to produce Amphora's balanced flavor, I go to Tabacaria, Brazil; Indonesia and, of course, the U.S.A. In Greece my shopping list includes such exotic tobaccos as Russia, Kenya, Cuba, Kubik and Bush High. From Bulgaria comes Hammock, Krusenogol and Neverstop. We import Samsun and Broadleaf from Turkey and from Yugoslavia we obtain Prilip, Orlja and Djelbel. Beautiful names. Marvelous aromatic tobacco."



"The funny part is that in tobacco, the 'who' is more important than the 'where'."

"Although I travel to every tobacco-growing region I know that a tobacco leaf is only as good as its passport. Give me a tobacco leaf with a good genetic background, then over it with tender loving care, add the right environment, and you'll end up with a solid engine of a tobacco. No matter where it was brought up. That's why you can grow superior Virginia-type tobacco in Malawi. And outstanding Burley in Mexico."

VIRGINIA? BURLEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

"Let me look up a bit. Basically, there are four kinds of pipe tobacco. Flue-cured. Air cured. Fire-cured. And sun-cured. Curing simply means the different processes for drying and fermenting specific types of tobacco after they're harvested."

"For example, Burley is air-cured tobacco. It has great bouquet and is sweetish like Virginia tobacco."

"By itself, Virginia is not that sweet. But it's a more aromatic tobacco than Burley. Virginia is what we call a flavored tobacco. And when you bring Virgina and Burley tobacco together some wonderful things start to happen."



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"Nothing really good happens with tobacco or soup, until you have all the right ingredients or hormones. Like salt, for example. To itself, it tastes unseasonable. But put it in soup, and it has many personality elements."

"The same thing with tobacco. There are light, zinged types that are slightly sweet and a little heavy all by themselves. But put them in a blend in the right proportion with some milder sharp Virginia types, and you end up with a tobacco that's great in taste and has a beautiful aroma."

"We have a saying at Amphora: 'If you start off good, you end up good.' Which means one should always start with a good vintage, otherwise the blend won't balance. For example, we use twenty rare tobaccos in Amphora. High-grade Virginia types are added to Burley and Oriental tobaccos for their specific characteristics. But there's more to making a good blend, than just blending it."



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"I suppose this sounds like a commercial, but I sincerely believe that no other pipe tobacco receives the care and attention we give to Amphora. Probably, that's why Americans make Amphora your most popular imported pipe tobacco."

Henk Kramer learned tobacco from his father who was Duane Eggers' Director of Leaf Purchases before Henk earned the title. Henk can tell you more about pipe tobacco than anyone else we know. But if you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco, please write directly to us: Duane Eggers, Inc., 9947 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, California 91311.

You could write to Henk Kramer, but the last we heard he was somewhere east of the Caucasus.



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value).

a single destructive force, caught the Kid a terrific blow under his chin, biffing the Kid inches off the canvas, knocking him absolutely useless.

It took five minutes for me, a doctor, and the sympathetic Capt. Fredrickson to get the G-1 and out of the ring to see who Ted Grimes could take over as helper. Reasonable concession, but still grumpy, the Kite was dragged to the jeep, leaving his head basket and shell, never to be seen again. The salacious doctor, an Air Corps major, made sure the Kite was breathing, forced down beer and cigarettes, then, after a few moments of action as we loaded our fighter into the back of the jeep. It is impossible to imagine we drove away from the air base; the lights were only a glow of the lowering clouds; the cheers of the crowd no longer heard. The dark clouds soon dropped from a high altitude, and along the pain-laden benthic floor the quiet ensued. And there I stampeded in the back seat, Kit still trying to speak.

"Slowly the jeep Teel pulled to a stop, turned to look back at Costello as our fighter was trying to contain his breaking sobs. "What's the matter, kid?" Teel asked.

"Oh, James, Captain Githens," the kid wailed. "All that money you lost. You guys believed in me, so I did my best to get us all the way. And I failed! I could have held him any time, but I failed again! And I lost you all the money. Fresh start and no change. We've failed again!"

Githens reached back to touch the kid's brawny shoulder. "Forget it, kid!" said Githens, who was the Purple Heart and Silver Star on Jim Jasta. "Come back, come on! And we'll drive back to camp."

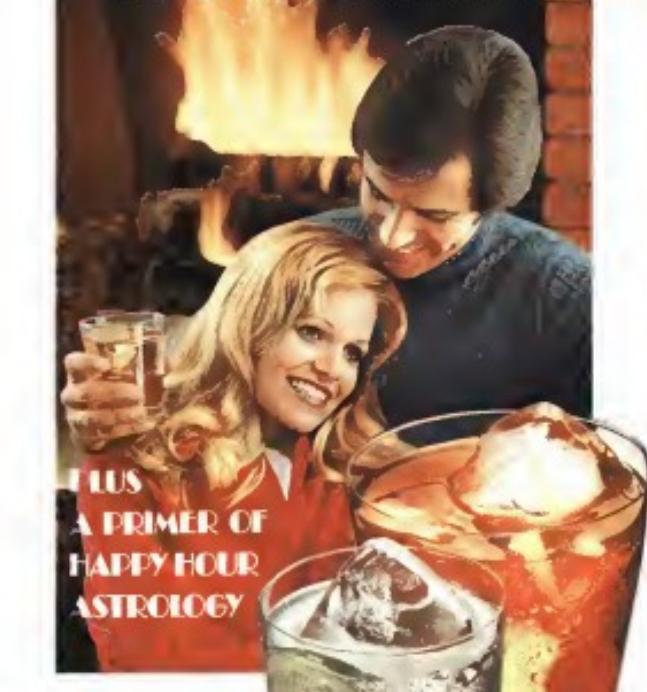
Finished with my story, I waited for George Plimpton's reaction. He seemed pleased. No mention of my going with him to Esso, but he did say, "That's a really good story—have you ever written it?" No, I told him, I've often wanted to but could never figure a way into it.

"Simple enough," George Flipperton said. "Just start by saying 'One night, when I was acting around with a bunch of the boys . . .'" He

HAPPY HOUR

MIXOLOGY

45 DRINK RECIPES



**PLUS
A PRIMER OF
HAPPY HOUR
ASTROLOGY**

how to star
at Happy Hour
Astrology
small talk

Almost everyone knows his Zodiac sign today. But few have any real knowledge of astrology. Astrologers say that people of each Zodiac sign have different basic characteristics, typified by the "symbol" of the sign. They say these traits, plus influences of your "ruling planet," are a key to your character and abilities, and are relative to planning for your future.

This guide summarizes the most widely accepted aspects of each sign—with associated birth genes, lucky days, colors, etc. Keep it handy, to spark Happy Hour conversation.



Intent of oenology date better is simply to inform, not to advise. Therefore any personal application is the individual's responsibility.

HOW TO STAR AT MIXING GREAT DRINKS:



AMES

Symbol: the Ram. Born in the first sign of the astrological year, you are a pioneer, a leader—enterprising, adventurous, with originality, boldly trying the new, impulsive, enthusiastic, lively, you attract many friends. Your ruling planet is energetic Mars; you are a dynamic—aggressive, positive, often fiery. Your lucky day is Tuesday; lucky numbers are 7 and 8. Lucky colors are red; lucky stone is the diamond.



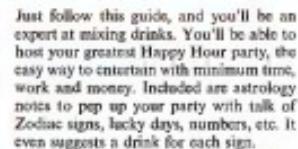
GEMINI

Symbol: the Twins. Versatile in interests and ability, you are restless, seek change, love people and travel. Your ruling planet Mercury governs communication, intelligence. You are well informed, love witty conversation, stimulating argument, and have literary talent. Lucky day is Wednesday; lucky numbers, 3 and 6. Colors are blue and navy, fern, the pearl.



TAURUS

Symbol: the Bull. Stern, yet extremely determined, you are practical, optimistic, skilled at finance. You are reliable and loyal. Your ruling planet Venus influences love, beauty, arts; you are deeply affectionate, artistic, musical, love comfort and luxury. Your lucky day is Friday, numbers are 1 and 3. Lucky colors are green and yellow; gem is the emerald.



Best of all, this guide shows you how to mix great drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, rum, vodka, gin, Southern Comfort—plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks: secret of the "pros"

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes good, right out of the bottle! There's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskies of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create a superlative, unusually



smooth, special kind of basic liqueur. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret today... its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks.

Then you'll understand why it improves most mixed drinks, too.

make this simple
taste test
and you'll learn
how to improve
most drinks:



The flavor of any mixed drink is controlled by the taste of the liquor you use as a base. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different basic liquor—one that actually tastes good with nothing added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most mixed drinks taste much better. Make both Manhattan recipes shown below. Compare them. One sip will convince you!



Clothes by Marissa of San Francisco / Pebble Beach Sportswear

ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Strain with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret—use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink immediately.



Improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink.

Comfort® Manhattan
destined for fame as mixed at Paul Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.

*Southern Comfort



CANCER

Symbol: the Crab. You are children of the Moon, ruler of home, creature, changeable moods. You have strong parental instincts, are protective, patient, sensitive to others, meticulous in money dealings. Lucky day is Monday; numbers are 8 and 3. Lucky colors are silver and white; lucky gems are ruby and moonstone.



LEO

Symbol: the Lion. Ruled by the Sun, you're the sign of kings. Lions share with the Sun's own light, you are expansive and generous to all. You are strong-willed, confident, proud, ambitious. Single-purpose, dynamic, you are headed for success. Lucky day is Sunday; numbers are 3 and 1. Lucky colors are orange and gold; gems are sardonyx and ruby.



VIRGO

Symbol: the Virgin. Yours is the sign of service; you are dedicated, eager to help others. You are discriminating, judicious. Mercury, your ruling planet, relates to intelligence; you are analytical, often a perfectionist. Lucky day is Wednesday; numbers are 3 and 5. Color is sapphire blue; gem is the sapphire.



LIBRA

Symbol: the Scales. You weigh all sides of a question carefully; you are astute, well-balanced, have a high sense of justice and honor. Your ruling planet is astrological Venus. You strive for beauty and harmony, are sociable, a gracious host. Your lucky day is Friday; numbers are 6 and 4. Lucky colors are blue and gold; lucky gem is the flashing opal.



ordinary COLLINS

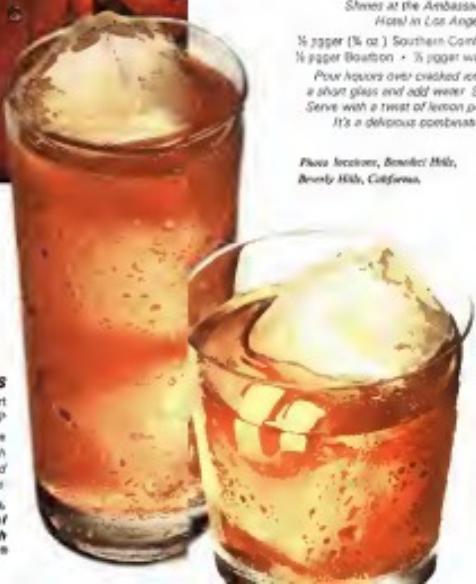
$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
1 tbsn sugar • sparkling water
Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir. John Collins, Boston, or my favorite, get.

smoother COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ½ lime + 1UP
Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes. Mix with 7UP. This is the best tasting—and easiest to mix—of all Collinses.

Comfort* COLLINS

Named by Leo, et Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach
(Southern Comfort)



ROB ROY

Hit the spot for St. Patrick's Day!
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger (½ oz.) sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters
Stir with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. (This drink is often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



DAIQUIRI

Juice of ½ lime or ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum
Shake with cracked ice until sherry-dense. Strain into cocktail glass. Eat your lime in raw instant, use Southern Comfort instead if rum only ½ ripe grape



COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

Served at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger (½ oz.) Southern Comfort
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water
Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. It's a delicious combination!

Photo: Leacock, Beverly Hills,
Beverly Hills, California.



DRY MARTINI

Topper for a Townswoman's menu!
4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth
Stir with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.
For a Gimlet, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Strain with a port wine.



SCARLETT O'HARA

Debuting at Antoine's, New Orleans
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ½ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray
cranberry juice cocktail
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass. Eat everything as its necessary



GIMLET

Jewel of a Gimlet drink!
4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rossi's sweetened lime juice
Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)



COLD TODDY

Virtually omnivorous with Virgo!
½ tbsn sugar • 1 oz. water
2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon
Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes. Liquid: twist lemon peel
A really pleases anybody, mixed with Southern Comfort.



GIN RICKEY

Juice and lime
1 jigger gin • sparkling water
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz glass. Add lime and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir. To mix up a rickey, use SE instead of gin



COMFORT* ON-THE-ROCKS

Heavenly Happy Hour drink under any sign,
as mixed at Anthony's Pier 6, Boston
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Pour over cracked ice in short glass. Add twist of lemon peel. This liquor is so delicious it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.



COMFORT® WALLBANGER

Happy Hour sign of star-givers at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.

1 oz. Southern Comfort

½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liqueur, ½ oz. orange juice, stir. It's delicious. Absolutely amazing!

HARVEY WALLBANGER (as ordered at Southern Comfort) Add Southern Ice, floating or top.



COMFORT® JULEP

Favorite at Churchill Downs®, home of the Kentucky Derby®

4 sprigs fresh mint

Dash of water

2 ounces Southern Comfort

Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack glass with cracked ice. Add

Southern Comfort, stir to chill.

Boston Julep: Add 1½ oz.

sugar to mint, replace

Southern Comfort with

Bourbon.



SCORPIO

Symbol: the Scorpion. Explosive, edgy and dressee, you have strong likes and dislikes. You are shrewd and quick-witted. Mars, your ruling planet, influences energy, aggression... you have great endurance. Lucky day is Tuesday; numbers are 5 and 4. Lucky color is deep red, green in lemons.

COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

Classic cheered by Capricorns & masas, as mixed at the Geslight Club, Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters

½ tsp sugar (optional) • 1 oz spiced water

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice cubes. Southern Comfort. Add dash of lemon juice, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Ornery Old-Fashioned: Tongs, sugar or rum-soaked ½ oz.

*Southern Comfort®

RUM SWIZZLE

Juice of ½ lime

1 teaspoon sugar

2 dashes bitters

2½ ounces light rum

Stir vigorously in glass

topper with lots of crushed ice

until the massive foam. Serve

in double Old-Fashioned glass

Sugar inside. Use Southern Comfort ½-teaspoon sugar.



GIN 'N TONIC

Choice of Cancer's moon children!

Juice, and ½ lime • 1 paper gin

Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall

glass and add tonic. Pour in gin

½ oz. with tonic and stir.

Smooth is a smoother, better tasting drink. Skip the

gin, and mix Southern Comfort's mixer.



RUM 'N COLA

Juice and ½ lime

1 paper (1½ oz.) light rum + cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall

glass. Add rum and pour in rum

½ oz. with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort SC is to make



HONOLULU COOLER

Popular with Passions & partners at Honolulu Hawaiian Hotels!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Juice of ½ lime

Hawaiian pineapple juice

Pack a tall glass with crushed ice

Add lime juice. Southern Comfort

Fil with pineapple juice, stir.



SAGITTARIUS

Symbol: the Archer. You have great driving power, and head straight to the point. You are impulsive and candid. Your ruling planet Jupiter deals with wealth, reason, positivity; you thrive on challenging ideas, see a philosopher, love sports, nature. Your lucky day is Thursday; lucky number is 9. Lucky color is royal purple; pet is the hippocampus.

CAPRICORN

Symbol: Goat. Loyal to friends and beliefs, you are conservative, reliable, persevering to reach high goals despite any obstacle. Ruling planet: Saturn regulates circumspection, discipline and time. Lucky day is Saturday; numbers are 7 and 8. Colors are black and brown; gem is garnet.



SCREWDRIVER

Lucky turn for a Libra's life!

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) vodka + orange juice
Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka, fill with orange juice and stir. A new twist. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.



MARGARITA

Pour it for an Aquarian!

1 jigger tequila + 1/2 oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice
Mountain cocktail glass rim with fruit
ring and spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip drink over salted rim.



BLOODY MARY

Red 'n right, the Mary's for Aries!

2 jiggers tomato juice
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) vodka
Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.



ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Bourbon or rye
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe at right. See how a simple switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink?



the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then top it off. makes the smoothest Sour ever! **Comfort' Sour, as served at the Top of the Mark, Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco**

*Southern Comfort



The cool TEAL

From Mexico! New drink
of Mambo's "in" crowd!
1 oz. Southern Comfort

7/8 oz. triple + orange juice
Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add flavors. Fill with orange juice and stir. Add a cherry. Enjoy an unusual, delicious drink. **Cannibal**

COMFORT' COLADA

San Juan's smoothie!

1 1/2 oz. Southern Comfort
1 oz. Clean or Coconut
2 oz. unweetened
pineapple juice
Shake with 1/2 cup crushed ice
or use blinder. Pour into tall
glass filled with ice cubes. Add
cherry. Great coconut account!

AQUARIUS

Symbol: Water Bearer. You are the sign of a new age! A reformer, humanitarian, you are concerned with the world. You are often unconventional. Your ruling planet Uranus affects inventiveness, change. Lucky day is Saturday; numbers, 8 and 1. Color, electric blue; gem, amethyst.



ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream + 1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin + brandy
Shake thoroughly with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass.



STINGER

Scorpio's symbolic drink!

1 jigger (1 1/2 oz.) brandy
1/2 oz. white creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Use Southern Comfort instead of brandy, and make
a sugar that's a real bender.



GRASSHOPPER

1/2 oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe
Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric
blender, strain into cocktail glass.

Two new drinks, natives of Latin lands...
be the first in your crowd to try them!



HAPPY HOUR MIXOLOGY

45 DRINK RECIPES

Open House Punch



Super punch! Tastes like a super cocktail!

One fifth Southern Comfort + 3 quarts 7UP
8 oz. fresh lemon juice + One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice

CHILL ingredients: Mix in punch bowl. 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional). Stir. Float block of ice. Add orange, lemon slices. Serves 32.

COMFORT® EGgnog

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

CHEW ingredients: Blend in punch bowl by beating, then with spatula. Serve 10; pour over all. Serves 10. Strain 4 parts eggnog. Top 5C. in shot glass, dash with nutmeg.

HOT BUTTERED COMFORT®

Small stick cinnamon + slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort + pat butter
Put eggnog, lemon peel, 5C. in mug;
Mix w/ boiling water. Float butter; stir.
(Leave spoon in mug to pour hot water.)



PISCES

Symbol: the Fishes. You're the mystic, spiritual sign! You have great insight and compassion, are imaginative and creative, guided by your emotions and sensitive nature. You enjoy beauty and the fine arts. Your ruling planet Neptune pertains to ideals and intuition. Lucky day is Friday, lucky numbers are 8 and 2. Your colors are sea green and lavender; your element is the aquamarine.

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PLUS A PRIMER OF HAPPY HOUR ASTROLOGY



Southern Comfort's delicious* flavor improves most any drink you mix, too!

"We didn't go out of the house."



Simply express the taste of your most drinks

Make this simple test and learn how to improve most drinks: The flavor of a certain drink is ruined by the taste of the liquor used as a base. That's why you can improve many drinks simply by "switching" the liquor called for in a recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. To understand this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different basic liquor...one that tastes good with rockings added. No wonder many experts switch instead of ordinary whiskey. They know this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously. Try it in your favorite. Like ours? Compare both recipes below. You'll be convinced.

ordinary SOFT

1 jigger (1 fl. oz.) Bourbon or rye

1 tangerine juice

1/2 paper fresh lemon juice

Shake with crushed ice; strain into glass.

BETTER: Add orange juice in cup of glass and a splash of Southern Comfort. Pour over ice.

IMPROVED: See how a simple switch

in basic flavor greatly improves this drink?



improved SOFT

1 jigger (1 fl. oz.) Southern Comfort

1/2 tangerine juice

1/2 paper fresh lemon juice

Mix as the ordinary recipe. Shake up. Add

The absolute flavor of Southern Comfort makes it the best base for this improved soft drink.

DRINK: Dose, as served at the Award Win of

the Most Used Mix Recipe San Francisco

Southern Comfort®

WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT? It's a special kind of spirit liquor. Look up in one of the Southern cookbooks and you'll find it's the name of one of the finest whiskies of all time. So he can't be just delicious.

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CHANEL

FOR MEN



Chanel For Men Cologne \$ 8.00 to \$ 9.00,
Spray Cologne \$ 9.00, After Shave \$ 5.00
to \$ 6.00, After Shave Balm \$ 5.00

FILIPS JOHN SIMON

Of all new films about gambling, neither hits the picket post, both California Spilt and The Gambler, merely sit us over the head with their points or pointlessness. The subject of gambling does not interest me very much, but it is the duty and prerogative of art to create plots from names that people have become drugged, infected with black despair. Italian shepherds sleep, and Swedish bathers posture to whom, before seeing certain plots, I concentrated many a thought. The trouble with The Gambler and California Spilt is that even if gambling preoccupied me, I wouldn't give a damn about them.

Gambling, surely, must be seen not as an end in itself but as a symptom. The figures of the gamblers become interesting in terms of what has gambling as an excuse from or excuse for. The top great classics of gambling, Puccini's *The Queen of Spades* and Dostoevsky's *The Gambler*, both ultimately involve their heroes with women behind each gambler there is a woman being used as a tool or poster. So, too, the great romancers in history—Cassius, for example—had to be menaces as well, watching and nibbling meat traditionally held in hand (e.g., *The Role's Progress*) indeed, in Renaissance English, "to game" meant both to wench and to gamble. To separate gambling from virtually everything else, as Robert Altman does in California Spilt, is not to act as cause sharply, only to act too little.

To gamble is to pursue luck—perhaps, not for nothing, as Leo Lillard, which brings us back to men—. The gambler, like Don Juan, is always in transition toward a new and greater conquest, either to re-coup past losses or to win at still higher, more prestigious stakes, against still greater odds. Like Juan, he sets up an artificial, parallel world—the game of love or roulette—which becomes a model of the real world, but smaller, more controllable, and, when controlled, confirming money, power, and love upon one. Much is to say, all the sentiments of this world, as the simpleton note of Constance in *Constance*—is an easier, more tractable company, it is presumed to be simpler to win at cards or roulette than at serious work. The pose, then, is a model of life, like model trains, becomes the real thing. And, like the

author, the gambler need go on, to realize the difficulties of staying put, of maintaining a relation to life.

California Spilt has Elliott Gould and George Segal as two small-time gamblers residing away at, and with, a woman. The difference is that Gould is your average come-on, who turns all things into a joke, most often amorous, whereas Segal is your uncomic gambler whose spinning beater on the ledge between the ridiculous and the pitiful. One night, after they win at poker, they are pulled by the losses, and the team that is played on together, plays on together. They try a little at various games, lose a lot, and finally make a killing, only for Segal to discover that victory is a stomachache, a turtie of sober in his mouth. This is a pacy and welcome revelation for a noncommercial two-hour film to be bold, vulgar and charming.

The Gambler is a woman being used as a tool or poster. So, too, the great romancers in history—Cassius, for example—had to be menaces as well, watching and nibbling meat traditionally held in hand (e.g., *The Role's Progress*) indeed, in Renaissance English, "to game" meant both to wench and to gamble. To separate gambling from virtually everything else, as Robert Altman does in California Spilt, is not to act as cause sharply, only to act too little.

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wine they say—or down—in California Spilt, or of control, Cassius said, "I spent the two hours playing warmer, looser . . . complete freedom of body and soul . . . enjoying the present and skipping my fingers at the future and at all those who are pleased to concern their reason in the dreary task of foreseeing it." Gambling as the disenchantedness of reason, then, and the embarking of an absurd universe.

Now take Dostoevsky in *The Gambler*, a semi-autobiographical novel: "No, it won't be easier than I wanted so much . . . I wanted that . . . all these [paraphernalia], all these beaters, all these elegant ladies . . . should be called about me, that they should all be talking about me, admiring me, and worship my . . . victories." That seems to me to get at the essence—coming from a great writer who was also a great,

"We Irish invented whiskey!" Says John Jameson

"We Irish have been making it for over 700 years. In fact, it was the Irish that taught the Scotch how to make whiskey."

Yet there is one thing the Scotch have never been able to do. Capture our gentle, beguiling flavor. For that you need our long days, our rich soil, our soft water.

Next time you're about to have your favorite scotch, have some of my Jameson's instead. There's not a better tasting whiskey than that. Even after 700 years.



40 PROOF BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY IMPORTED BY

object parallel: modeling as a discrete measure that can eventually absorb the real world

This is the sort of insight that I would want Gandy's Spirit to dramatize for me; but neither Robert Altman nor his screenwriter, the novelist Joseph L. Mankiewicz, seem concerned with or interested in such an undertaking. They, like us, show the swimmer and basketballer, but this would make a poor omelet if the other side of the omelet were whole. We see what is at Gestalt, the pretty parasite living or partly living with two old men, Mr. Segal and Mr. Korman, who have never been separated from his wife, are estranged from and failing to reconcile with? And when Segal, a disillusioned writer, writes in the end, "I'm going home," what kind of an actual or metaphorical home has he found? The answers to these questions and voices, from which the significant dialogue emerges only after you've looked over your shoulder enough times on the screen, are intrinsically linked with this in that by the time your spectator eyes look through to what you were meant to have, d'you too consider a re-read for such meticulous labors. The bigger problem, though, is that certain ways of representing reality can become more real than the thing itself, and fatal if interpreted the wrong way. In this case, the disengaged and disengaged places we can easily segregate what we wish to know from what we don't, or we'll go mad with frustration. In Altman's 113 minutes we haven't the time to go mad, only to be thoroughly exasperated.

in mind? The film, stammered of mere trifles and constantly accented by casual incidents, couldn't last long.

But even on its own level, the movie suffers from Almodóvar's apparently over-much unredeemed self-consciously *Fellini*. Among these is the situation where the *lifes* in a series of tragicomic situations that go on, somehow, indicate. All right, if only Almodóvar could convince us that the wistful joke is truly the building block with which life and death are constructed. It may be that these pantomime parables are in fact funny-pathetic, but are the two girls who put up Goya's *Rape* and Segura's operatically silent *Disgust-palooza*? And the ageing, shape-impignant at a Reno cameo who croaks out *Unstoppable* to tears from under her bleached hair? And the hideously young women who have the look of being on when very little has been done up yet? Let's work by teacherly argument: Extravagance of style is one thing. Another

...on which he and his girl had been in the gutter who had run? And when the God-awful Sarge took a mephitic and frenzied fit when she threatened to prosecute the girl? You guessed it! Psychopathically. Which is also how the padding hooker who undercovers Bigal sees himself. And how does Sarge's attempt to make out with the younger prostitute end when the old dog comes in to retrieve a copy of *Tv Guide* hidden somewhere between the girl's sheets? Psychopathically, of course.

And how does Altman approach his questionable reality? Stereotypically, by being more or less hapless, meekly, slyly, safe and inchoate, rather like a bunch of O. Henry stories with their punch lines removed. Technically, with an eight-reel recorder and up to eleven cameras.

down; also, The Gambler and it. There had been adverse reports that Tolstoi was deriving his script, at any rate, from Dostoevsky's short novel (which had previously served as the basis for Robert Coates' *The Great Sinner*, a pugnacious little film), but there are only two distinct allusions to the Russian master, incidentally, in the hero Aosz, after the novel's Aosz, and a brief but embarrassing classroom discussion of Notes from the Underground by Aosz, when Aosz, as a teacher, albeit not a private tutor, but a professor of English at a New York university.

What we get is a statutory education that starts with the teacher's reading room's advice to us to begin a story that does make widely obtainable to integrating the publishing market with certain social, political and sexual phenomena, but makes them as superficially, self-sufficiently, and self-centrally as it has been made since northgate-petegorgia. And approaches marketing in a sometimes forced, sometimes blasphemous manner, which is neither new nor interesting. And here I begin to wonder whether publishing isn't a subject related to the *Wenigenheit*, for example, involves relationships with people who are not part of the *Wenigenheit*. But the *Wenigenheit*, at least in my view, interacts only with *spurenlos* a revolving door and a small social hall, and with a congruous social hall, and with a congruous social hall, more names than there. Other *spurenlos* sit around, but are all elsewhere located with their scattered properties. This kind of marketing that involves visible stuff, such as post, may be more photogenic, and a kind that involves the *gre-und-theat* of *Wenigenheit*, such as post, more dramatic, but it is also essentially, irreducible, elusive, opaque, and far better dealt with by

And had a curious relationship with his wife, who gave him all her savings for gambling debts, but this is not quite true, very much. "Please I was a sad fool," he said, "that I mixed a size to have the marriage of a snake." And she laughs, less than seriously. And she has a curious relationship with his grandfather, who appears to be a poor Jewish immigrant who expected enormous wealth, but will not accept Adela's debt and borrows it for gambling,混杂 with the Ryndkows. When Adela reproaches the oldster with his wayward past, the over-worked epithet comes out again: "I don't think there's anyone better than me, I don't know what I would do if I had to, not because I wanted to," an amazing piece of consistency that seems almost absurd. When Adela sees his father baptizing girl, Billa, she is arrested in the middle of the night.



**Because hot taste comes
in more than one size,
extra coolness comes
in more than one size.
Come all the way up to KOOL.**

A pack of KOOL Filter Longs cigarettes. The pack is white with a green band across the middle. The word 'KOOL' is printed in large, bold, black letters on the top half of the band, and 'Filter Longs' is printed in script on the bottom half. The background of the pack shows a dark, textured surface.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health.



The family car as an instrument of pleasure.

BUICK LE SABRE. At the risk of upsetting the notion of a few that full-size cars are all pretty much

Chances of the Ordinary, let us propose this one as real personality transportation.

Like any spirited conveyance, LeSabre promotes fun. It jumps into it. It even creates it.

Not only is it capable of whirling you serenely and confidently on various pleasure outings. But it offers the room you need for various pleasure paraphernalia, as well.

The truck is most capacious. There's room for suitcases or beachchairs. Or baseball equipment. Or backpacks. Or tents. Or picnic baskets. Or motorcross gear. Or—

Then there's the back seat. Three can sit comfortably abreast, cradled in LeSabre's richly tailored seats. (Drive on, James.)

If you've a trailer to pull, LeSabre again rises nobly to the task. There's a healthy selection of trailer towing equipment available—for trailers all the way up to 7,000 pounds Gross Trailer Weight. And, as you might expect, driver assists like power steering, power front disc brakes and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission are standard. Thus equipped, heavy loads and long drives won't intimidate you. Typical of Buick, it's capable of real grace under pressure.

In all, it's a claimed nice car. With all sorts of nice things big and small going for it. LeSabre just doesn't come off like Mr. Average.

Hey, there's a fresh new spirit in America. It embraces new ideas and unfettered thinking. Get with it! At your Buick dealer.



Dedicated to the *Free Spirit* in just about everyone.

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Body Comedy

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paid off. Billie inquires: "Do you like people breaking in on you like this when you're asleep? Guess I was just that." No reptile here, but there isn't one. And as an English professor, Axel finds his students' national banality, whether about Dostoevsky or William Carlos Williams' *In the American Grove* (a cause célèbre, too, come to think of it). The students, in turn, are shown as deserving no better, either pitting the power-hungry chauvinists or dressing downly or arrogantly. Have we reached this sorry level thanks to open education? And if so, where at the intersection or of the film's strands? The price for pretentiousness goes to a scene where, after an undergraduate killing, Axel and Billie go to a Las Vegas hotel room. Billie recalls a former lover who brought her here, and when she watched her horribly maimed by the Syndicate, "Buffalo Bill's" defunct, Axel exclaims, "That's that!" says Billie. "The first kill of a poet?" "What does it mean?" "What it says." Now that dialogue has everything: Hemingwayish toughness, cocktail-party literary, euphemistic depth, and total irrelevance.

Nevertheless, the film does try, feebly, to explain gambling with limp statements such as, "I like the thrill of it—the uncertainty of it . . . That I could lose, but I won't . . . And I don't care if I win enough to never leave." And this smugly overbearing doesn't even sweep the benefit of competent visual support. Ross, who has written the definitive book about film editing, does not even establish a compelling tempo, except in the opening scenes, nor does he exhibit much visual acuity. His Las Vegas gambling experience is shaggy and vaguely told in (does Altman have it all out, Billie?), the writer-directors are either more hamfisted or more absorbed than is his presentment, and even such a scene as the grandfather's birthday party hardly captures the incongruousness and ambivalence of real life. Which Billie Ross, a Czech from Ireland, might be presumed to have a specialty for.

There is one beautifully framed shot, though, where the noisy back-and-forth movement of some hoodlums contrasts effectively with the immobility of Axel's expression face shown in closeup in the lower right corner of the frame. Axel has died a standard basketball game, and is presented with guilt while the condemned

inmates, in soft focus, move diagonally out of the frame to the left. Axel's face, uneventfully out of center, remains surrounded by the cold energy of most of the deserted gymnasium. Here, the scene ends, with the same stoic determination. Victor J. Kemper's cinematography is striking, for which Billie must surely get some of the credit.

But the director has done less well with his actors. James Caan, who has been getting better and better, here looks back shrewd to his very inauspicious beginnings, and does not begin to convey the drivelines of the protagonist. We feel neither Axel's glibly callous nor his intermittently enthusiastic streaks—neither that he gets very little help from the script. From the likes of Lauren Holly we would not, God knows, expect much acting, but here even her lack of radiance becomes strangely violated. And the usually excellent Paul Scofield is only one of several supporting players who fail to score through no fault of theirs.

Arguably, Jerry Fielding's adaptation of Maltz's *First Spouse* plays in as the worst possible basis, both because of its mailing, with Maltz, and because of its dragging him into this in the first place. Yet at least the robbing scenes itself is apt in view of the cacko eyes Fielding and Tolokov seemed to be the nests of Maltz and Dustyusa to be hatched. The plot, finally, goes quite somber when, in a fit of ultimate macabre, Axel infiltrates Bill's home, but can only get a where to start his face to where his. We see, I guess, supposed to set a parallel between Axel and that other quasi-defunct Buffalo Bill of gambling, perhaps even perceive the addiction as a giant death wish and heaven forbid, maybe an allegory of the current state of America. I would rather venture into the weird gambling den of Macao than enter into this game of symbols and probabilities.

After other critics demand curiously obscuring, Sam Peckinpah's *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Gonzales* is a well-prepared movie, except for a few performances by Linda Vista, and the clever way in which the protagonist is masked into any conscientious. As one who lauded and defended *The Wild Bunch* and *Serpico*, I am particularly dismayed. Peckinpah clearly doesn't lack talent; what he lacks is brains. Every one of his dubious old chestnuts nevertheless bears (dilution is just corruption) (Continued on page 102)

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going so great
that nobody's going
to leave first...

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SPORTS

ROGER KAHN

The Notre Dame name can never these days be set more by the football capital of the Roman Catholic Church. It is that, to be sure, because most authorities believe the head coach, an Armenian Transylvanian named Ara Parseghian, works harmonious measures with his team. But other were during the Indiana campaign with its great record, teams like Atlanta, the profligate, one comes away with mostly a sense of church on charge, of funnel, even critics.

"Strength of conceivable basis," says of "strength of the Grotius," runs a passage from Pound's *Canto XXXV*. "Dead suggests beginning live margins." Pound goes on: "Stem owners, stern, suggesting cash fire." Joe Duffy—Professor Joseph M. Duffy of the Notre Dame English department—employed the passage as a theme in an essay on Nixon and Nixon's accolytes. He published the essay during the 1972 campaign, before the Watergate affair had surfaced.

"There were some displeasures," Professor Duffy said, in his office at Memorial Library. "But I wasn't mindless and I didn't lose my job."

"What about football?" I said.

"Want about football?" Duffy said. He is a tall, graying, soft-spoken man in his mid-fifties. Football is simply irrelevant to his life at Notre Dame. I don't care the campus is Friday and game back on Monday. I've seen one game in twenty years. I'm not sure who won. I remember being awfully cold."

The tradition of powerhouse football at Notre Dame traces at least to 1905, when the Irishman Paul American Medical College, 422 to 8. Although the effort was good, it lacked perfection. Notre Dame scored twenty-seven touchdowns, but missed twenty extra points. Knute Rockne became head coach in 1918 and during his thirteen seasons, Notre Dame, playing the toughest competition, won 165 games and lost twelve. More than that, the university, like Rockne himself, became the stuff of legend.

Broadly, then, a Tex with cool so does not see his new board of "Winning the Game." George Gipp, a magnificently self-flaunting, and a shaper at the age of twenty-three, and has been drafted, so Knute Rockne claimed, Gipp made a stirring plan. "Someday, when the going is rough and a big game is hanging in the balance,

we're going to win one for the Gipper."

Rockne's fight speeches on recordings still rouse the hair on one's neck. In 1925, he played his traps and told the Gipp story to an unremembered team that was meeting Army in New York. When Banham asked, "Who won last year?" he dryly replied, "The team that never lost." That's where Rockne is. The old man was a pragmatist. Notre Dame's football players then shook down their socks and defeated Army 13 to 2.

This is the kind of romanticism that rings through sports in the 1920s, and specifically it is the kind of thing that transformed Notre Dame from a relatively obscure institution to the most famous Catholic college in the country. Football, along with daily mass ("We pray that nobody gets hurt"), led or the core of Notre Dame then. It was the tool amateur athletes used to attract endorsements, to make money and to grow.

Today Notre Dame is fully grown.

A library music on the library tower

deejays Christ with both arms in the air: "Toesucking Jesus." The students call it. A statue of Jesus points toward an opening in the Red Sea. The students call that, "We're Number-Our-Blows." Most faculty and trustees are laymen now. The same ones on the campus wear short bellies, showing calves. Women are admitted as undergraduates. Considering liberal Notre Dame today, Knute Rockne would have knocked George Gipp, who lived hard, would have blushed.

Not football occupies a big part of the place now. I think it is fair to say, however, that a university as cited as Notre Dame stays in the football business. It is equally fair to wonder the same thing of Harvard, Princeton and Stanford, California, but Notre Dame, at the top, is a model place to start.

The Notre Dame athletic program provides for about forty football scholarships a year, giving Pennsylvania 120 candidates for his squad. A football player at Notre Dame is not treated like everyone else. An engineering professor named Mike DeCline supervises the tailoring of athletes. DeCline is a broad, powerful, jowled man who reminds you somewhat of Vito Scottando. He works closely with Parseghian in a steady struggle to keep the athletes' grades semicircular.

Captain professors resent what

they read as the athletic department's interference in classrooms. "I am regularly requested to keep certain people informed on the marks of every athlete I teach," one told me. "I refuse. If I report that an athlete is doing poorly, professors of others will depend on him for leads, because I have no class in history. If anyone in my class is having trouble, I'm more than happy to tutor him myself, but I know that all my students are treated equally. That's what I do."

Apart from such influential reasons, large football questions arise. Here and there Americans sport tends toward professionalism. Sport is entertainment. Is it natural for Notre Dame or Harvard to compete for entertainment dollars against the Cleveland Browns or the New England Patriots? Beyond that, universities like to describe themselves as places of refined discourse, education, research. What are such as these places doing in the sports business again?

"You may have heard talk that football needs character," Associate Professor Leo Martin of the Notre Dame English department remarked in his office at the library. He is a dark-haired man who specializes in eighteenth-century drama. "I don't think that position can be defended. Once I gave a particularly strong orientation lecture for a survey course, suggesting that everyone would have to leave some Middle English. The three football players in attendance escaped out right then. Once I invited two football players. I didn't see another athlete in my class for years."

Knute art behind a small desk, one hand resting on a dissertation in progress. "It is terribly complicated," he said. "Football just this place on the map. Then there came a time in the late 1950s when we ceased to need it. It might have been prudent then to de-emphasize. Now we wonder if we could afford to de-emphasize if the powers that be wanted to."

"Do you find football disruptive to your teaching?" I said.

"I try not to let it hit me," Martin said, "but taken a football Saturday there is a crackling energy in my classroom. The air begins to vibrate. It is infectious, yes. I try to control it with a little humor. I suggest that football is a continuation of a primitive rite, a sort of fertility ritual really. The opponent's end zone is the sacred grave where, in this

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rate, one strength to bury the head of the god."

Martin paused. "Look," he said. "Football can be justified as a business enterprise. The university has a number of business enterprises, including a television station and a football team. Football gives pleasure, and it can be justified on that basis, too. But as far as character building goes, I think the players of football have no discipline and on Sunday morning after a big game the campus is stained with the results of retching."

"It gives me a certain pleasure to announce when the season is over, 'Football has ended. It's Christmas time again!'"

"Would you like football abolished here?" I said.

"As I mentioned," Professor Martin said, "it's complicated. One has a difficult time arguing for the abolition of a game that has had a pretty valuable era. My argument ready is to see football viewer resistance and stop the pratfall about its meaning ever."

The old Irish guard was shocked, at least surprised, when Notre Dame announced last summer that six football players, including four starters, were being suspended for a "breach of university rules." Indeed, the breach was wide. All six were alleged to have had intercourse—separately—with the same eighteen-year-old woman in a third-floor room of Stanford Hall, a campus dormitory.

Here the story sounds somewhat. The young woman denied that she was being paid. The football players maintained that the woman was having the taste of her life. "How can it be rape?" one player said, in effect, "when a woman keeps crying, 'More, more!'"

Whatever, the six are out for this season and the New York Daily News was able to run the joyous heading: SIX HOULAND OUTS SIX NOTRE DAME GUINNESS.

"This," remarked Father Ed Jepsen, "is the worst thing that has happened in my twenty-three years at Notre Dame."

"I wish what they say is true," I said. "It's pretty much what happened on all the football fields."

Jepsen's face showed pain. "But not here," he said.

The Reverend Edward P. Joyce, executive vice-president of Notre Dame, is a handsome, graying man, a conservative by his own account, who is the chief financial officer of the university. His office is in the Administration Building, a landmark topped by a golden dome that towers



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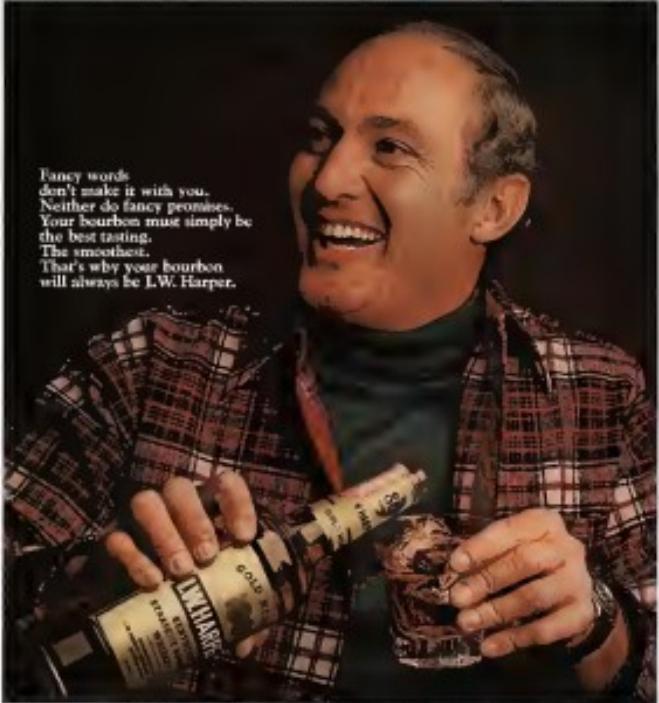


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above the campus and sparkles in sunlight.

"Why football?" Father Joyce said. "Well, it was significant to my coming here in the first place. I grew up in South Carolina and there aren't too many Catholics in South Carolina. As a boy I heard Notre Dame games on the radio and I wanted to come here. Otherwise..." He always emphasizes, "I might have gone to West Point."

"How much does football earn for Notre Dame?"

"Football covers the cost of our entire athletic program. That is, football profits support our fencing team and the rest. After all that, it nets us between two and three hundred thousand dollars a year."

"Can you measure?" I said, "how much football brings you in endorsements?"

"That's difficult," Father Joyce said. "In the bad years, when we had losses because of Army money, there would be football in gifts. But certainly Father Joyce is right. We've had a rather happy history with a benefactor named J.A. O'Keefe, who was first attracted by our football, ended up giving millions for our library. Our endowment is now about thirty million dollars. That's several times the endowment of any other Catholic college, although not much compared to Harvard."

"Do you still need football?" I said.

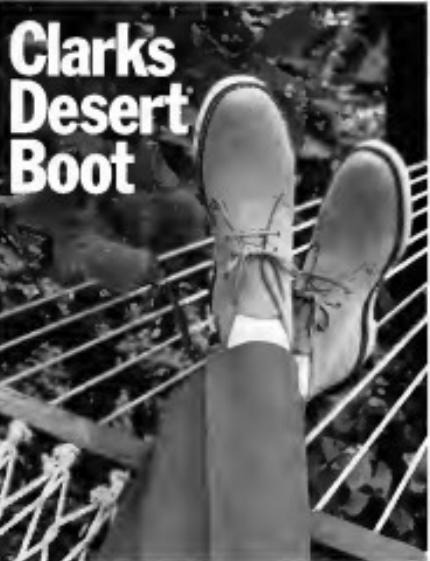
"I think it's useful," Joyce said. "Most of the students love it. The fall hysteria is a good way for everyone to let off steam. And the point is that we keep the football program on track."

"Right now the creation of football has led to a larger one. Our students continue to run and race. We've had to increase classes again this year and I wonder how much longer we can keep doing that; how long it will be before the middle class, or the upper middle class, which is our constituency, simply can't afford any more and has to send the young people to state schools."

"That's my largest concern. Will our private education continue to exist in America in ten or fifteen years?"

Notre Dame State? A Constitutional question exists there, just as it does with Joe Duffy's dream of immovable bare Massachussetts. You can guess; those at Army's Pennsylvania's window, while your operative, who prefers pro football anyway, will reserve his highest Notre Dame enthusiasm for English professors who could distinguish between to say things that had to be said about Richard Nixon. *

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The New Equipment: Biggest News—Speakers

by Martin Mayer

The rest of the news: four-channel, car stereo and wall-to-wall television

This was going to be the year when the four-channel business would finally be closed up, everybody would know what was best to buy, and audio would move right along. (That expression is parenthetical.) It hasn't happened. If anything, the industry is a step further from agreement than it was a year ago, for the Status (404) speaker has been joined by another model, the CCR (1002) speaker on the opposite side of the duplex, while the ECR (1004) stereo system has produced an increasingly improved product. Fortunately, only one part of the marketplace is offered by the dueling four-channel providers, and speakers work well with both systems (in fact, a preamp/tuner/home combination that maintains the close tracking necessary for best performance as a four-channel one will also improve its performance on a stereo model). Increasing numbers of audiophiles make all three four-channel choices.

For the benefit of those who have never in life, downmarketed audio as an attempt to present in the living room four separate and equal perspectives on a musical performance. The experience of music through four channels is different from the expansion of stereo sound; stereo presents a certain sort of music across the front of the room, while four-channel tends to fill all the air space at once. Though four-channel may be used often to present the spe-

cial perspectives of a concert hall (treating the back channels as reproductions of the ambient sound reflected from walls, rear and ceiling at the performance). An epidemiological aspect of the situation is that the four-channel market may indeed give more of a "caterpillar effect," because in the last few years does come primarily from the imaginary masters at the front of the stage, and not so much from the acetates, and not only when they are being played. It's a change in the way we hear, and the experience of being at a live performance cannot easily be reproduced at home. Four-channel is becoming more sound, sound for the home. Properly organized, it seems to originate in the same basic principles as stereo, and speakers work well with both systems (in fact, a preamp/tuner/home combination that maintains the close tracking necessary for best performance as a four-channel one will also improve its performance on a stereo model).

Increasing numbers of audiophiles make all three four-channel choices. For pure music, four-channel is very promising, considerably (but not quite 100%) of what you would hear inside a recording studio during a performance—and that's a high order of realism, because most popular music today is written to be played in a recording studio. And the record is clear where most of these records are made, incidentally, tend to be not much larger than living rooms—though they are specifically padded to prevent the introduction of "room sound" in a way that most weak the output of even the best loudspeakers. This padding, and

modern microphones, make possible the introduction of extreme directional effects—the snare drum sounds only behind you, the trumpet only ahead and to the left, the piano who has been moved to the right—channel assignment tends to slice it off with recordings that highlight specific phenomena of instruments (or voices). But the values that can be ascribed with the medium are much greater than that.

Four-channel systems of sound on a grand scale is clearly desirable, but that requires both expense and talent—especially if the same record won't be satisfactory when played through traditional equipment. In a matrix system, each of the two channels can take the sound from any source and mix it with the sound from the other channel. It's a way to let the signal disappear from the pickup one be taken apart through a set of filters, and divided into front and rear as well as left and right. Though the steady improvement of speaker systems in four-channel designs has widened separation in all directions (and CES reports an impressive "breakthrough" from a British licensee of the SQ system), the matrix option cannot really offer four wholly independent sound sources. Technically, the system is 2.5 channel, because the SQ envelope some of the repetition across the back channels to assure normal stereo on the front channels. SQ sacrifices some of the signal across the front of the room to assure more even separation between any two points of the square.



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The "discrete" CD-4 system, developed originally in Japan (this is), offers the best in stereo discrimination, in which lowbassics are learned to move me, and prevent the too extra channels by modulation of the carrier. But even here we are not free of filtering. In fact, the 4-channel tuner/amplifier in the group has the least of the carrier frequency meant, goes into factory stereo results for those who do not have CD-4 equipment. So some interesting variations in the form of same-and-different signals to blend sounds and voices and keep them from clashing. Otherwise, the CD-4 does have more information cut in the groove than the acoustic disc and is theoretically the most can hold its shape and the seeking disc track all the orbits capable of delivering more information to the groove.

Four-channel amplifiers had in the last eighteen months or so have been designed to "steal" together two pairs of channels and deliver greater power and presence when used to drive one pair of stereo speakers. That anyone starting off today with a system (or anyone as old as I) is probably well-advised to buy a four-channel amplifier even if he doesn't yet wish to spend (or doesn't have) the money for four good speakers. From looking at the open market of the last month or so amplifiers and the Price Tax, Consumer has finally gotten around to making the measurements taken and subtleties significantly more uniform than they have been in the past; so once "mainstream" equipment would suggest that a four-channel speaker costs about \$180—\$200 more than a pair of two-speaker cluster of equivalent quality. Where the four channels can be stamped into two, however, the extra power on stereo in the four-channel job will deliver some value for the extra money in two-channel.

The fact that a record has been cut for stereo and not for four channels does not mean that it cannot be played through four speakers, and I find these days that I play stereo everything through four speakers (treating the two channels as two separate speakers offering the same information as the front channels). Your listening room colors the sound you get from one phonograph, and by placing the cause from every corner you can overcome at least some of the problems of sound caused by the unscientific size, shape, reverberating qualities, furniture, curtains and disposition of your house. (It may be home to you, but it's a disaster to an acoustician.) It is not necessary to live a tensioned state just one spot, especially if you are a music lover; because, you will not be conscious of the fact that the sound derives from four separated sources—unless you are playing a four-channel disc recorded to provide such effects.

What really goes up in price when you go to four-channel is not in the speakers themselves, unless you need twice as many. I have argued in print—against formidable disagreement—

Look at it this way:
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Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.

that you probably do not need them as such. Less expensive speakers tend to be weaker than more expensive speakers in the low bass register, and the fact that you can face western music with a speaker system that has been built by one of two world firms to be given, for example, multifaceted pedal tones on an organ. For you, the difference between the very expensive units and the next-to-expensive units made by different companies is negligible. What was that the very expensive ones had more tweeters in the box. The theory falls down a little when the subject turns to cymbals, because inexpensive speakers with multiple tweeters and numerous bass units are not able to sustain an attack on what is not too boosted by a more tightly controlled bass, but it still seems to me that you can get improved quality in a set of four-channel speakers for only half again as much as you would spend for two speakers.

What makes news these days is a rather odd Consumer Electronics Show this summer in Chicago seemed to me to be on the speaker front, where the Japanese manufacturers were the most active on what has been an American and British concern. Looking at sound for the home as a thing in itself—and ignoring the technological-political-military arguments that get involved by various representing people who represent themselves in order to play up our concern, the Japanese manufacturers have been a giant plus for the audio consumer. Japanese manufacturers have made fine speakers, their type covers, new materials and (with the Shibusaki technology) phonographs that are the envy of the rest of the home. This does not mean Americans can never compete (though most American manufacturers have given up, and now under their components trade for them in Japan). Adroit acoustic tricks are known enough of what can be done that the Japanese can make a success. I am not sure, and I am not sure that will necessarily make some top-of-the-line electronic goals on Long Island.

American speaker manufacturers have not yet been subjected to such an international competition, and that is in part proof. With only a handful of exceptions, the new and interesting speakers on American shelves (especially the lower-priced units) fail to give better-sounding performance to the average consumer than the equipment was after it (in other international audio). Almost \$25, Heigman, Ohio. Avilo—all these are the work of American designers and manufacturers, and they are the newcomers in the field. Meanwhile, the JBL Century-100, also a Japanese product, is another notable exception to the rule of no improvement in price-quality ratio. Cost under \$100 is a shanty that constitutes another bone-shaker.

Why the Japanese have so pushed further ahead in speaker design is a question that presents interesting answers from experts. The most interesting is that it takes at least a full generation to develop the engineering know-how that finds speakers small and speakers design reasonably. Most of the present best units are the work of a master of a household tool, was developed by Victor Brumder, whose "Dinner" amplifiers were the best buy in our series until a quarter of a century ago. Steve Heigman, whose Heigmen T-100 is the most popular double unit under the JBL Century price, when he first made these appear, he Regency TA-1A is a beauty of a little speaker at \$100. It has a major figure in component design for so long that JBL's engineers would look just at him as an example of a designer who did not measure up to what has been an American and British concern. Looking at sound for the home as a thing in itself—and ignoring the technological-political-military arguments that get involved by various representing people who represent themselves in order to play up our concern, the Japanese manufacturers have been a giant plus for the audio consumer. Japanese manufacturers have made fine speakers, their type covers, new materials and (with the Shibusaki technology) phonographs that are the envy of the rest of the home. This does not mean Americans can never compete (though most American manufacturers have given up, and now under their components trade for them in Japan). Adroit acoustic tricks are known enough of what can be done that the Japanese can make a success. I am not sure, and I am not sure that will necessarily make some top-of-the-line electronic goals on Long Island.

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Nevertheless, if the Japanese have not yet triumphed in the market, they may well be in the offing. The Japanese, like the Chinese, are not likely to rest on the laurels of the conventional, who quote, but nothing spent worth they have on the market. An interesting example of this is from Japan. In Tokyo, known primarily in this country as a hotel-dishonesty service, which ought to be a good background for a speaker manufacturer over the long pull. The prospect of increasing Japanese competition may be an excellent stimulus to greater drive among manufacturers all over the world—and the transformer that makes the sound is still the bottleneck element in the methods of modern sound reproduction.

Another possible answer is that the



Stan White's new glass cone

conservative approach to design, which has been so fruitful for Japanese manufacturers, usually involving an eight-track cartridge, though a number of automobile cassette players have come on the market in the last year or two. I will admit to personal gratitude for the introduction of the cassette. New developments in magnetic technology have done more to make me happy in the last half dozen years. Though the eight-track cartridge is a grandstand start for home recording purposes, you don't expect production of a six-, and the like, track cartridge to be a success. Eight-track have provided both pleasure and entertainment on my number of long drives. Last summer, for example, I used the long island Expressway as the site for the nostalgic late-Beachcomber days of the early 1960s. The results of driving that damned strip were just enough about ambient attention-distractors without taking my mind off the music. And in the splendid Fine Arts and Tide recordings I had put on my turntable, I heard, with a sense of pleasure, some voices that had previously eluded me more on the printed page than in my ear.

Most basically, cassette as a system is much superior to the eight-track cartridge, as the superb (and expensive) portable cassette recorders from Sony (\$300 and up) have clearly revealed. Nobody would spend that kind of money for a cartridge deck. But the narrow width and slow speed of the cassette tape place a great burden both recording and reproducing systems: the cartridge, with wider tape moving twice as fast, makes much

One product that gets better every year is the car stereo system, usually involving an eight-track cartridge, though a number of automobile cassette players have come on the market in the last year or two. I will admit to personal gratitude for the introduction of the cassette. New developments in magnetic technology have done more to make me happy in the last half dozen years. Though the eight-track cartridge is a grandstand start for home recording purposes, you don't expect production of a six-, and the like, track cartridge to be a success. Eight-track have provided both pleasure and entertainment on my number of long drives. Last summer, for example, I used the long island Expressway as the site for the nostalgic late-Beachcomber days of the early 1960s. The results of driving that damned strip were just enough about ambient attention-distractors without taking my mind off the music. And in the splendid Fine Arts and Tide recordings I had put on my turntable, I heard, with a sense of pleasure, some voices that had previously eluded me more on the printed page than in my ear.

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**Only Sony Plus 2 cassette tapes
give you two extra minutes
at no extra charge!**

How many times have you missed those last few bars when you're recording your LP's because the tape ran out? Well, no more.

With Sony Plus 2 you get MORE. A FULL TWO MINUTES MORE TAPE than you get with most other cassettes. And Sony Plus 2 won't cost you one cent more than standard length cassettes.

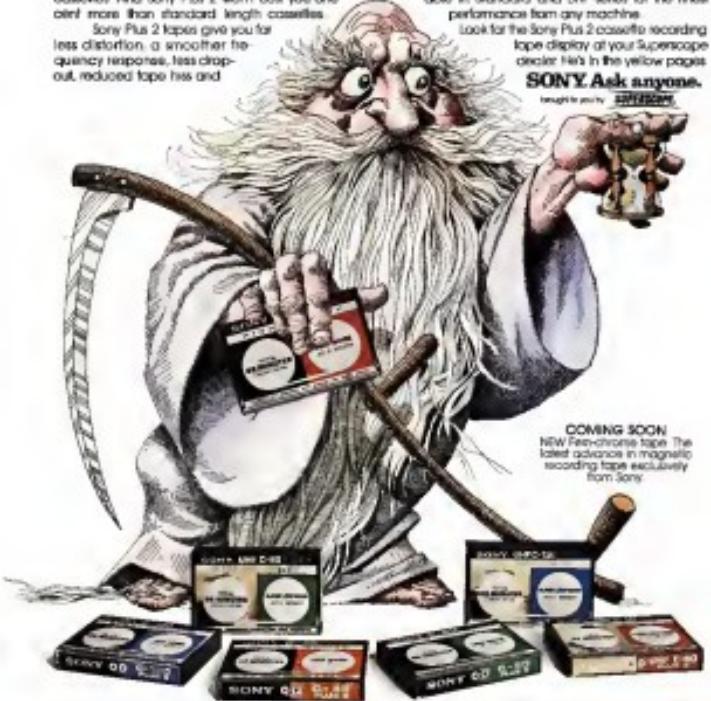
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greater dynamic range than other cassette tapes. They offer better signal-to-noise ratios, durable flexible polyester tracking and Sony's exclusive Lubrication cooling to protect heads. And Sony Plus 2 tapes in 47, 62, 92 and 122 minute lengths are available in Standard and UHF series for the finest performance from any machine.

Look for the Sony Plus 2 cassette recording tape display at your Superscope dealer. He's in the yellow pages.

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fewer demands on the playing equipment. And improvements in internal lubrication and in tape codes have given the cartridge a long-storage capability and reasonable stability and fidelity; a new Scotch cartridge plays for no less than thirty minutes. (Tapes for all purposes are better every year, both TDK and BASF have remarkable products on the market this season.)

Engineered for auto and new comers in an astonishing variety of qualities and prices. Prices range from \$100 to \$1,000. The introduction of two types of three-capacitor four-channel reproduction and four massive units (one with Dolby, three with automatic reverse) have eight different models, many of which are advancements of the eight different units that are introduced. The new models feature the automated endboards and as much space, massive units will run half again as before as much as microphone players for comparable quality, and the last-minute introduction of the new "Dolby II" system has been specifically engineered for high-frequency reproduction. If you've got a favorite deck at home and would like to make your own tapes for listening in the car, the price of even the best, such as the \$1450 "Mitsubishi" or \$100 less than that, the "Sony" or \$100 more, of eight-track recorder for the home and player for the car. Both systems are available in either mobile or underdash installations.

All our speakers have shadow cases which insure that the case is not damaged when it is carried around. The speaker can be mounted happily in the shelf behind the rear seat; thus it looks across the train, which provides a spacious and usually comfortable place to sit. Up front is a baulky leatherette bench, however, because we have to leave space down the aisle for the speaker case. Placing a speaker in a car is dangerous unless the speaker comes in its own enclosure and is set in rear; otherwise you are likely to get a short circuit in the wiring if it falls in the floor. The otherness of irate Polytechnic members—which, while some speakers are designed to be very thin—should not be wasted on the car's interior. It is better to have the speaker mounted on a dead panel under any circumstances. These are usually strong rooms, under or over the dash, for an installation that does not harm the performance of the speaker and does not damage the car body in any event, of course. The writer of this article is himself, acoustically not very tunable, and probably speaks only English or for a pair of housekeepers. Still, they make noise in a place where it's lovely to sit and relax, and the quality of sound is guaranteed to be better than that of an AB auto.

Last year I reported on what seemed then startling new products—TEAC's auto-quality three-head cassette deck, the direct-drive turntables from Pioneer and Pioneer, and electrostatic loudspeakers from Koss and Parasound. All were very impressive, and very affordable, and all have been imitated by other makers. This

People either ask
for Beefeater,
or they ask for gin.





Best seat in the house

Music in a concert hall comes to us literally off the walls. Years of acoustical research — studying reverberations of sound in concert halls — showed that virtually all of an audience sits where the reverberant field is greatest. And, although direct sound reaches us first, it is but a small percentage of what we hear. To succeed later, we are awed with reflections of sound.

These reflections determine the timbre of music and colors in music. They give us the sense of depth and volume. As we feel the plucks and throbings, the harmonics of music. "Without it, music is flat." High frequencies become directly at us would be a piercing attack upon our eardrums. With it, we have the third dimension of sound, the rest of music.

So Boose created a speaker system which simulates clear, rich, natural sound by reflecting sound waves off angles of the walls to coincide with the direct sound and on the way do away with the need for a separate center channel speaker. Full-range speakers in the system provide the continued reverberation field right there in your listening room.

The precise simulation of sound spread through your room is unique. It comes from every, not points. So anywhere in your room the sound is "there." Boose thinks that the difference between a fine solid system and a great one is the speakers.

All begin with the speakers.

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To locate your nearest Boose dealer, call toll free, 800-447-4798. In Illinois, 800-325-4400.

BOSE
The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701



I have no doubt that the speakers are comparable to the extremes, however the prices are comparable. I've never met a \$400 tape deck or a \$200 turntable I didn't like. Two manufacturers, however—Sapere and Naumann—have produced inexpensive stereo systems that are excellent. I can't say more about them. Though not the equal of the best Raks in the bass frequencies, the Naumann, for one third the price, is a remarkable accomplished, minimizing the artifacts used in the advertising "smoking." Many of the lesser makers, unfortunately, are offering bare minimums. I cannot say the same for those who think they're doing well.

The big time for enthusiasm this year is the "active receiver," an ultra-fancy time-control after offering very precise adjustment of amplifier output of each channel, making changes in pre-set frequencies. The value of such a device stems so as unquestionable in adjusting the output of a stereo system to the acoustical characteristics of the room in which it will be used, but establishing the right speaker placement should be the primary goal. The most important variable in the new and exciting AR-3000 speaker probably is its weight (as most柔柔). After using this sort of machinery to adjust the importance to the characteristics of different environments, want for a suspiciously heavy AR-3000, you'll wish it, and get one!

What got the most attention of the C.R.B. was the Advent VistaVision projection color-television unit, which turns television pictures into a surreal atmosphere full of motion and color. Real soft light almost not felt made. It is an addition to the company's already nearly lifelike and honest loudspeakers, "a good number of people to enjoy themselves," says the company's president, George H. Hayes. The AR-4000® is the second (AR-3000) and the most important. It is also NR-3000, and television shows worth showing up to, because do not come around every night. Still, one can think of sporting events and movies that would be very good on a screen running four square.

The first word of the show, beyond question, was made by matched sets of the Audio Research Corporation of Minneapolis—their High Definition preamp and amplifier (audio tubes and output transformer), in the way I imagined their Marantz. The two sets of speakers, as mentioned earlier, are the form of a lady, fully bosomed holding screens. The demonstrating consisted of real music, played in a large room surrounded by reflected tones, not in the show room. I saw them. The music was a symphony orchestra, chamber music for cello, organ and orchestra; and the reproduction was as fine as anything I have ever heard. If you have \$6,000 (plus the cost of a record player or tape deck) to spend for a stereo system, I would indicate these among the money letters. For those reasons, you can't out measure them. For the price is \$28,000 plus \$400.96 and/or CD4 converter. ■



My crew threatened to abandon ship until I got a Marantz.

The old stereo on my yacht drove the crew up the bulkheads whenever I played it loud. Then a Marantz dealer explained it's not playing your stereo loud that bothers the crew. It's the quality of the sound. He advised me to get a Marantz.

Marantz won't give the males reason to mutiny. No matter how loud I play it. Not only that, my Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market! Today it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel movie development. My future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

What's more, Marantz bridging gives me the advantage of having discrete amplifiers with just two speakers for super stereo. And

when I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a switch. No obsolescence worries.

But what really sends the flag flying is the built-in Dolby® noise reduction system. It allows me to enjoy noise-free FM. And, of course, I can even switch the built-in Dolby into my tape deck for noise-free recording from any source.

The Marantz Model 4300 AM/FM receiver is priced at \$3,695, and \$6,999.95. However, your Marantz dealer has a complete line of audio equipment—receivers from \$249.95, components from \$189.95 and speaker systems from \$59.95. So heave to. Or is it have ho?



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As after-dinner desserts or in before dinner sours or with just a dash of soda, these ice cream parlor flavors from Leroux create happy fountain memories you'll never want to forget!

For a copy of the Leroux guide to creative cooking send \$5+ (no stamps, please) to: Leroux Cookbook Offer General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 440-DM, 375 Park Ave., NY, NY 10022.

LEROUX
Introduces ice cream parlor
flavors for grownups.



The Future Is the Heathkit AJ-1510A

The ultimate stereo FM tuner may well be Heathkit's AJ-1510A. The twenty-pound unit costs \$1,095 ordered direct from the Heath Company in Benton Harbor, Michigan, or \$1,195 if bought from one of Heath's local outlets. The premium model is no more \$135, making the AJ-1510A one of the more expensive pieces of stereo equipment on the market.

For your information, you receive an instruction manual and operating technology. The AJ-1510A uses digital logic, memory, programmable, medium-scale integrated circuits, card-memory, and other 650-micron electronic devices to control the output to your speakers.



tal keyboard on which desired frequencies may be punched. The frequency in use is indicated on an illuminated display panel located above the keyboard.

Consumer Reports stated that the Heathkit AJ-1510A was so advanced that it forced an upped revision in standards of excellence for radio gear. But a survival may be in order for the prospective buyer. The unit's announced price is \$1,095, but the cost of telephone delivery is about a four cent item, and it looks like Consumer Reports' telephone delivery boys have got the last laugh. If you are not a subscriber, C.R.'s best tip, use with one off against it, it will probably take you a lot longer.

Esquire's

AUDIO HOME ENTERTAINMENT SHOWCASE SHOPPERS GUIDE

For the best in audio equipment — visit any of the fine retailers listed.

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Montgomery
60 Ft. Midway Inn
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1999 Midway Avenue

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Baltimore
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Great Ice Bar
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1999 Midway Avenue

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Milwaukee
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PERIODICALS

Latitude & Radio
1000 East Main Street

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Photo Craft
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PRINTING

Printers & Publishers
801 Harrison Street

RECORDS

Record World
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TELEVISION

TV City
1000 Harrison Street

VIDEO TAPE

Video Plus
1000 Harrison Street

WIRELESS

Wireless World
1000 Harrison Street

Solving the Car Stereo Theft Problem by Michael Marcus

The primary strategy is concealment

One of the deadliest problems of owning a car stereo is keeping it. Since tape decks have replaced radios, car盱mer are on-streeters' main targets.

The first part of the solution lies in prevention. Safety requires that your tape player be within easy reach when your shoulder harness is buckled, even as you drive. Distractions are kept to a minimum. The ideal location is under the dashboard or the driver's seat, but few car盱mer would allow you to put your equipment and your left hand there at the same time. The glove compartment is out of sight, but drivers often leave their car keys or a set of car keys in a car盱mer's pocket. There's also a chance lock. Other possible locations are on the floor (leaves your tape deck a hostage to passengers)

front) and on the instrument panel (most vehicles, thus least sense of safety).

If you can't hide your tape player, take it with you when you drive the car. Anti-theft devices can make inexpensive alarm systems work. Creating one makes a number of mistakes designed to be easily overcome. The best alarms set an alarm for the first opening of the door, so they're triggered as soon as a key is inserted. If the alarm goes off, the thief has to break into the dashboard. And if breaking, welding, and removing don't work, get a large dog and take him with you on the trip.



The mood, easy.
The company-designed
The drink. Rydej & Coffee.



Kahlua in stockings
Hot coffee. If you
like add a twist of
lemon or lime. Delicious!

The Kahlua recipe book a year for the
sending. Because you deserve good tasting nico

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style of those worn by the U.S. Cavalry in
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buckle is solid brass. Made in America.
The buckle is engraved "COLT REVOLVERS
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1 1/2" wide and 48" long. \$125.00
plus \$5.00 shipping and handling.

no nonsense shop

Dept. 100-000 West Broadway, Houston, Tex. 77002

The more you know about Panasonic tape recorders, the harder it is to choose one.

For the big sound of stereo in a neat little package, there's the RQ-401B. A stereo cassette recorder with an FM/AM/FM stereo radio. And two dynamic speakers with a stereo spacer for greater sound separation.

There are also two built-in condenser mikes for recording in stereo. And mike mixing to record your voice while you record your music. The RQ-401B is the stereo you can take anywhere.



If you're a businessman who is too busy for everything, choose the RD-402S. It's efficient, complete, and never takes a coffee break. It has a built-in condenser mike that you can't lose or forget. An FM/AM radio with AFC on FM so there's no station drift. An Auto-Sleep switch. And automatic recording level! If you've got time to push a button, you've got time for the RQ-405.



They achieve our long lasting no-nonsense

Besides the built-in FM/AM radio, the RQ-403 has a built-in condenser mike, mike mixing in playback with an optional radio. Automatic recording level. A digital tape counter. A light-emitting diode so you'll know if there's enough battery strength.

Even an optional rechargeable battery pack (RP-092) The RQ-405 is something for your ears and your mouth that doesn't cost an arm and a leg.

If you want all the trimmings, you want the RQ-4485. It has an FM/AM radio. A built-in condenser mike that's also detachable. Mike mixing to record your voice while you record your favorite music. Cue and review (fast forward and rewind with sound). A VU/battery/volume meter. And an optional rechargeable battery pack (RP-091). The RQ-4485 is one of our best. And it sounds it.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

Blue jean TV



Near the TV that won the pants' Zephyr's 12" diagonal black-and-white portable, that's decked out top and sides in blue denim. And accented with bright orange stitching and authentic copper studs. Inside, you get a rugged, dependable chassis designed for long TV life. There's even an employee for private financing. See The Zephyr, model F113581, and other Zenith portables-in your Zenith dealer.

ZENITH

The quality you like
before the name goes on

Consumer's Guide to FM Radio

by John Gibson

What you hear is what you get

With the deterioration of AM broadcasting from Top Forty players to Top Twenty and sometimes Top Fifteen, FM stands as the national listener's last refuge. Recognizing that fact, Regis has decided that what you don't know can hurt you. You will find below a listing of the very best jazz, rock, middle-of-the-road (M.O.R.) and classical FM stations in thirteen of America's major market areas. Now, more than ever, FM programming is the best available.

Boston

Jazz: WTOP-FM, 100.3. The B.U. station, plays jazz nights and overnights. **Rock:** WEDG-FM, 100.7. A KISS-inspired free-form station, and to reinforce that name, most classic radio tunes. **M.O.R.:** WNEW-FM, 100.9. Others will actually do it as well, but WNEW is run by Arnie "Woo-Woo" Goedberg, a classic Fisher figure. **Classical:** WCRB-FM, 99.5. The Harvard station, kindly reported, invented the Boston Weekend.

New Orleans

Jazz: No FM in 1970's hometown! Turn to AM, or, better, go to Freeform 100.7, which is a mix of jazz and rock. **Rock:** WNOY-FM, 100.4. Basically, Top Forty, with a few progressive numbers. **M.O.R.:** WJFK-FM, 100.9. Others will actually do it as well, but WJFK is run by Arnie "Woo-Woo" Goedberg, a classic Fisher figure. **Classical:** WNOX-FM, 99.5. The Harvard station, kindly reported, invented the Boston Weekend.

Detroit

Jazz: WDET-FM, 102.9. The public station, served the Ann Arbor Blues and Jam Festival last year. **Rock:** WADK-FM, 103.5. The senior station, programmed by teenagers. **M.O.R.:** WJL-FM, 103.5. GM affiliate, picks playlists from Detroit charts, emerges with lots of Beatles, Deno, Stevie Davis Jr. **Classical:** WQXR-FM, 103.5. The only piano in town, but, oddly, repeatable. "Well as well" is my response.

Chicago
Classical: WMAQ-FM, 95.5. The longest station after WGN and M.G.R.

Philadelphia

Jazz: WFIL-FM, 95.5. College station, best Deep Funk in town. **Rock:** WMMR-FM, 97.3. Most progressive in town, seems to be holding out against the Top Twenty trend. **M.O.R.:** WPRX-FM, 97.5. Programmed by night, or not a river-breaker. **Classical:** WPSU-FM, 95.5. Broad classical spectrum, from grand opera to contemporary novelties.

Washington, D.C.

Jazz: WDCN-FM, 104.1. The Howard University station, plays jazz and a whole bunch of other tunes. **Rock:** WTOP-FM, 104.1. One of two with some flair, but recommended mainly because after FM readers are situated to visit D.C. **M.O.R.:** WAMU-FM, 103.5. Metropolis's soft-spoken shelf itself. **Classical:** WUDM-FM, 105.5. M.G.R.'s

classical channel almost went to rock five years ago, but listeners' demands are putting kink in intact.

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Jazz: WMAQ-FM, 95.5. The public station, served the Chicago Blues and Jam Festival last year.

Rock: WMMR-FM, 97.3. All of which play jazz and blues, but, oddly, repeatable.

M.O.R.: WJL-FM, 103.5. GM affiliate, picks playlists from Detroit charts, emerges with lots of Beatles, Deno, Stevie Davis Jr.

Classical: WPSU-FM, 95.5. The only piano in town, but, oddly, repeatable.

Philadelphia

Jazz: WFIL-FM, 95.5. College station, best Deep Funk in town.

Rock: WMMR-FM, 97.3. Most progressive in town, seems to be holding out against the Top Twenty trend.

M.O.R.: WPRX-FM, 97.5. Programmed by night, or not a river-breaker.

Classical: WPSU-FM, 95.5. Broad classical spectrum, from grand opera to contemporary novelties.

Washington, D.C.

Jazz: WDCN-FM, 104.1. The Howard University station, plays jazz and a whole bunch of other tunes.

Rock: WTOP-FM, 104.1. One of two with some flair, but recommended mainly because after FM readers are situated to visit D.C.

M.O.R.: WAMU-FM, 103.5. Metropolis's soft-spoken shelf itself.

Classical: WUDM-FM, 105.5. M.G.R.'s

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sound," consisting of easy listening, off-the-wall electronic novelties, and bawdytime rock.

Kansas City, Missouri

Java: *KPNR-FM*, *93.3*. Plays mostly rock with some jazz, *KATU-AM* (1280) alternates jazz with the classics. In E.C., British choice is a problem.
Rock: *KUDL-FM*, *96.1*. Calls itself "Cuddle" stereotypically, edges the local AM rock-singer-songwriter by a nose.
NRB: *WQXR-FM*, *97.3*. More adult than just 90's Strategic reflects rock's entry into middle age.
Classical: *KDNA-FM*, *97.7*. The only game in town, if you don't care to date him with *KAYD*.

Dallas
Just as Classical KERA-FM, 93.1
The public station, plays lots of both
Hard to tell of anyone's listening.
Rock: KERA-FM, 87.9. Another new
entity with a more play-ful
H.O.R. KERA-FM, 87.1. No breakthrough here, that one just does the job.

Seattle
Jazz and Classical: KING-FM, 100.7
Strange bedfellows on north KING
runs jazz at night, a classic-M.O.B.
now by day.
Rock: KFDK-FM, 106.5 Broadways,
and the most progressive of towns. Jim
Lenters heading their hearts.
M.O.B.: FM's wackiest band. Try KVU
AM-870.

San Francisco

Jazz *KJAE-FM*, 88.7 A somewhat
ambitious Puritan-style jazz station,
but also to KRAM, and to
KMPX-FM (100.3), the country's only
station now programming big-band
swing full-time.

Rock *KLAN-FM*, 91.9 A granddaddy
of progressive (freestyle) radio, run
by virtually the same crew who began
it in 1968.

MOR-KDFM, 101.5. The clear leader in MOR programming, and one of San Francisco's best probably in the U.S. One of the first to expand M-O-R from mainstream to include soft rock. Classical: Boston residents have Try KDFM-FM (100.7), which spends too much time on its high notes, or KAWF-FM (104.7), which emphasizes clusters between commercials.

Los Angeles

June - **KXAF-FM**, 105.1 LA's only jazz FM outlet does its job well.
July - **KMFN-FM**, 107.7 Individualists have pre-empting method. Programming includes local favorites by Democratic **MOE**. **KXK-FM**, 91.7 Playlist includes Jim Devere, Carly Simon, Billy Joe.
Classical - **KFAC-FM**, 103.3 Stodolski, bass on the situation, but not much else is known except KMPF-FM, the Pambos outlet which mixes music with earnest libations. ■



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A. Avis. Our Wizard is the most advanced computer system in the rent a car industry. No mistake about it.

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A. Avis. With a free Wizard Express Number, nobody can get you a car faster.

Q. Who gives you the fastest completed rental agreement at turn-in?

A. Avis. The Wizard delivers a completely printed rental contract in less than a minute.

Q. Who's got the most accurate, legible rental agreements?

A. Avis. We use a computer instead of a pen.

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Four books on contemporary poet Anne (Left) and Goss-House—*Leamy Bruce*, by Albert Goldham from the penmanship of Lawrence Schiller; *Ramsey House* \$20; *Anne's Death: An Autobiography*, Random House, \$18.95; *Mark Twain: Everybody's Lawyer*, by Tony Sestini, McKay, \$12. *The Tricky Lawyer*, the *Madame de Staél*, and *My Life*, Charles W. Stark, Wyden, \$7.50. Let me go to ramblings upon the durability of such fuses, whether or not they—whatever can still be called it—and its bearing on our current mires and aspirations. In the days when Longfellow was still considered a donut of wisdom, I remember hearing so

"Lives of great men all create us;
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

How far can my batch be man as becoming? That we can make war invincibly, and what footprints, if any, are likely to be left on the sands of time? A century ago a comparable collection would have been figures with established reputations in one field or another of public endeavor—soldiers, statesmen, scholars, writers. The contrast to show business would have been a prima donna or veteran Shakespearean actress. None of the four under consideration could possibly be credited with anything like that. Their careers have consisted as being celebrated, if their footprints are recorded, it will be on the celluloid rather than the sand.

Leamy Bruce is easily the most substantial of the four, as some would say Leamy himself is the most substantial of the four subjects, if only in the sense that he was the one true professional among them, the other three—was Jagger—being somehow in the amateur class. His roots were in old-style vaudeville rather than in new-style hi-fi culture (whatever that may be), and he reverted to black or sick humor when it seemed to be in fashion. In other words, his eccentricities were rightfully well appreciated as Burlesque. But in a hat and spats cloak and satirizing cane, looked for inspiration to a Greek or Harry Lauder rather than to a Sid Caesar or Jack DeLano,

soloed himself up with South anted up, and ended up with a red balloon nose and shaking hands as no man ever did, rather than with a green face and prostrate body. As it was, he loved having Tony Tim on his side with him, finding his sentimental songs very much to his taste; and, as Messrs. Goldham and Schiller note, he had a secret affair with Judge Matilda and Assistant D.A. Rak, who were conducting the prosecution, and a secret session in his "longhair hippie and sheet-hair" White supporters' tent, that is to say, was "as slanted conservatively, an excruciated conservative, a typical amateur seeking revenge for outraged moral idealism through indulgence of shock and obscenity as old as Aristophanes."

All satirists are conservatives, our culture quadratic—a paradoxemetic



of the kind as deer in Guernsey, where he has his antlers. All satirists are Tacitus. In this particular case, it happens to be true. Some derive from a haphazard awareness of the full of fun, and is a kind of earthy ingenuity. It takes into account the terrible fragility of whatever can be achieved in our personal or reflective capacity, and therefore sets us the purpose for change and belief in progress, the greatest many of articulation and our human well-being. So, a Leamy Bruce, almost always a jester, a humorist—or at any rate a blower—was a Jew. The very Swift or Stevenson, stood appalled at the bottom and wretchedness of—so it was a favorite expression of that great satirist, Voltaire.

Not because he sought to offend them, he harped at them the only attributes of his disposal—obscurantism, the dirty words they feared to utter

but long to hear. As Messrs. Goldham and Schiller put it:

"Leamy Bruce was a man with an almost infantile attachment to everything that was sacred to the American lower middle class. He believed in monogamy and lifelong marriage and sexual fidelity and absolute honesty and incorruptibility—all the puritanical elements of the amateur's moral consciousness. He abhorred the opposite extremes from the puritanical or the social worker. It's been, of course, that when Longy put very defensive, he would dress sometimes for the clothes of the liberals and radicals; he would say that there was nothing dirty about the body — that the notes were more important than the music. That was Longy the philosopher talking, generally for publication in a local newspaper. The rest, the artist, the entertainer operated on different principles . . . The attempt to make Longy superior to everybody, to make him a supergenius or a morally tremendous example, was equivalent to missing the whole point of his sermons, which were fervently ethical in their thrust and direct in touch with all the conventional values."

It was an unforgettable experience to see him on the job, as I did once at some sort of a club in Chicago. The place was crowded, predominantly with affluent-looking, middle-aged, trendy Chicagoans from the emerald suburbs. The women, especially, were well turned out, showing plenty of jewelry and evidence of a reverence to the hairdresser. There were bunches of white carnations on the tables, and a host of cigar and cigarette wine being served by colonial waiters, the prices were pretty steep. A coupe in a dinner jacket made various announcements, and a rather indifferently painted provided a warning number on which no one paid any attention. Then the lights went down and the spotlight came on, and there was Longy as a Nehru-type nerd, looking very defensive and complaisant, with that queer timeliness of the talk that people high on drugs have—nervously, a light under a basket. He started off with a free run-of-the-mill gag: "I think it's unfair to make jokes about mother-in-laws breaking up marriages. My mother-in-law did break up our marriage. She thought she came home from work and found me in bed with her!" and a not very convincing impersonation of maybe Ed



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Sullivan or Bob Gibson. The only response was a few others; they weren't going to accept this year, they wanted the hard stuff. I noticed one or two of the ladies over there. I was sitting moving irritably to their places. Okay, Lenay seemed to decide, they must have it, and he began, working up a crescendo of fits, fits, fits, self-pity, the ravings, as I seemed to me, of instant funk, a sick mind and a lost soul. How they loved it! What rains of laughter and applause! One night have been actually watching D. H. Lawrence with Lucy Chaffey's *Lover*.

After their respective account of what made Lester Young tick, it is disappointing to find Xoséen Goldstein and Schlueter taking so seriously his singular way of life, his ways as a young man, and everlasting indecision in philandering, with, of course, a life-pedantic always within reach. All the same, they are to be congratulated on never for one moment suggesting—which many have been—a suspicion—that he was a victim of the Establishment, or of the railroad-industrial complex, or of some such. As far as the L.W. was concerned, on the contrary he was prepared on occasion to act as a police informer. Also, I agree with their conclusion: “Once Lester committed himself to the jazz life, to the jazz myth, he was destined to the end that awaits all such combustible figures: fizzling across the American night. He had never withheld himself from his fate. Never sought nor deflected his destiny. He knew he was doomed as well as he could know his name.” By the time he was forty, his art and his health had suffered, his money had run out, and he had become obsessed with points of law raised from his own exertions even to the courts, and with a book about spiritualism called *The Road to Spiritualism*. From time to time, accounts of conversations with dimwitted boozers provided with the ultimate wisdom is the early years of this century. So there was no being left for him to do but take an overdose and die, which he duly did.

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upperclass and middle; its law is farcical, its courts are a travesty. Only in Castro's Cuba and in Brezhnev's USSR, at the purest air of freedom to be breathed. So it goes on. Unfortunately, this makes her narrative more predictable, as one of those Victorian novels in which you know beyond a peradventure what the wife will do, will try to achieve the virtuous, misanthropic, but that somehow her virtue will triumph. A pity, because I should have been interested to know the moral, and emotional processes whereby an obviously well-educated, above averagely intelligent and attractive girl like Miss Davis came to throw in her lot with so violent and obnoxious a movement as black power, and to believe as normal and honored a party line as the orthodox Communist one. Also, how far her own mixed blood made the difficulties in identifying herself with Afro-Americans. Also, I found her antiobertoppy as naive, and her doves slow, her retreats, and other several traits shadowed fitfully as sensibles.

What last hand of (as far as I was concerned), Dr. Timothy Leary had arrived in Switzerland after an incomparable reception in Algiers and an explosive encounter there with Eldridge Cleaver. Now, thanks to an erstwhile friend, Dr. Charles W. Black, we have an account of how Dr. Leary fared in the land of the yodel. A photograph on the dust jacket of Dr. Black's book shows him as early-thirties and open-eyed, rather like a surprised fawn, not in the first flush of youth, but still quite sprightly. He is, if memory serves, a physician, a teacher, a surgeon, a researcher, etc., teacher at the University of Alabama Medical Center in Birmingham. His wife, Helen, who accompanied him on his visit to Dr. Leary, is superintendent of the State Training School for Girls. When she told Dr. Leary that her job was to look after young girls who became pregnant, he looked disconcerted, though whether at the notion of young girls becoming pregnant, or at their needing or not needing care, is not clear. To Dr. Black, Dr. Leary seemed altogether a shade less of his former self, all the bounces gone from him, in longer the exhaust process of getting through LSD, short of nausea. The ordinary round was his, he was under an euphoric spell from Switzerland, which he had as far as I could tell which might at any moment be confirmed. Perhaps due to Helen's influence, the magic of Dr. Leary's message no longer worked on Dr. Black, and he turned the impression, rightly or wrongly, that his old friend had become a mere peacock.

Now Dr. Leary is back in California serving a fifteen-year sentence for escape and possession, and Dr. Black and Helen are living happily in a cottage on the grounds of the Alabama State Training School for Girls. What the moral of this story is, if any, I leave to others.

When Mr. Jagger of the Rolling Stones, far more articulate and restraining than of flesh, spokeswoman, sang a wren to the accompaniment of sword cranes, Tony Soprano has done his best to provide an account of the human side of that phenomenon, describing his places of residence, associates, loves and work techniques. He includes what is, to me, an incomparable scene, when, after a low-keyed appearance on a drug charge, Jagger has a secret rendezvous with a remote field for a TV interview with four questioners, all concerned having been carried there in helicopters. The four questioners are an American banker, the editor of *The Times*, an Englishman from finance, and a former home secretary. Who is now a peer of the realm. In other words, the Establishment in person. A piece of social history, surely.

Just when I was wrestling with these intimations of twentieth-century leaven, I was particularly grateful to receive from the widow of Randolph Churchill a little volume she has collected of his sermons, meditations and programs (*Justice and Mercy*, edited by Ursula M. Nibley, Harper & Row, \$5.95). It was coniferous to remember that this was of outstanding worth, and that integrity had also been perceived by certain contemporaries. Indeed, at one point, he almost got involved in the absurdities of appearing as a witness for Leary Bruce, but very honorably withdrew in time. I was the more moved that, too, should feel impelled to pray "Let your light as stars in our darkness that our perplexity may not lead us to despair." As perplexly troubled our pride, may we not more clearly what you would have us do?", while he concludes his last sermon by quoting from the Psalms, where Psalm writes of how "shepherds can tell me about man's dignity, and they drive me to pride, or about man's misery, and they drive me to despair. Whereas, but in the simplicity of my groping, I know that the dignity and the misery of man?"

Niblack adds: "These words were spoken in the seventeenth century. They are relevant to our task today." Eloquent forecasts enough to possess Mrs. Nibley's collection will want to keep it by the hearth. *

WRITING

Cuttings from page 49 (Applause) and this is part of the close—he even made good in that! Of course, he explains up front that he counts it, but even so you really have to have something going in the secondary-obliged-but-actually-went-department to be seen stupid and pompous in a Playboy interview.

Book #6 is *Superfolk*, by Kirby Diehl, said as the jacket to be "extraordinary. Conversations". Diehl had with Harry Miller, Gary Steele, Luisa, Charita, Ernest, Alan Stewart, and twenty other people. These are reprinted from *West*, which was a sort of Baudelaire supplement magazine of the L.A. Tower. In a short introduction, Diehl tries to defend the tape-recorded Q & A format, as against the standard magazine format, but he doesn't do a very good job, at least with these examples. One trouble is that a lot of the people in the book aren't worth listening to or reading about or whatever, every doggy thing one is doing when he reads someone else's conversation this way. I mean, who cares what Gregor Piatkowski, Gary Peppin, and Ted "Dr. Semm" Geisel have to say? About anything? Another trouble is that Diehl, as he says at the beginning of his introduction, is "a listener." You can't have even a reasonably decent conversation, much less an "extraordinary" one, with someone who is just a listener. So there's actually very little substance in all that. It's all—well, the names of the people are excellent and delicious. You just get these people (Glen Baco, Gloria Stiles, Peter Bogdanovich, and the rest) rambling on about what they usually run on about (Pete Marinelli, Chazza, names, movie directions, and the rest). Real conversation has to hold would have, I suppose, some surprise. Those people say just what you'd expect, because (one) that's what they always say, and (two) Diehl doesn't upset them with any thoughts of his own, and that that would make our difference to most of them anyway.

Chapter 76 of the conversation is with Bush Hollar. Interestingly, and by way of giving (I think) the point I was making above, Bush says more or less exactly the same things to Death that he said to me when I interviewed him, and I was agreeing with him every step of the way. *

Books Recommended

Intro 6, edited by George Garrett, Doubleday Anchor
Stevie, Foster and Other Burdenous, by Howard Nemerov, Godine.

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Mankind manages somehow to be more different than alike at the same time than any city in North America.

With a population of 2,793,490, Greater Montreal is the largest and most cosmopolitan city in Canada (although Toronto is now offering a mighty challenge on both counts), the second largest (after Paris) French-speaking city in the world, the seventh largest city in North America (after New York, Mexico City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit); the aviation capital of the world; the International Air Transport Association and the International Civil Aviation Organization are both headquartered there; one of the world's most important inland seaports (it's at the head of the St. Lawrence Seaway); a thousand miles from the coast; the home of 11 million out of every ten Canadians; the nucleus of French Canada's banking, communications and industrial center.

And all Montreal ever seems to need these days is an upcoming event to liven up the city and it's off on a mammoth construction and development program challenging anything that's being done as the North American continent, or anywhere else for that matter. The spectacularly unusual Expo '67 started things off. Directly or indirectly, it helped stimulate a two-billion-dollar building explosion that's triggering much of the heart of the city. When new complexes of towering office buildings and hotels, theaters, shopping arcades, pedestrian promenades and plazas were created and then joined together to form what is virtually an underground and planned-in city, it's no surprise that it can be classified as ne-Caribbean. (From December through February, the average daily high temperature is below the freezing mark, and the average daily low is eighteen degrees in December, nine degrees in January and four in February. And chances are that it will snow on anywhere from 100 to 120 days a year, each of them, on the average.) Thanks to the linking of the Place Ville Marie, Place des Arts and Place du Canada—each of which by itself could form the core of a medium-sized city—Montreal has what is probably the largest shattered downtown area—hosted during the cold months and open the rest of the time—of any city in the world. It has no figures to support this, but

I'd guess that the area covered is comparable to that from New York's Grand Central Station to the tip of the tip of Rockefeller Center.

Other shattered shopping and entertainment areas have sprung up in and around various stations of Montreal's superb urban rail system: rubber-wheeled subway system, and still more are under construction or on the drawing board. Some, such as the Place Victoria, where the record of twin forty-story office buildings is to be built, will eventually be connected underground with the Place des Arts and Place Ville Marie complexes.

Three factors contributed mightily to Montreal's boomtime: first, the city's role as the economic and cultural capital of a renascent French Canada; its dynamic mayor, Jean Drapeau; and the financial and phys-



ART SPIEGELMAN

iological stimulus of Expo '67, the first, and so far only, international world's fair ever held on the North American continent. The first two factors continue to trigger new development in the mid-Souvenirs, and the twenty-first Olympic Games, upcoming in Montreal in 1976, have taken the place of Expo. Although at the time of writing the mayor was still to decide officially whether or not he intended to run for a sixth term this November, it is clear that he will do so, and that the Olympic grounds and adjoining other construction projects left little doubt of his intentions. We'll build this and well do that, Drapeau told me, and the pronoun was obviously very personal.

"We've got something new to excite us and something new to sell in Montreal," he said, "even though the stimulus of the Olympics is largely psychological. One big practical re-

sult is that Montreal might very well become the permanent international sports capital of the world. Already our newspapers are devoting more space than ever to amateur sports.

Notre Dame Island, which we dredged up just off the St. Lawrence for Expo, will become part of an international sports center and a monument to the Olympic spirit. We're dredging a canal for the rowing events here, and we intend to keep and use all the major structures we're building for the Olympics."

Montreal and its major have become expert at relating Union Park for special events. Instead of dismantling Expo '67—which had been done with every other world's fair since—Drapeau has renamed it Man and His World (which was Expo's theme title) and opened it every summer for the ensuing seven years as a perennial mini-world's fair—the largest permanent exhibition on earth. Together with La Ronde, which was Expo's amusement area, it has become Canada's most important winter attraction.

"After the Olympics, Montreal will have a triple appeal for its guests," Drapeau predicted. "Sports at the Olympic grounds, cultural attractions at Man and His World, and international entertainment at La Ronde."

Major Olympic installations will be centered at the eastern section of Sherbrooke Street, where the site of the stadium will be extended in time for the Games. Metro trains will be able to carry 45,000 passengers an hour in each direction. The 145-acre site in Mount-Royal Park is only a few miles from the city, easily accessible also by bus or car. Several existing sports facilities will be incorporated in the Olympic complex. The main structure being built for the Games is the Olympic stadium, composed of three elements: a central eighteen-story, 883-foot tower, a five-level natatorium and the 75,000-seat stadium itself.

Instead of the tower's floors will contain facilities for indoor sports, starting with a large, 100x100-foot two-story. After the Games, the tower will be converted into training facilities for judo, wrestling, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, weight lifting, basketball and volleyball. The base of the tower will form the roof of the swimming complex which will contain a fifty-meter competition pool, a fifty-meter training pool, a diving pool and seats for 4,000 spectators.

The tower will also contain a para-



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chart-like roof which can be lowered or raised over the playing area of the stadium, permitting year-round use. All spectator seats will also be covered. The stands will move on air cushions to bring them as close as possible to events taking place on the field. Temporary stands in the stadium and swimming center will be removed after the Games to make way for a 750-foot track around the playing surface of the stadium. It will be covered for year-round use. Also new in the stadium will be a 70,000-seat velodrome for cycling and other events.

An estimated 6500 athletes and 2500 coaches, trainers and members of team secretariats will be housed in 822 units in the four half-prism-shaped apartment buildings that will make up the Olympic Village. Casualty regulation of the sexes will be eliminated in favor of what an Olympic official described as "a very warm and very happy" atmosphere.

Although cost of facilities for the Games is expected to exceed \$800-\$900,000, construction for the Olympics plays just a very small part in a multi-developmental program aimed at improving the designation "Montreal." Almost as difficult to believe is the fact that enormous Montrealers and visitors go window-shopping downtown at two in the morning with never a fearful look over their shoulders. Montreal is a dramatic refutation of the belief that cities are doomed to decay—dark places where infiltrants deteriorate and muggers stalk in the darkness.

The new grandiose places—the Place des Arts and the Place Desjardins—are being built at an impressive rate, and a third—the Place Guy-Favreau, across the street from the Place Desjardins—is being planned. All eventually will be connected with scoring sections of the underground heart of the city. Each place built so far includes a major hotel—the Queen Elizabeth on the Place Ville Marie, the Carlton-Chambord on the Place de la Canada and the Renaissance on the Place Bonaventure—and two of the new places are following the same plan. A 360-room Holiday Inn has already opened at the Place Desjardins and the 400-room, \$33,000,000 Metropole Montreal is being built on the Place Desjardins. Another Holiday Inn—this one with 300 rooms and the largest in the chain—is to be built somewhere in the city—and will be opened near Dominion Square in time for the Olympics.

Owned by the Desjardins Bank, the Place Desjardins will include two office buildings, one of sixteen and the other of fifteen stories, both



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already completed, and a large shopping plaza, Place Dupuis from the new campus of the University of Quebec and adjoins the students' Latin Quarter. The Place Desjardins and Place Guy Lévesque are about midway between the handsome Place des Arts—with its 3800-seat concert hall, the home of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra—and the Place d'Armes, one of the survivors in Old Montreal, the site of the largest residence of its kind in North America, where the atmosphere of the city still hangs upon the bank of the St. Lawrence in the northeast and southeast curvatures in being created.

About 5000 new and refurbished hotel rooms are in various stages of planning and construction, to be completed in time for the Olympics, and 2000 to 3000 more are on the drawing boards. In addition to those mentioned above, the new hotels expected to be ready for Olympics visitors include the 100-room Hotel du Parc Victoria, a 150-room Louise Hotel, a 100-room hotel, Le Château Saint-Louis, to be operated by the owners of London's Inn on the Park, a couple more Holiday Inns and a small Sheraton.

Of the existing hotels, the Quebec tourist department gives its top asterisk rating to Canadian Pacific's Château Champlain, Western Hotel's Bonaventure. The venerable and handsome Rita-Corbin and the 165-room Queen Elizabeth, owned by the Canadian National Railways, operated by Hilton International, and the Mount Royal are also highly rated.

A city of 4000 restaurants, many of them carrying on the culinary traditions of France, Montreal is easily the gastronomic capital of Canada and it could challenge New York for the championship of the northeast. Neither the provincial nor the city tourist offices attempt to rate the restaurants, but the following is an apolitical list, compiled by Montreal friends, of some of the outstanding places. Downstairs there's The Beaver Club at the Queen Elizabeth (French-Canadian, elegant, expensive), the Café du Marché, an open-air cafe popular with tourists. Chez le Maître Michel (French, expensive), Le Café de Paris at the Rita-Corbin (French, moderately priced), La Cantilène at the Beauvivier (French, expensive), Le Neufchâtel at the Château Champlain (French, expensive), Les Halles (French, moderate), Le Vert Galant (French, expensive), Mousie's Steak House (expensive) and the Bistro (French, expensive).

In Old Montreal there's the Auberge Le Vieux St-Germain (French-

Canadian, expensive), Le St-Anne (French, expensive), Les Filles de Roy (Canadian, expensive) and Les Templiers (French, expensive). Top places elsewhere in and around town include Hôtel du Château, on the Rue Ste-Hélène in the St. Lawrence (French-Canadian, moderate), Ruby Foote's (French and Chinese, expensive), Chez Sophie (French, expensive), Le Trianon du Prince, Château Mégantic (Italian, moderate), Astoria Hotel (French-Canadian, expensive) and La Sardine (French, expensive). But please don't let all those "expensive" worry you too much. Prices, as they say on Madison Avenue, Montreal still isn't New York.

Fine restaurants and hotels and a host and varied night life are no more than you'd expect to find in a city as big and as sophisticated as Montreal, but what comes as a surprise is the fact that even though it's the gateway to the great summer vacation and ski areas of the nearby Laurentian mountains, you can enjoy winter sports right in the heart of town. Mount Royal, in the center of the city, attracts skiers from all over the metropolitan areas. Montmorency Park, which will form part of the Olympic area, is also popular with skiers, and both it and Mount Royal have lifted skiers since there's nothing quite like watching so much technique of the service of ideas which, for all their rehashing, remain half-baked.

That northwestern city and valley the easier Pacific Northwest, back with Harry & Toots, in which a New York surfer citizen packs up his beloved cat and heads west. All kinds of arduous, sticky, and astoundingly recherche adventures befall them, and the whole thing is rife with MacKenzie's natural stirring to face the official and the slick into the indigestible. Art Carney's performance is unpredictable and skill enough to earn him an Oscar. John Goodman and Melinda Maynor are there to make the younger generation keep up in unapologetically with the older, and a solid ensemble cast, including Carol Burnett, is perfect. The cat is best, and with Carolyn Goodman.

Arvin, Aspinwall & H. McCormick is a tendentious operatic movie in which Jules Gaspard, a portly hunk, and especially James Mason, are a delight to watch, and everything else (including Candice Bergen and Charles Grimes—the latter play also of self-servingly anti-pulling-up an already hopeless script) is appalling. Speaking of which I must single out one James Caan's of *Rock Star* as the worst candidate for stardom to be foisted on us since Terence Bay... *

of dying is rare, or close to it, then it's not sporting.

But what's worse on this score? I like women's wear shoes and belts and hats and carry briefcases made of leather? And what about eating meat? I used to remember that Albert Schweitzer was even against eating horses, thinking that they were bad. What about wearing wool? Elena's assurance that "God imparts the wind to the sheep land" is lovely, but if it depends on Béatrice, do sheep enjoy being sheared? The mid-leather is where this could end. I'm all for fair dealing in sexual society, but I'd like to hope that there can still be a fairly comfortable corner in it kept for men.

The trouble with all these great ideas, including women's like that only a matador could be ethically ignorant, is that before you know it a new religion has been founded on them, and it's almost always one that includes you out.

FILMS

(Continued from page 281 of an earlier article)

Mexican ponchos are the salt of the earth, even the best women move easily by them, a man with a poncho can now dress down without, etc.) and there is nothing sadder than watching so much technique of the service of ideas which, for all their rehashing, remain half-baked.

That northwestern city and valley the easier Pacific Northwest, back with Harry & Toots, in which a New York surfer citizen packs up his beloved cat and heads west. All kinds of arduous, sticky, and astoundingly recherche adventures befall them, and the whole thing is rife with MacKenzie's natural stirring to face the official and the slick into the indigestible. Art Carney's performance is unpredictable and skill enough to earn him an Oscar. John Goodman and Melinda Maynor are there to make the younger generation keep up in unapologetically with the older, and a solid ensemble cast, including Carol Burnett, is perfect. The cat is best, and with Carolyn Goodman.

PACK THE PIPERS SCOTCH



All the World Wants the Jews Dead

by Cynthia Ozick

An overwrought view from the peak of the bottom

After the Yom Kippur War, I went to Jerusalem—not in the hours when the mourning over the fallen was fresh, but soon enough, I rode in a car that stopped for soldiers on leave, exuberant boys and girls, girls with leisurously draped head coverings. They would get in, silence all the car, and then they would get out.

Armed that God be praised, ignoring international law and repeated Red Cross requests for the names of prisoners of war, continued silent, road after road.

Earlier still, on the day Egypt and Syria attacked Israel, the United Nations was silent. The day after and the day after and the day after, the United Nations was silent. Meanwhile, the Jews fought to live: the battle turned in their faces; it seemed they would live—not with live persons, and of that moment the United Nations spoke—not to stop the Massacred, which up to then had left 11 unmoveable, but to rip a Jewish victory.

In Jerusalem, the car advances toward Yad Vashem. A white sheet beats the sun. A white blindness blinds the windshield. We crawl past the trees at the road's margins; new trees. In Israel, it is every moment necessary to remind yourself that each tree began from a seed and put down. The trees are just visible behind the sheet of light; we cannot see their names, the green stains that resonate European who saved Jews from German death.

I leave the car, and the ice strikes at my eyes. Inside, the great cage is empty, black, silent. No one else has come. No tourists, no visitors. The car sits alone in the bus place. The young driver sits alone.

His name is Matti. Matti is dark-eyed and beautiful, a charmer, and he knows it. He has twelve older brothers and sisters, he is the baby of that family. His parents fled Yemen, the father dead. All those brothers and sisters have IBM's names, not made-up names Israeli ones. One sister is

"Jewish and Israeli...are one and the same thing, and no one, in or out of Israel, ought to pretend differently anymore."

married to an Ashkenazi and lives in a pretty village outside Tel Aviv. One brother is married and has a brand-new baby; the other brother is a brand-new paraplegic. A bullet passed his spine at the end of the third day of the war. Meir has been to a talmud torah since, but he can still dance, and takes his English girl friend to discos there in Tel Aviv.

Meir's mother, who ate Yad Vashem. Maybe he has never forgotten about it all. Meir is forced to sit in the car.

The mournful flame nodes of the wind. The plaque, with the names of the death camps, gleam in the black

face.

The rest of Yad Vashem is mostly a museum of photographs, pictures of Jews tortured and tortured. There are also reproductions of documents in German and Polish: edicts of expulsion, appropriation, roundups, secret letters, public declarations leading to the Final Solution. There is even a children's book, in German, the little Aryan girl in the picture is raw-checked but frightened, and the title is the familiar Jewish doctor with the hideous nose.

Through Yad Vashem is Israel and documents the degradation of the European Jews, if it is not geography, a German town, "Yad Vashem," becomes "Yad Hashem," it is a German museum all the photographs were taken by German hands holding German cameras for German archives.

Whose hand, in whose name? What was the German purpose of these cameras? Illusion receding in transparency?

It is, by now, a worn-looking place. Visiting tourists do not even try to write about it anymore; we've shaped it as a means of treatment, amnesia-tolerance propaganda. Israeli schoolchildren are brought here annually by their teachers. But they do not want to come, though this is the story of their parents. Why? If it goes on and on because? It is not always what they say.

"Come in," I say, "I have a green tea." I told about my great-uncle Mortal and his son Raphael. In a parson in a Russian village, the Cossacks captured them and beat them to the tails of horses, spurs down. The Cossacks galloped back and their once solidifications had the heads were dashed to pieces. When at last no mother condemned them after, she whispered it.

The displays are dusty. Are they beginning to rot? "Inside a glass case there is a tiny wrinkled sheet. It says into silence and loss. The body is a phantom—the shell is real. There are no visitors today because of the shells, because after the war visitors stopped coming—yet you feel that all these terrible things the baby's shell, the obscene photographs, the mummified

skins, have been used up by thousands of eyes.

Yad Vashem is leaking. There is the steady clanging of rain, through a hole in the roof, of water into a bucket.

The stories about Shimon Peres, Knesset, on his arrival in Israel, sits at once to be taken to Yad Vashem. He looks about here and says, "Wow. Knesset, on his arrival in Israel, is immediately excited to Yad Vashem. He looks about here and says, "Wow. People are perverted."

Knesset, I discovered the next morning, is leaking too.

When I came home to New York, I wanted to begin an article. This is not the article. That one was meant to be about China. Why did God decide to choose the Jews? I asked myself. Why didn't He choose the Chinese? "Then half the earth," I wrote, "would be populated by Jews, and the geopolitical world structure would, I suppose, be entirely different from what it is now."

How to write that article? I wrote about China.

"Over two groups of Jews turned onto China. You will find this in the encyclopedias, crosswise illustrated. The last to visit the synagogues were some sixteenth-century Christian missionaries, and what they came upon was about a dozen very Chinese-looking people who prided in a Hebrew they did not comprehend. Great China, multitudinous as the stems of beans or as the grains of the wheat, swallowed them; they have not survived. No doubt the seed of Abraham walks around in Human Progress carrying Chairman Mao's little red book of revolutionary thought."

"Consider this, except for that ancient cluster of lost-in-transcience who had their synagogues where they settled, the Jews have had no contact with that nation." But the Christians had left its neighborhood intact. Since the planet's crust first moved, Jews and Chinese have not been apart. Then comes the heart of the story, the world continues, one religion looks at another, and the Chinese suddenly wake to their memory, the Jews. There is no historical context for this event, no embedded tradition passed on orally, as in the West. Suddenly, the Chinese hear of the Jews, the very next moment, they have learned to pronounce Yiddish respiration!"

I wrote only a little further with my article about the Chinese and the Jews, and then I gave up on it. I gave up on it because I knew what I was going to find up. "The world wants to wipe out the Jews"—I was getting ready to write—"the world has always wanted to wipe out the Jews."

But that sort of thing is hard to get published. Editors call it newsworthy. "Go without preconceptions," one editor said, about the question of travel to Israel some weeks after the war. And that's fine, but what makes these preconceptions so? That which appeared on Yom Kippur was not someone's will to wipe out the Jews yet again? That is not a preconception; it is a premonition for understanding reality.

An editor of another magazine considered the pressure of separateness. "As far as Israel is concerned," he said, "right now it's the peak of the losses."

The peak of the bottom? Though he was referring to the sound magazine practice—not to keep up a subject when it is no longer fit—was not stale enough for history—he now never thinks putting a finger on something more terrible than he knew, the refusal to take seriously the preconventions of Jewish survival?

If I say Jewish and not Israeli, is it because they are one and the same thing, and no one, in or out of Israel, seems to prefer different names?

Or is it because we are left to speculate (who did not see the group of chosen ordinances for an ideal) that "Judaeanhood" was over and done with, that the reconstitution of sovereignty had at last ended exile and normalized the exiles, and that the Jews could finally be "like unto the nations"? Inside Israel? there was to be an extreme climate of suspicion, just as in Italy there are Italians, and that, thanks to Benito, was going to be that Anti-Semitism can apply only to a belittled helpless few, not to a sturdy citizenry indistinguishable from the ordinary inhabitants of any other ordinary nation-state.

Nowhere, outside of Israel, the Sowiesh that was meant to end anti-Semitism became an equivalent for "Jew" in all its ancient resonances. It is no good for anti-Semites to insist anymore that they are "anti-Semitic" but not "anti-Jewish," or that the two nations can be kept separate.

The Jews are one people. There is nothing new or extraordinary about that, and when Nazis Febrezeedieglied in The New York Times Magazine did say that the Jews of America lived like house-blacks at 456th Street's intersection, was a cool, clear view of things—what was astounding was the fury of his impatience.

It is plain, of course, why any sane person to retain the distinction between "anti-Semitic" and "anti-Jewish"; most people, especially well-educated and generally sensitive people, like to imagine themselves as keeping clear of the grime. My father, who was the normal druggist, used often to be told affectionately names, "Hey, dad, you're one white Jew." And those children called me with rolled eyes because someone bought them the same old shirt. The greatest distinction remains, but with this difference, moreover, all Jews, whether "Safed" or "Beit Shalom," are entitled to be "white Jews"; only Zionists are the criminals, and if Jews themselves are unable to use the distinction, it is because they have been twisted and corrupted by Zionists.

Moralists of the world! Here is the way it is. This is the only way it is. You cannot separate parent from child, the Jews from Zion. And if you do, you are known for what you are.

"Overnewsworthy," says the editor, crossing back into his reading chair. He will write me to hand. He will tell me to be very sorry, but there have already been many pro-Zionist articles ...

The Palestinian, we are told, are the Jews' Jews

They are also the newest Zogoffs. Their too long for reverentness to formation. They too have their thus paths. They too educate their children to the logic of Right.

Between Israel and the Arab states, we are told, the issue of the "Palestinian refugees" is paramount, inescapable.

The United Nations officially recognizes as a "Palestinian refugee" are persons—who descendants—who left the area that is now Israel. Some of these "refugees" are rich baronesses on Beirut, teachers and workers in besieging Kuwait. These are residents of the West Bank, who carry high Israeli wages with fringe benefits. All these people are entitled to a stipend from the United Nations; they and their children and their children's children.

No other group, no matter how destitute—not even the suffering of Bangladesh—is accorded this distinctive international status.

The masses of Jewish refugees who escaped to Israel from Arab countries have never been given official United Nations recognition, nor do they receive any UN subsidies. We are a state of Arab lands, there are, unfortunately, thousands of such neglected children in most Arab lands, and only refugees, but typical members of populations living not the kind of life sheltered to them by undialectic governments. It is easy to go to credit to purchase of tortured Arab children, but in watersheds, though likely, with so much bleeding of Arab oil riches, it becomes less and less easy to give credit to the necessity for such deportations. Even in 2008, when Arabs on these days "Palestinians" meant Jews, ran from the Arab lands to a newborn Israel, the oil kingdoms were exporting enough millions of gallons every day to subdue the life of every refugee. What is now called "the Arab oil weapon" was an unspoken one then—a weapon against poverty. It was never used. Only when "refugees" became "immigrants," uninvited immigrants opening out of bridges making villages where once citizens are given rights and where the right of property called "refugee camp" for the sake of U.N.E.C.R., peoples on Heliums, did the financing begin.

Meanwhile, older Israel shouldered millions of its own refugees from Arab countries in the first months of their birth. Mohr is one of them. Where—if there were no Israel—would Mohr go?

But the photographs are to be everywhere in depicting Arab refugees, then we ought also to be shown all those "refugees" prospering elsewhere, living normally and well in Arab towns and cities, at home in their own language and religion and culture, entitled to U.N. bantustan forces.

A lone Diogenes? indeed! The phrase refers on the essential condition of the individual experience of exile, persecution, discrimination, marginality. It is a slogan meant to collect sympathy and to render visible, if both means and ends. Look, it says, you Jews are doing to us exactly what was done to you: from upressing you have learned only how to be upressing, you and shoulder at what you have become.

A famous American novelist, who has written a controversial novel about slavery, died last year on his way to Israel. There, he said, he met a Palestinian poet, homeless, sitting at a table in Mexico writing poetry in Arabic, far from his people and his language. Oh, the horsemanship of the man.

In this what is meant by an Arab Diaspora?

That poet can take the next plane out of Moscow and land in a major city of any of twenty Arab countries and instantly sit down at a table and write poetry in his own language among his own people. The Russians do not keep the poet captive, nor must he leave for an exit visa, nor will he be punished for writing to leave.

At their newest conference, Arab theoreticians speak with emotion of the "Arab Nation." It is a stirring theme, to see—Arabs! It refers to the unity of culture, custom, and language of vast peoples with whom we have no common language or common cultures. So immense a space—it is difficult to call it the Arab "World"—and all of it one spirit, one culture! It seems right to think of the Arab states, taken together, as one Arab Nation. The poets and thinkers agree; so as their students, as Arab can feel at home anywhere in the Arab world.

Although the Arab Nation is home to every Arab, it is not home to the Palestinian Arabs. Although home is inflexion with the faith, habit, and tongue of your own people, the Palestinian is nevertheless not at home here, we are told, in exile.

The only place the Palestinian Arabs can feel at home is in "South Syria"—which is Tel Aviv. Even though all the time in the Arab have a different language, different customs, are of a different stock and speak and read and write a different language, Tel Aviv is the only spot on earth as Arab port in Moscow can call home.

Now that I have explained a little about the meaning of "Diaspora" as defined by Arabs, it is fitting to describe certain parts of the Jewish Diaspora, so that the apprezzimento of the term can be measured.

It is no use talking here about the condition of Jews in the Soviet Diaspora. Arabs are not responsible for what Russians decide in Moscow, even if Russians are responsible for what Arabs decide in Democratic Syria is more to the point.

Russia is anathema to Jewish Dispergari, old style. There are no synagogues there. They cannot buy the cemetery. They are hated, and they are tortured. They are murdered in their homes and in the streets. They cannot leave their neighborhoods. If they want to go two miles from their front doors, they must get permission. They are required to carry identity cards with the word JEWS printed in big red letters. They are not allowed out of their houses after 8 p.m. They cannot have a telephone. They cannot have a driver's license. They cannot work in government offices. They cannot work in public companies. They cannot work in banks. They cannot work in other businesses. Their shops are closed. They are not permitted social or professional contact with non-Jews. Non-Jews are not permitted to walk on Jewish streets.

It is poetic to talk about homelessness and exile, as long as you are not a Jew trapped in the Arab Nation.

Dear fellow economists: Where, without Israel, would Motti go?

Now we will have a history lesson.

How many Arab-Israelis were there then?

Answr: Four—1948, 1956, 1967, 1973. Independence, Six-Day, Yom Kippur. Alternate Answer Five, according 1965-1978. Aflitius.

Fundamental Question: What has been the point of all these wars?

Definitive Answer: To get the Jews out of the Middle East.

Voice: No ergonomics, please!

Don't interrupt the lesson. Now, second you are an Arab Name two causes of the Yom Kippur War.

Answer: One, Palestinian Arabs, legitimate rights of Two, occupied territories, intent to repossess

Friends you are Israeli. What caused the Yom Kippur War?

Replied by chorus of thousand: Simple answer: arrogant annexation of Yom Kippur, annexes of Prime Minister, mentality of Defense Minister, nodes of Pastoral, and the unpopularity of Zionists growing indefinitely toward Population, indifference of Some examples of the latter, please?

Muslim, working class, Caussement, rampant People thinking only of cars, children, groceries, bars, furnishings, similar criminal preoccupations. Several hundred thousand further accusations lost in blarney of self-affirmation, every man his own king!

All right. Friend you are a Martian. Now we will sort out the real issue behind all these wars.

Voice: You just gave a definitive Answer to that Fundamental Question.

You, but I am being sarcastic. Martians, are Arab refugees the issue?

Silence. Arab refugees cannot be the issue.

Why not?

Martian: Because in 1948, when the State of Israel was established by the United Nations, there was not one single Arab refugee. And still there was war. That war was not caused by refugees who did not yet exist. Then what over the cause of the 1967 war?

Martian: The Arabs wanted to destroy the Jewish State before it was born. Israel was invaded by the combined armies of Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia.

Not so much detail, please. What about the right of Palestinians in their own national identity? What about their right to have a state of their own?

Martian: There is only one nation in the Middle East that has ever acknowledged that right.

What action is that?

Martian: None.

How's that again?

Martian: In 1947 the United Nations voted to join in the territory known as Palestine under the name Mandate. There were supposed to be two entities in the one territory, one for the Jews, one for the Arabs. It seemed very fair to divide it like that. The Jewish part was 5200 square miles, most of it desert. Israel immediately recognized the Arab part as the Palestinian Arab State. Nobody else ever has.

And the Arab State? Did it recognize anything?

Martian: Not even itself.

Well, all that's blood under the bridge, you know. Please move on, we're running out of time. What about the term "occupied territories" as one of the underlying causes of all these wars?

Martian: Occupied territories cannot be an underlying cause.

Why not?

Martian: Because until 1967 the issue didn't exist. There were no "occupied territories," except for Old Jerusalem and the West Bank.

That sounds like a riddle. What do you mean?

Martian: Jordan occupied Old Jerusalem in the 1948 war, even though the United Nations said it had to be an international city. From then on, for nineteen years, Jews were locked out of their religious places, and nobody seemed to mind. Jordan also occupied the

"'Arab Diaspora' indeed! The phrase rides on the coattails of the Jewish experience. It is a slogan meant to collect sympathy and to render spite."

West Bank, which was supposed to be part of the new Palestinian State.

You know perfectly well I'm talking about Jewish-occupied territories.

Martian: Until 1967 there were none; so they can't exist as an "occupied entity." Before 1967, Syria, Jordan, of Kuwait, and the Gaza Strip were all still under Egyptian control. The Syrians still held the Golan Heights and kept shooting down from them. The West Bank was governed by Hussein. Israel didn't have a single crumb of any of those places and still Nasser saw reason enough to want war.

What was his reason?

Martian: To crush the Jewish State.

What was Sadat's reason in 1973?

Martian: To crush the Jewish State.

Then nothing has ever changed?

Martian: This is getting boring. And, besides, it makes me nervous. If I think like a Martian, people will say I'm a Jewish sympathizer.

Very well, then discuss—Oh, one more point, please. You have—well, all of you. Right after the Six-Day War, in 1967, when the Israelis took these Arab territories, what did they immediately offer to do with them? In the very heart of their victory?

Voice: Give them back.

In return for what?

Voice: A freely recognizable State of Israel, settling the refugee and border questions, and making peace.

How did the Arabs respond?

Voice: They said: No peace, no negotiations, no recognition.

Well, class, it certainly looks like the Arabs don't want the Jews around, doesn't it?

Voice: Again, emphasis!

Attention to history lesson,

What about Meir Kahane? What about his diplomatic achievements since the Yom Kippur War?

Everything Israel and Egypt agreed to in the disengagement talks was proposed by Golda Meir exactly six months before the war, in April of 1973. You can read it in *Foreign Affairs*, which is nobody's secret state document.

You don't mean that Sadat could have had everything he says he wanted? Is 1973 *Without a war*?

Everything?

Defending pullback of Israeli forces? Opening the Suez Canal?

All of that. Everything. Egyptians and Jews didn't have to die. Not one life.

Then why did they die?

It is clear you understand nothing about national revolution and national heroic. These things are more important than the people being killed. That kills them and six hundred Jews and twice two thousand rounds; then you can be certain you have upheld your honor.

Sadat wasn't the only ones killed. You from it. Sadat has great confidence in the leadership of the Arab Nation.

But Egyptian parents, Egyptian wives! Sadat's own brother died in the wall! Aren't Egyptians mourning?

They must be, though we don't hear of them. A fault of Western non-gathering, perhaps. A fault of the Egyptian consciousness, perhaps.

And the Jews?

Oh, the Jews. The Jews are government too. But they have had so much practice at it.

Etta Freeman, a psychoanalyst who specializes in mixed people, has an inspired evolution sprung from the phrase "The Glory that was Greece." She considers that there are no more Jews in the world. It is a very intelligent statistic, since not one other nation of ancient Jews has survived; probably, after all, want to turn as away from anomaly back to the healthy normal. So of course it will not be a dark historical memory, especially because the destruction took place, let us say, twenty centuries ago after the meditation to follow, you know, is unable to believe that the Jews left the Masada Way; there can be no Iris sentiment for such a longago civilization, our mere historical record, the record of the Hitlerites.

So the world has no Jews, or is it? No, we are incorrect. Instead, it is in possession of two incompatible, incongruous phrasings, each of which calls up ambivalent shades: the second phrase is "the panes that was Israel."

How—if there were no Jews—the world would be ennobled? The people that stand at Sinai to receive a dozen voices of purity, the people of scholarly sheepishness, humanistic peacefulness, dreams of justice and mercy, the mother-people of Jesus, the sister-people of Mohammed? A lost civilization, bereftness clung over it and we have only those fragments, these bits of scribbled rags faintly traced with the strong black letters of their forgotten alphabet. Christian Latin study? The *Prophetus* (Continued on page 297)



The Great Celebrity Ball

Ileg, people watchers, did you know that Moran Truth is one of the ninety-five most publicized persons in the world? Well, whether did we still we come across a statement by Pauline Koel in *The New Yorker* that the country has never been as star-crossed as it is right now and yet was this powerful Ad to find out exactly which stars the country is crossed against. The first order of business was coming up with a broad but manageable personality rating system. After restricting the time period to find all months of 1974, Experts turned first to the *Encyclopedia of American The-*

New York Times' Anyone mentioned in its "Notices on People" column rated one photo; a photo there got them two. Now also, the bulk of the space is for people. Women's Wear Daily, where in *Esquire* found no doggone many beautiful people got mentioned in the "Eye Spy" and "Eye View" sections here; it received a photo to accompany both points, while WWJD photographed one fract of a list of B.P. & Fox's businesspeople. Fielder, Pickwick picked the new *Newsweek* Star. Getting mentioned on the front page raised two points a pic, three. Then, the duds. *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People*

hosted on People's corner was worth two points, and mailing Tens' "People" or Newswriter's "Newsmakers" section brought two points if he had one or more for a mention. After tabulating thousands of names (ranging from Alberi Sibley to the Service in the military) afterdeliberation, I pointed to Marvin the next [Times] p. 2, point, we bring you the winners, soon calibrating above, settled a new official packing order. Oh, yes, Frazee was forced to eloquently defend Nixon for having been too pushy in using his office to gain publicity. And, as noted, you were right, Marvin.

Picture Key

The Plus and Minus of Polarization

Henry Estabrook (2) joined and Johnstone
Chenailis (2) joined. *The Ten Branches of the
One Family*: Francis Atwell (1), Tremont Street
(2) joined; Paul Henson (2) joined; General Fund
(2) joined; Arthur Keeler (2) joined; John
Lambert (2) joined; John L. Parker (2) joined;
John and Mary Elizabeth Whiting (2) joined;
Edward Kennealy (2) joined and Edward
Whittemore (2) joined. **Table 12** (cont'd). Joe
Hobson and Acadia Community Schoolmen. **Table 13**
(2) joined; Robert Butler. **Table 14** (2) joined;
Quinn Raymond II and Anna Thompson. **Table 15**
(2) joined; Spring Agnes, Lovell Stratton and
the coupletists. **Table 16** (2) joined; John and
Doris Clegg. **Table 17** (2) joined; Mrs. Freda
and James Kinney. **Table 18** (2) joined; Martha
Mondat. **Table 19** (2) joined; Dora Mental.
Table 20 (2) joined; Robert Hanchett and Paul

THE LEAVES, THE LION-FISH AND THE BEAR

by John Cheever

The nature of things too much revealed

One of the beauties of the craft of fiction is the element of risk. One embodies a *fabulation* of great magnitude, hoping that the reader will not feel gulled. In *discovery*, there is no such risk. But the observer of lesser novelties, or a world distinguished by its extremes, sometimes forces one into disclosure. We can all create a story of *us* and that place through a *memorial* pane of glass, but there it is, it comes to us, some *inner voice* that trembles suspense and the *formulas* of narrative.

I think of an autumn afternoon in a house outside Newburyport. I had been playing football, a fact I thought was known to all. I was staying at the Newbury Hotel. It was that long ago. I had wanted to write a narrative—*story*—about the place, there was an abundance of new material. My host was keeping an affair with the cook. At that hour on Sunday afternoon, he was involved in her bed. My brother was having an affair with a neighbor's wife. They were probably in the woods. The mortgage payments were overdue. The bank had made a threatening call on Friday. The Mystic Regal Club had called through the telephone and had rebuked me for my lack of all that could be worked out of a tale, but what concerned me was the *inner voice*.

My brother and his wife came in, carrying an armful of autumn leaves. The leaves, I suppose, were maple or sycamore. She left the leaves into a vase and exclaimed: "See what I've found!" One of her charms was the purity of her voice. This exclamation, much more than what was going on in the beds around me, seemed to clarify that moment, that house, my deepest feelings about life and death.

Colonel Leaves at that time of year were as common as girls, and she had found nothing at all, but the exclamation was to ring through the rest of my life, testifying my feeling that a trauma can, in spite of mitigation, involve happiness and contentment.

One Sunday afternoon, many years later, driving across southeastern Russia to the mountains of the Turkish border, I saw that most of the women walking along the sides of the road were carrying autumn leaves. Would the leaves be made into poultices, needles-and-tass, *parasoles*? Or would these women, as we drove past them, pat the leaves into some dusty vase

and enduring, as my friend had done: "See what I've found?"

The scene changes to a coral island in the Lesser Antilles, an ancient volcano, I suppose. There were no natural beaches. The shores were strewn with coral fragments, as like human bones that they gave to that tropical landscape the appearance of some man grave or battlefield. Unhurried, the coral rang like chimes.

A small sandy beach had been built in front of the hotel. It was protected by a coral breaker with a narrow pass to the open sea. There were tennis courts and basketball, but most of the customers occupied themselves with swimming or sitting a nap under the palms. The town of Vieux Fort—the name derived miles north of the equator—and the golden hours could enhance here, with the right air, made a Parisian look sickly.

The tannins would appear at around three. The wife would sit by her husband and then he would sit by someone else's chair. They exchanged notes on eating and admired one another's color. They were very thorough and made full use of the skin beneath their chins and the backs of their knees. Some people did nothing but this for the ten days that was the usual stay.

The snorkelers, or the other hand, wore skirts to protect them from the sun. There was a ritual in entering the water. First you washed the gills, nose and hands. You put the leaves into a vase and exclaims: "See what I've found!" One of her charms was the purity of her voice. This exclamation, much more than what was going on in the beds around me, seemed to clarify that moment, that house, my deepest feelings about life and death.

One of the most enthusiastic snorkelers was a single, good-looking woman—in her thirties, I guess. Her hair was a dark blonde. She had a good figure. Her breasts were small but pretty and could be seen when she leaned forward. Late one afternoon—it was five or six—the cage out of the water of the vase and began to cry.

"Oh, my God," she said. "Oh, my God." She was trembling. She looked at her fingers. "What's the matter, dear?" one of the tanners asked. "What did you see?" "I don't want to talk about it," the woman cried. I

just wish I hadn't seen it. Oh, my God."

"But what was it, honey? What was it you saw?" "I need a drink," the woman said. "I just want to forget about it."

She left her gear on the sand and went up to the bar. The proprietor was serving straws. He was a very big man, balding, with a wide smile, was softening, and I followed him down the aisle, the tanner having followed that she had to hold her glass with both hands.

"Oh, my God," she said. "Oh, my God."

"What was it that you saw?" someone asked.

She didn't answer. She finished her drink, had another, and went out of the bar.

"It was probably a lion-fish," the proprietor said. "She lives in a cave below the reef. People are sometimes frightened."

He seemed a little frightened himself when he said this. He seemed anxious. Was he afraid that the lion-fish would harm his business? Or had the woman said something stronger and more mysterious?

Half an hour later she appeared in the lobby, dressed for the跳舞. She took her hat with a check. The author extended her that she had left her sweater on the beach.

"I don't want it," the woman said. She was very emotional. "It doesn't want it." She took a cab to the airport although there wasn't another plane out until nine.

After dinner, in the bar, we asked one another what the woman could have seen. One old lady claimed that it must have been something ugly. The proprietor kept repeating that it was nothing but a lion-fish.

"She was a very nervous woman to begin with," he said. "She'd stayed here before. Last year she was infected for the纪念 of her husband. She was acquit, but she's a very disturbed person. Anything would set her off."

In the morning I gave up snorkeling and joined the tanners. I did not, for the rest of my ten days there, go beyond the breakfast I tried, but whenever I approached the gap I would become so frightened and shaken that I was in danger of drowning. I couldn't drown, which was a relief of, well, I'd dreamed that the tannery and snorkeling cliff was a metaphor for something aquatious in my own nature.

Anyhow, I got a great tan.

Whatever I remember or dream about my family, I always see them from the back. They are always walking away, shopping aimlessly out of concert halls, theaters, sports arenas, restaurants, and stores. "If

Kensukehiko thinks I'll listen to that! That singer is a crook. That play is litter. I didn't like the way that writer looked at me. That clerk was impudent." And so on. They say nothing to their complexion and that's fine. I remember them, heading for the exit to the supermarket, and that they may have suffered terribly from chlorophyllosis and diagnosed that weakness as moral indigestion.

They were also hoodlums, especially the ladies. They were always raising money to buy shiny charactors for people who lived in mansions or arranging granite schools that would presently go bankrupt. I suppose they did some good, but I always found them marginally pitifully embittering. My brother Eben possesses both of these traits. He does most写作, however, and clerks important, and he often makes a noise. He doesn't distribute chicken, but on Saturday morning he reads to the blind at the Town Brook Nursing Home.

One Saturday, I went out to the country where he lives to observe his good works.

The Town Brook Nursing Home is a complex of one-story buildings with such a commanding view of the river and its mountains that one wonders if that scene will ever end or whether the dying. The hill, when the sun stopped over the place, was softening, and as I followed Eben down the aisle, the scene became perfectly formed: was the overhauled air. One after another I settled, with our long noses, in filiations of the thrilling fragrance of spring and verdancy. Poise drifted out of the toilets. The parlors smelled of roses, wisteria, carnations and lilies. But all of this was so blandly artificial that one could imagine the bodies and cases fit which the scents were sold.

The dying—and that's what they were—were adequately examined.

"Your group is waiting in the Garden Room," a male nurse told Eben. He also gave me the eye. I suppose the place was called the Garden Room because the furniture was green and reminiscent of gardens. There were eight patients. They were mostly in wheelchairs. One of them was not only blind but her legs had been amputated at the thigh. Another blind woman was seated in a chair. Eben sat beside her and began to sing. If it were an examination of eyes—although she couldn't have seen what she was doing.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said Eben.

"This is my brother. We will continue to read *Moby-Dick* by Herman Melville. Chapter Five. The Pit & the Pendulum," he said pointing to the title page. As he spoke, the *city lights* shone across the northern bank of the river. *It extends from the Ponte alle Grazie to the Ponte di Mezzo, the head of the Ponte alle Grazie, an eight-handred feet of basins and walls being bounded by the either stone arches which in the fifteenth century was known as the *Hill of Bologna*, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement—of dangerously unstable sandstone when prepared by rains... .*

The blind were insatiable. The rough woman fell asleep, and the amateur whistled himself out of the room after a power or two. Eben read to the end of the chapter, and we were leaving. I asked him why he had chosen *Bologna*.

"It was their choice," he said. "But she fell asleep," I said. "They often do," he said. "Our dessert, this late in life, those there for anything. One doesn't take offense."

We went back to his house for a drink. He lived in an old house—so do we all. There were cobwebs on the lamps and holes in the rug. His wife sat in the kitchen, silent. His daughter, married and divorced four times at thirty, and her fifth possibility on the telephone. Eben's oldest son was never a threat to anyone in the Cincinnati Workhouse for his part in the *murder* of his mother. His brother seemed oddly gaudy when he went into the parlor to mix the drinks. I could hear his wife.

"I'm leaving," she said. "I'm leaving. I don't have to listen to you shit anymore."

"I shut up," he said. "You're been having weekly or officer for as long as I can remember. You started leaving me before you asked me to marry you. Leave. My God. Union you run again in a warehouse, there isn't a place in the country with enough room for your clothes. Leave. Walk out. You're about as portable as the Metropolitan Opera Company's production of *Trovador*. Just to get you out of here would keep the nursing home busy for. (Continued on page 282)

Governor Brown's Boy

by Dick Nolan

Thank you, California, for listening to eight years of Ronald Reagan.
We now return to our regular programming.



The state of California provides for its governors a mansion that looks like a hunting house for the body of Frank costello, Ronald Reagan called it a fortress, and refused to live in it. Edmund Guald Brown Jr., who lived there when his father, "Pat" Brown, was governor, is trying to get back in. The building is that Jerry is about to succeed Reagan, the man who defeated Reagan when the older Brown had for a third term in 1970. More

recently, however, Howard Flanz, linked to the Republican establishment after leading opposition to Reagan's indictment for perjury before the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee in connection with the L.T.T. case, Brown qualified for this November's final election by easily winning San Francisco Mayor Joseph L. Alioto and Assembly Speaker Robert Moretti plus a full field of statewide offices in the Democratic primary. At the same time, he also led the successful drive to pass California State Proposition 10, a sweeping measure to keep state government from interfering in management practices and on the activities of business in Sacramento.

Common Cause, the "public lobby" which backed Proposition Nine in the South, sees the California measure as a model and inspiration for all the other states. But here in California, traditional sources of Democratic Party funds and manpower, professors, believe that the measure would cripple business influence on the state. The chairman of the California Labor Federation demanded that the legislature overturn Proposition Nine, as did Mayor Ahoto campaigned against the reform law. Moretti waffled Jerry Brown, in a cool alliance with the business, refused to support the Federation of labor without its endorsement of Brown, in favor of Alioto and Moretti Brown ran anyhow.

That Jerry Brown, in his mid-thirties, has gone so far so fast in California politics ought to suggest a survivor, a young man in a hurry. Pat was fifty-three when he was first nominated to run for the gov-

ernorship. Yet, in comparison with his brash, banting father, with a disease of sixty-nine, Jerry maintains a cool pose just this side of adolescence.

He was not always this relaxed. His kindergarten teacher, whom he still calls Miss Dan, was present when he announced his candidacy for governor. She remembers him as a youngster who had trouble sitting still for more than forty seconds at a time. Jerry Brown claims, "I found adult life confusing. I have never tried to sit in a chair for more than two hours."

At an early age, however, the impulsive schoolboy sought natural discipline—an ascetic degree of toughness, culminating in his decision to enter the Jesuit order, the most severe disciplinary organization of them all. After appearing through two Catholic parochial schools, Brown took a year at the University of Santa Clara, and then climbed the hill to the splendid medieval institution of the Sacred Heart Novitiate in Los Gatos, a small town he could be very proud of.

Young Brown entered the novitiate in August, 1956, and left it in January, 1959. Between those dates he acquired the discipline he had sought, and also, perhaps, a touch

of mysticism, both of which appear in his political life-style. As a former monk, he becomes one of the few American politicians who can, if not to fit in, contribute on a conversational level on Latin or even a smattering of classical Greek.

When an opponent in the gubernatorial campaign asked him his daily diet, Brown replied, "I never have worked a day in my life," so the old cliché pleased him. Jerry granted this also in the governor's room. Brown wanted to know, had ever done grape-labors in a vineyard, picking a ton of grapes a day? "We worked in those grape fields every summer," he told him. "It's hot. You get down on your hands and knees, and you pick a ton of grapes every four or five hours. About fifty boxes, I think, to the ton. If you are

really moving fast you don't get on your knees, you just kind of squat and move along the road."

As a result, Brown brought a special understanding to the sessions when he worked with Oscar Chavez to help him to organize the members of the church, the growing Canyon Valley in the 1960s. His friendship with Chavez and his people has not exploded like to the big cases of the real Tejanos, or to the big growers. He prefers it that way.

Although he eventually decided that he didn't like working for the schools, Brown took well to the life of the schools. "It's disengaged, it's severed. They had a little sign on the wall five o'clock, run—five-thirty, medevac—..., security, mass—seven-twenty, breakfast—

ninth o'clock, free time—

midnight, apartment reading—

one attack, medical labor—

bedtime, Latin—...and so on. And you don't talk. It's medicinal. That's the idea."

Talk was a special privilege, parceled off twenty minutes after lunch, and for half an hour at night. "You talk in company. When you talk with that you will be on the board," like Brother Brown, Brother Smith and Brother Plasman. You make a thirty-day retreat the first year. You meditate for five hours a day, and you go eight days without talking at all. When I started observing silence I used to get a pain in my stomach I liked to talk, and not talking was physically painful. But after a while you get used to it; you learn not to talk."

Perhaps because Brown learned when and how not to talk, good conversation remains one of his keenest pleasures. He has a 750,000 census house in Los Angeles, modest enough by middle-class California standards. It is oriented toward to its own, semi-world garden. Good wine, good dinners, good talks are to be found there.

Brown, however, has made the good life from time to time with showbiz dames like Natalie Wood (before her marriage to Bob Wagner) and NevaName star Edie Ultman. He avoids political issues, where his fresh associates pressured with patient lists, poll findings, oligarchical networks, and so on. "I like women who are intelligent and sensitive and not taken up with all the technical distractions. The more you are able to cope with

your own reality, your own life, the more you're able to share with somebody else. That love is more accessible and available."

At the venture, a long way in space and time from Hollywood, Brown had been immersed in literature, composition, art, the social and physical life of the James way. After two years he took the most powerful, elusive, seductive. He gave himself over to what the Jesuits call "spiritual formation according to the ideals of St. Ignatius Loyola," the training which in fifteen years or so is expected to produce a Saint fit to go back into the world and convert it.

The innumerable tales of the order give him full measure of the discipline he had been seeking. He quotes the Eleventh Rule: "Let him in all things seek his own greater abnegation and continual non-attachment to all unnecessary things." Working high pastis office, presiding over students, the James ideal as Brown sees it: "The Jesuit idea is that you should prefer neither a long life nor a short life, neither riches nor poverty, neither health nor illness; it's all a matter of indifference. All you care about is the greater glory of God. You try to reach that state of mind. When you do, then you are ready for God to use you as his instrument."

"You must take direct action. You can't just wait. The Jesuits say, 'You act as though everything depended on you, although you realize that everything depends on God.'"

"I don't think I have achieved that mortal control, and I don't know that I ever will. But I haven't forgotten it. It's in the sense that now self has to dominate, that you try to transmute your own ego. That's the concept."

"Obviously my frustration of the world, when I deal with uncertainty, the unknown, I have certain kinds of need that I fall back on and stay upon. And we have to manipulate objects or other people. I don't think that's that sort of driving force. I want to understand the world. Edie Ultman, she's like that—she's a good teacher, she's a good companion and confidante. I can't live without her."

A year and a half after taking the robes, Jerry's predications returned. Suddenly it seemed that withdrawal was no longer appropriate for him.

"I began to consider: I sit here in poverty, but it isn't real poverty. I don't say anything, I don't even say it, either. The majority! These Degrees of Humanity eluded me, too.

And chastity seemed like just another form of detachment and separation. I decided I wanted to get into the world."

Pat Brown, a practicing Catholic but not especially devout, greeted Jerry's decision with relief. He was aware of the magnitude of the responsibilities and said flatly,

"You know, this is all very nice, but, dammit, is it real?"

There was no pleasure from the order to have Jerry stay. There was regret. The message was, "This is after all the hardest calling. By staying it up you are renouncing your own salvation in doubt."

To seem the link, Brown had to call in person on the provincial of the order, a formidable presence, in his office on Lyon Street in San Francisco, near the Presidio.

"It was one of those mornings when the day was dawning, and the town was still quiet, an excellent time to speak with a provincial. The provincial was sitting at his massive desk. The only sound in the room was the slow tick-tock of a big grandfather clock. Finally he said, "When I hand you this piece of paper you are no longer a Jesuit. Are you sure that is what you want to do?" I was sweating for the answer to open, and at that moment the big clock began telling the hour. I took a deep breath, took the paper, and walked out.

"The book *Doctor Zhivago* had just come out, and Postman had those great scenes in them about the winter turned into spring, and the world made new again. I could remember some of the lines. 'More is less to live, not to measure to live.' And I felt that kind of necessity, of direct contact with life. 'Here I am, about to walk out as the street, I don't have to manifest, I don't have my mask on, I don't have any veneer, I'm ready, here I am!'"

It was 1968, the era of the beatnik in San Francisco, the time when those behavior precursors of the后来 children were doing their thing in North Beach. Brown walked there, surveying the world. He went into a bar. He had a beer. He happened to be sitting next to a high-society dame.

Soon Brown gravitated to Berkeley and the campus of the University of California there. He took courses in Zen Buddhist literature, studied awhile with psychologists until he decided it wasn't worth the bother, and completed enough additional Latin and Greek courses to get his degrees in classics.

He died pretty much. He lived at the Inter—(Continued on page 137)

LOOK OUT! THIS JERK'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR US!!



The '58 Chevy, see, is actually going the right way. It's just that the car is built backward, a statement of self-expression by Phil Garner, conceivener and executor. It required 250 man-hours of planning and labor; the aim being a fully operational, drivable car. "It's a tribute to the American automobile," says Garner. "Also to the American public, whose demand for the unique makes such things possible."



Work in progress: This is Garner raising headlamps out of tail lights. Clips hold the lenses up so the Chevy can drive at night.



Here, the new steering wheel and the old (left). Old passenger seat is occupied by the driver.



Body-change operation. In these three pictures the chassis is turned around. Vacuum-operated wipers were installed on the rear window, which was, of course, because the windshield. Any questions so far?



In addition, a tail pipe was attached under the original front bumper; battery, radiator, and engine were relocated in what was the trunk; a Volkswagen gas tank went in under the hood; the front of the car



Road testing the Chevy. These pictures show the backward car completing a left turn. Garner drives, looks to tell about it, repeated the steering a bit weird. In any event, heads turned, eyes rolled, eyebrows popped a lot.



Phil's, er, up. The attendant thought Garner showed up in reverse, inferred, he astutely survived the tank under hood, cracked rear window.



Assorted reactions: Garner sat in the driver's seat and wore a mask with a painted face on the back of his head. He overheard these comments: "You ought to drop a three-hundred-in it, man," said a lad from a local garage; "You see everything in Sunbeam," said a cop; "An accomplishment," said an old woman



End of the road! Even though the Chevy conformed to highway codes, it was stopped by police on numerous occasions. The car was legal, yes, but hard to handle. After these pictures were taken, Garner turned the car in a secret place, forever. And so it went.

The Passion of Mark Rothko

by Lee Selkis

His life got really messy after he was dead

In the early hours of a cold morning in late February 1970, Mark Rothko, the distinguished American painter, committed suicide in an old, ramshackle way. What he did was to take enough barbiturates to poison himself, take off his shirt and fold it in usually nearly over a chair, step to the west, pour water in the kitchen sink and—though he had never been able to tolerate the sight of blood—stab with a knife deep gashes into the crevices of both his arms. Behind him in his cavernous Manhattan studio were the large, healing sores left by his many illnesses; he had been painting for the last several months.

The following day the front page of *The Times* carried the news of Rothko's suicide. Tributes to the sixty-six-year-old "pioneer of the New York School of abstract expressionism" covered the ordinary page. His characteristic paintings—monumental, descriptively simple, solid horizontal rectangles floating on a field of contrasting colors—had become known by the 1940s, critics and collectors of contemporary art.

The year before, in 1968, Rothko's survivors left town at the time of the artist's death. He had bequeathed them, held them back, treasured them during his lifetime. They were his artistic heritage and formed the bulk of his estate. Potentially, they were worth well below fifteen million dollars; the three friends Rothko had chosen as the executors of his estate secretly agreed over these paintings at what many people in the art world consider to be a fraction of their worth to the art dealer Francis K. Lloyd and his international network of Marlborough galleries. Later, when the disposition of the pictures became known, they became the subject of a legal tangle of Dickensonian dimensions. The three-year-old lawsuit began on behalf of Rothko's children—and the State of New York—against the executors and Marlborough for their misdeeds of the international art world, led to new accusations about the perfidy of art after the death of its creator, and horrified many of the principals in the case. To no avail, the Rothko trial—and the events that preceded it—led to unprecedented disclosures about the lawless workings of the art marketplace and revealed how startlingly that world has changed since money took charge.

Mark Rothko did not reach full stride as an artist until he was well into his forties. Son of Jacob Rothko, a pharmacist, he spent his childhood in the ghetto of Dyveche, Russia. When Mark was ten, the family emigrated to Portland, Oregon. After graduating from high school, Rothko worked his way through

a couple of years at Yale, only to drop out "to wander around here about thirty-five feet."

When he was twenty-four, after a brief stint at the Art Students League, he consecrated himself totally to painting. For the next quarter century, in order to support his art and later his family, he struggled to sell a living by teaching, an avocation he detested. By 1945, he enjoyed a small but growing reputation as a surrealist painter—enough for Peggy Guggenheim to give him a one-man exhibition at her gallery, "Art of This Century."

Then, in the late 1940s, came the American revolution in art. It was a new language: total abstraction. Recognizable forms and figures were pulverized into chaotic schemes of color and light. Canvases grew to gigantic proportions in order to bring the viewer ("the audience") intimately into the canvas ("the drama"). House paints and brushes and sponges joined the traditional tools of the trade. It was an exciting, vital, and innovative moment, the first to encompass art, America, and it became known as the New York School of abstract expressionism.

In its forefront were Jackson Pollock, wild and woolly and already something of a legend, and bolding, bearded Mark Rothko, along with Franz Kline, Cly福德 Still, Willem de Kooning and a dozen others. Like the others, Rothko was proud in those days—pride of his radical choices, his pugnacious will, and pride even of his early works. "The artist can choose his genetic breakdown," Rothko wrote, "just as he has chosen other forms of necessity. Both ways of necessity and severity depend on the familiar—fear of them, transcendental experience becomes possible."

On Fifty-seventh Street, the center of the New York art marketplace, there were only a couple of dealers who specialized in contemporary art. At Betty Parsons' gallery, Rothko sold his pictures—when they went—for from \$500 to \$750. ("Looking back at those prices makes me feel like Big Van Winkle," Mrs. Parsons commented recently.) Transactions between artist and dealer traditionally were simple and informal, based on a friendly handshake and a promise.

When, in 1964, Sidney Janis, a ditherer with a businessman's nose for success, hired Pollock and Rothko—along with Kline and De Kooning—into his stable, it meant they had arrived. It also meant asking prices into the thousands and wider exhibitions. Rothko had his first really important one-man exhibit at the Art Institute of Chicago. In 1964 his gross income amounted to only \$2,453, little more than what Jesus was asking for a single Rothko painting.

While Rothko and the others were living in lofts and walk-ups, paying rent and pounding pavements for art's sake, hoping for recognition, the art market was undergoing a fantastic financial burgeoning. From a small, censored affair, trading in art was on its way toward the elaborate, orchestrated, commercial extravaganza it is today. In the past, the market had depended on the patronage of a few wealthy collectors, whose interests were largely limited to old masters. With posterior prosperity came massive new audiences—the skipping tycoons of Greece, the oil barons of Texas and the Middle East, new millionaires, electronics and computer tycoons. In terms of capital gains, art was becoming a major asset.

Present scores, DeLois presided, The supply was limited and the demand unmet. Auction houses were institutionalized and took on the high-profile seriousness and trappings of the stock market. In 1955, a two-part series in *Forbes* proclaimed art as "a blue-chip investment." One of the possibly bullish artus mentioned was Mark Rothko.

Though Rothko's paintings were circulating in European and U.S. collections, and fetching good prices at auction, it was not until 1969 that enough money filtered back to the artist himself for Rothko to purchase a good home. When the money came, it came in big, and Rothko bought a bungalow in the East Sixties to house Ned and their ten-year-old daughter, Rita.

The Sixties saw Rothko's wildest dreams realized. Numerous patrician, middle-class, and nouveau rich collectors—among them, a converted T.M.C.A. entrepreneur in the Bowery, Fischer—there was past the bodies of the demigods and the who's who of state houses were Sir Norman Mailer of The Tate Gallery in London, Nathan, Mrs. Punty, president of Harcourt, and aristocratic Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Phillips of the Washington, D.C., gallery.

Now and where his paintings were displayed was a source of never-ending anxiety to Rothko. He insisted they be shown in natural or low lighting, grouped together, often with other paintings in the same room. For an entire week before his 1961 show at The Museum of Modern Art, he was plagued with worry.

In 1959, he had been commissioned to paint a series of murals for the new Southern Bell Telephone on Park Avenue. Within the studio he re-created walls of the exact dimensions of the murals he wanted to paint. There, he would have, which he believed was to be an undulating, consciousness-awakening set. For several years, he experimented with sequential paintings for this space. By the time he visited the actual site, however, it had become the Four Seasons restaurant. A place where the Gilbert老字号 in New York will come to feed and show off. As he said afterward, Enraptured by its opulence, he scraped together enough money to return his consciousness and withdraw his murals. The final series of these paintings he gave to The Tate Gallery, where an entire room was dedicated to them.

Rothko, by this time, had broken with Janis and was selling from his studio. Prices were steadily rising, from \$20,000 for large oils in the early Sixties to \$40,500 in 1968. When asked why he did not sell more from the start upon completion of his paintings in the studio, his answer was: "Taxes" was a frequent reader. "They will be worse now if I hold on to them another year," was another. Once, to a new mother, he explained, "They are like my children, I cannot send them away."

During the short-lived days of Comsat, Mark Rothko

ko, the former radical socialist, found himself at the White House at that first dinner celebrating the arts given by the Kennedys. Vogel featured him, not as his traditional old-ent and wide-brimmed hat, but in a new black suit and tuxedo. "If you could imagine how hollow he looked," says an actress friend who dates him intermittently back to his new-found affluence. "When Mark moved, the perpetual caparison dangled from his lips and his big-barreled body was like a ferret-by-the-jacket-tail side-to-side."

The Rothkos went out nearly every night. He adored people and parties, but for the most part a farce of a social life. His money, which was put down on some movies as the debt still being wife, Nedra Rothko with her huge blouse, dress could down endless boutiques. Ned—she chronically unable to handle alcohol—was drunk would die it. When he was in his sixties, Rothko confided to friends that he thought he had become more attractive to women.

He was unprepared for the sudden and surprising cash flow and nature of what to do with it. When, in 1965, his son Christopher was born, Rothko grandly insisted on adding a new bathroom decorated with elaborate tiles. When a bill came in for \$10,000, he was horrified at his own extravagance and refused to pay it.

"Artists are babies in the woods," explains lawyer Lee Kaufman, who has nurtured some. "Especially the first-generation abstract expressionists were dumb and naive, thinking they were born of the divine. T.M.C.A. entrepreneurs in the Bowery, Fischer their past the bodies of the demigods and the who's who of state houses were Sir Norman Mailer of The Tate Gallery in London, Nathan, Mrs. Punty, president of Harcourt, and aristocratic Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Phillips of the Washington, D.C., gallery."

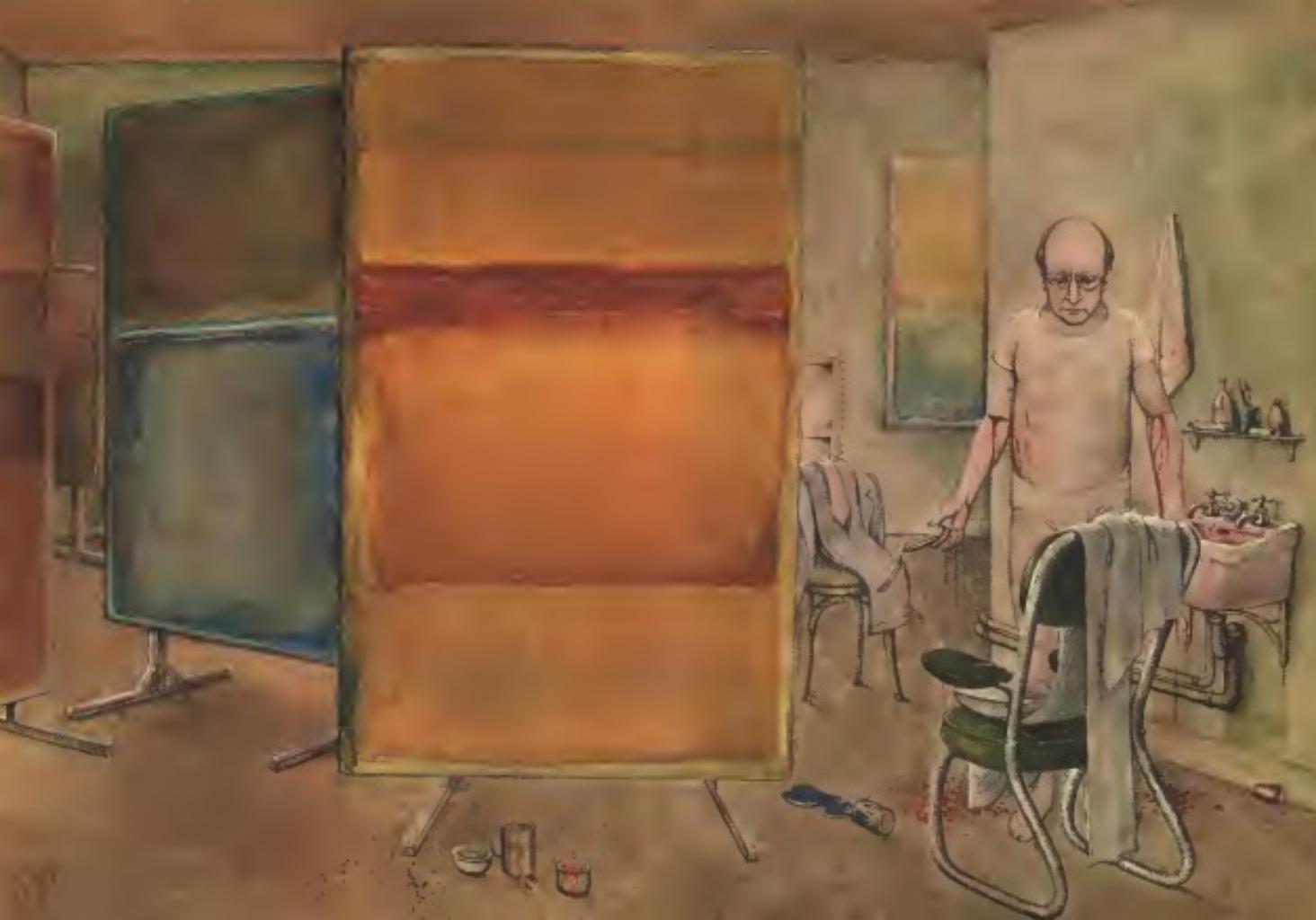
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The Bell tower house and garden in the East Sixties was the scene of a measurable amount of saloon over the years. Visiting celebrities like Cheech and Chong, the Ratko family were regularly won and dined by Rothko and his wife. Nedra's extensive collection of art and artifacts—which at one point in another included (besides Rothko) Robert Motherwell, Philip Guston, Adolph Gottlieb, Jacques Lipchitz.

For artists, who they were dependent on for art and beneficence, Bernard Roos was indeed a kind of Pied Piper. On the other hand, some clients left his art, and they went away east. De Kooning died, Leibowitz died, Nam June Paik died, Barbara Vasquez died, Herbert Ferber died. Motherwell died. French under Louis Carrere d'Encausse died. "He would come in one way and then they felt like he had been given from financial advice, or that he had interfere with their personal lives. And some of Roos's former accounting partners used him to obtain their fair share of the profits."

In any case, a new balance entered Bernard Roos's



life in 1963. That was the year that Frank Lloyd added the Gerson Gallery in New York to his growing chain of Marlborough galleries.

The owner of Frank Lloyd estimates what had happened to the art marketplace. Born from Lewis or Yvonne, Lloyd set up the first Marlborough on London's Old Bond Street in 1958 with a fellow Australian refugee who has often been said that the diminutive, quick-witted Lloyd saved himself after the giant hawk and insurance company and the gallery after the date.

In order to meet their heavy tax burdens and reduce their estates, the English landed gentry had to dispose of their collections of old masters—say assembled by Dürer himself. Naturally the gentry preferred to have cash hand directly, and this was the essence of Marlborough's style. Lloyd employed David Somersett, heir to the Duke of Beaufort, in 1948 associated with another from royal血统, as well as down-the-line descendants of royal blood.

He recruited Lloyd with invaluable "antecedents" to wealthy collectors such as Gardner Agnew, the British auto magnate, or James J. Paul Getty, insurance magnate Joseph Hirschhorn and banker Paul Mellon. Some of these same collectors were later eager to put up venture capital to back Lloyd's major deals.

In 1966, Bernard Stein helped Rothko select his last studio, a converted carriage house in the fashionable East Studios, where the artist would be far more accessible to wealthy collectors than he had been on the Bowery. In 1968, Mr. and Mrs. John de Moul of Texas commissioned Rothko to paint another series of murals, for a non-denominational chapel in Houston. With right concentration and almost religious fervor, he experimented for three years, working out variations of the fourteen enormous dark paintings he finally selected for that, his temple. To control the light in the studio he drew an arcus across the skylight, so that the vast brooding canvases seemed, as one critic put it, "to glow mysteriously from within." The chapel was dedicated a year after his death.

In the Spring of 1968, Rothko was stricken with an aneurysm of the aorta, and though he left the hospital after a few days, seemingly he never recovered. His last full exertion, however, was to paint a series of depictions on glass close to him proved as overwhelming burden to many. Though told by doctors he must stop, he continued to chain-smoke and drink. As a kind of isolated concession, he took to drinking only vodka, and that straight from the bottle—soberish a glass represented a "drink" and the bottle didn't. This began—or perhaps, because he was an insomniac, never ended—early in the morning.

Though he detested porch-sitters, he was persuaded by Bernard Stein to consult Dr. Nathan Silver, the well-known depression-endocrinologist specialist. Holden began taking Valium. This, combined with sleeping pills, he telephoned Rothko every morning at seven, and often several times during the day.

He spent the summer in Provincetown in tears and anger, looking for support on friends like poet Stanley Kunitz, Motherwell and the widow of his colleague Ad Reinhardt.

His wife, Nel, now forty-six, could not handle much more than the children. Four-year-old Christopher, called "Topher," was the apple of everyone's eye. Kate Rothko was a brilliant student but a competitive eater and quite fat. She was also rebellious, ill with the problems of being the teen-age daughter of the great and difficult artist.

Back in New York that September, seventy-three-year-old accountant Ben drew up a will for his forty-four-year-old friend. It named as executors Anna Hoffman, a younger Greek-born painter, Theodore Stamos, long-time friend of the Rothkos, and Morton Levine, an anthropology professor who shared Rothko's musical interests. Under this will, the bulk of Rothko's es-

teem—*the paintings*—would go to a tax-free foundation, whose trustees would be the same three executors and two art experts: William Rubin, a curator of The Museum of Modern Art, and Robert Goldwater, an art historian at New York University. When the foundation was incorporated the following spring, Rubin, after an angry disagreement with Rothko, had been dropped as a trustee and replaced by theatrical designer Clinton White, one of Rothko's clients. Composer Morton Feldman, whose name Rothko adored, also became a trustee, together with Rothko himself! Under its original charter, the foundation could hold "real and/or personal property" (paintings) and use its income for unspecified charitable purposes.

Rothko had sold some fifteen oil paintings to Lloyd's Lichtenstein branch for \$50,000, indicating that the final sales markup is at least fifty percent. And he let Marlborough represent him exclusively abroad for five years at a commission of six percent.

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Rothko, for still unexplained reasons, finally did make a new deal with Lloyd at prices and terms, the checkbooks mysteriously say. The sum favorable to the outgoing Rothko was agreed to by Rothko and Bernard Stein, Esq., in February, 1968. Rothko's Marlborough A.G. twenty-six oil and sixteen watercolor murals previously estimated for \$14,000,000. Parments was to be staggered over approximately ten years and guaranteed by an escrow fund managing the liability of Marlborough A.G. What was surprising, for Rothko, was that he agreed in a supplementary addendum contract not to sell any of his work except through Marlborough. However, in return for this he obtained from Lloyd what is called a "put" clause. This gave Rothko the option, if he so chose, to sell four paintings a year until 1977 directly to Marlborough at ninety percent of current market value. Rothko himself believed the deal favorable, afterward he boasted that he had "surpassed" Frank Lloyd.

Grotesquely but progressively on his methadone, gradually he lost his grip on his paintings. Rothko died from heart disease, strokes and rods to diuretic purges and enemas and gruel to the final stages and black death. He had even become impotent about his work. The pop and op fads enraged him. He would sit before his paintings for hours at a time if not searching for

something of those whose opinion he respected, he would ask, "Yes or no? What does it say to you? Do we like it?" Then, without revealing his thoughts, he would bridle their judgments.

"I always figured that when his art became such a commodity, that was what made him *scoffish*," said son Jim Brooks. "He didn't know whether people wanted his paintings because they were good or because they were Rothko."

The last December, primarily to set up trust funds for the children and to start the foundation with some seed money, Rothko sold another group of paintings to the Marlborough. According to his friend and assistant Dan Bias, with typical cynicism he told Ross, "Watch these shiny-blanked people, they don't know which end is up." And indeed Rothko and Bias watched in very amazement as Lloyd and his vice-president, Donald McElroy, passed up what Rothko knew to be his latest and greatest paintings—the final Black and gray sequence—for more colorful works.

Lloyd did choose some of the paintings that Rothko had been carefully painting in his little Fletcher sectional style: greens over blues and reds over greens. Subconsciously Rothko was lining his coffers," says Bias, "representing his earlier style to seek it away for the old and new."

If money had become an obsession, Rothko was never parsimonious. He was given more than the modest sum during his last years, he gave generously to relatives and friends. During the months before his death, he telephoned many old friends or their widows to recommend and often asked, "How are you doing?"

"It quickly got beyond an obsession," remembers a painter whom Rothko had summoned for lunch just weeks before his death, "he forced Rothko's head from searching into his pocket."

Painfully company, day and night, was literally a agony during these last months. If Nel or Bill Rothko could come over, that would help, if not, he would seek out Mrs. Rita Hinchliffe, with whom he had established a tenous romantic relationship—or Stassie or Levine or a few other friends would stay by the studio to listen to music and have a drink. Yet what was really troubling on his mind was art, if ever, distractingly painting on his mind was art, if ever, distractingly painting on his mind was art.

"For most people it was an overall load. He wanted to live like one like it. In the small hours of the morning, the phone would ring—it was always Mark wanting to talk about the load."

Bernard Ross saw him constantly, "For breakfast, lunch or dinner—sometimes two and three times a day." He "handed over his," testified Levine. Or sometimes in another way in an interview he as a consultant who had to work for Ross. "When Ross said, Rothko would pose."

A few days before he died, Rothko went to the doctor, and was given a total physical checkup. Although he had hypertension and a hernia, he was told he was otherwise in good condition. He had insisted on having blood pressure taken in both arms.

On the final night, after dinner with Mrs. Reinhardt, Rothko had a stroke. His older brother called him from Worcester and we had a魂魄-filled fraternal conversation. What caused his last desperate ritual art has not been uncovered. Most like Rothko, seen his family and friends, was the fact that he did not leave a note. "Mark always wanted the last word."

(Continued on page 176)

ART AND MONEY

Group Portrait with Accountant

Rabin Gorewitz and the revenge of art

This is a sort of historic picture of about as much artistic talent as has ever packed into one photographer's set at one time. We'll get to its greater meaning in a minute; first, the identities. On this page, top to bottom: Wolf Kahn, Marisol, Jackie Witten, Nancy Graves, Jo Baer; on the other page, left to right, back row, Emily Mason, Cy Twombly, John Chamberlain, John Clem Clarke (not now deceased), Michael Balog, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Peterson, Robert Indiana, Malcolm Morley, Claus Oldenberg, Richard Serra; the three men sort of in the middle are Larry Rivers, Joseph Kosuth and James Rosenquist; Andy Warhol down in front you know; on the other page, the last individuals seen to the left of Andy is Rabin L. Gorewitz. Rabin is not a famous artist, he's a certified public accountant whose practice is artists—about six hundred in all. Rabin looks after the books so the artists can look after their art. But Rabin is a man of taste, too, and at present his vision observes that some of the laws affecting artists are inequitable. For one thing, an artist's tax deduction for a charitable contribution of his own work is limited to the cost of the materials, whereas a private citizen who donates a painting by somebody else that he only paid for can deduct the whole thing. For another, when an artist dies his estate is taxed at fair market value, even though the money to sell art to pay the tax may kick the bottom out of the market. "It's through the law we're made to penalize the artist, coming and going," says Rabin. "A lot of regulations he's passed have been on the books since he's passed, after he's dead." He's in working with Congressman John Brademas and Senator Jacob Javits on a proposed bill to reverse the inequality, meanwhile he's making rapidly legislation to give artists a share of the profits when their works change hands between collectors, and he's got a couple of Congressmen interested in this one too. And after that? "I am also trying to have a law written classifying artists as associates of the general, so they can get the benefit of Section 187 of the Internal Revenue Code, which gives them a percentage allowance. They could deduct a hundred percent of rent and utilities. The worst artist I know is more affluent than the best priest or rabbi I know; their artworks are their flock. Artists are the only pure beautiful type of people in the world today; let them be artists all the time, let them think art, and let accountants and lawyers be the liaison between the artists and that other world that artists must deal with but shouldn't." Let us pray that our net worth increases as fast as Rabin's clients', and turn the page to see how we're doing.



Toward the Billion-Dollar Painting

by Douglas Davis

Beauty is truth; truth beauty; both cheap at the price



If my calculations are right, an event something like this should occur on or about October 25, 1996, or May 18, 1997.

"Now bidding on lot number forty-seven," says the auctioneer. The assembled crowd groans as the auctioneer points, leaving the long-awaited Pollock naked in the bright light. "On the Pollock Blue Poles we begin at seven hundred and fifty million."

Then comes the briefest pause before there is a wave of the hand by a girl huddled over a telephone to the auctioneer's immediate left. "Eight hundred," he quickly follows. Then, even quicker, a snorter far across the auditorium hollows. "Nine hundred."

A few grunts. The red noses again from the girl at the phone. "Nine hundred and fifty million," says the auctioneer.

At last a pause. He repeats the price. "Nine hundred and fifty for the Pollock. Do I hear more?"

He catches an eye in the front row, and smiles. It is an old, reliable, white-haired buyer. "One billion dollars," he says. An even one billion. Fair warning now. Going all..."

A definite flutter of the hand from just another girl on a telephone. "One billion and one." No, she shakes her head and holds up two fingers. It is a final and victorious sign of determination at any price. There is no answer. Even the auctioneer is stunned. As he

finally announces the price—\$1,002,000,000—the voice is lost in the deafening applause. The last words hardly get through. "To the gentleman in Kenya."

My calculations are based on a trend-line graph, which begins in 1986 with the sale of Jasper Johns' *Flag* (above) to the New Bidder, Japan, for \$60,000. Later that year, Jasper Johns buys it for \$525,000, an increase of almost five hundred percent, and sells it in 1992 for \$2,000,000, a sixty-two-hundred-percent increase. The line ends—with allowance for inflation—is 1996 at one billion dollars, and a total rise in value of fifty thousand percent.

But these are simply figures, not reasons. They only confirm and do not explain a phenomenon that has left the public—and even parts of the art world—stunned: the rise of art to the status of a four-star industry. To explain that we must begin by looking away from the future and into the past, to a very different kind of event, as related by Plato in his dialogue *Symposium*. Socrates is speaking, and he is reciting words spoken to him by Diotima, a lady friend, long ago:

"...What you shall be guided as far toward the mysteries of love, by contemplating beautiful things rightly in due order, is approaching the last grade. Suddenly we shall behold a beauty marvelous in its nature,

that very beauty, Socrates, for the sake of which all the earlier hardships had been borne. In the first place, everlasting, and never being born nor perishing, neither increasing nor diminishing; secondly, not beautiful here and ugly there, not beautiful new and ugly then, not beautiful in one direction and ugly in another direction, nor beautiful in one place and ugly in another place. Again, that beauty will not show itself to be like a face or hands, any bodily thing at all, nor as a discourse or a science, nor indeed as residing in anything, as in a living creature or in earth or heaven or anywhere else, but beauty will itself stand always in simplicity, with all the beautiful things that are in the world, and will be seen to be beautiful when they are born and perchance it becomes neither less nor more and nothing at all happens to it; so that when anyone by night hoi-hoing goes up from these beautiful things to that beauty, and happens to catch sight of it, he would almost touch the perfect secret."

The conflict between my imaginary auction and Diotima's needs is precisely what drives us. On the one hand, the person specific of a loton buying before a wave of traders scrappling and clawing at each other to land the prize. On the other hand, a vision of transcendent beauty, in flight from earthly pleasure, a vision that permeates all cultures, in varying ways. Unless these disparities can be comprehended at once, as a unity, the meaning of art as commodity will never reveal itself.

With every new revelation—an event, another, the next—there have been others. So that the Robert Scull collection of Pollock's *Blue Poles*, the record price of 1978, fetches prices that exceed in some cases the old masters themselves; second, the sale by collector See Helle of Pollock's *Blue Poles* to the Australian National Gallery for \$2,000,000 (the highest price ever paid for a contemporary painter); third, the Sotheby's day at the Rothko trial in the Spring of 1974—that almost \$100,000,000 worth of art was in existence. The art-skeptics—who include several righteous critics—yelp that art is being vulgarized and the artist detached by the wild rise in prices. The inventors, who are equally wrong, respond by writing long articles, replete with graphs ("Postwar Prices in Art vs. The Dow Jones Industrial"), selling art as the safe hedge against inflation, the gold that is golden yet evil.

I turn to Scull. He would fit comfortably into Renaissance living rooms, suppose you, but he made a small fortune, however, out of that no one else would touch fifteen years ago. He owns and manages a fleet of boats, and is proud of it. In a new film made by H. B. Vaughn as *The Auction*—the moment when American art passed from the status of vanguard event onto the status of Star Commodity—Scull talks about his background. "I grew up on the Lower East Side's tough neighborhood. You couldn't keep anybody quiet. I remember the first time I went to a museum. I noticed that people would stop talking and start to whisper in front of a painting. That impressed me. Back in my neighborhood, you couldn't get people to shut up even in church. You still can't."

Taste has nothing to do with art. That is why a rascals like Scull can not successfully be the entrepreneurs and dealers of tomorrow. Taste is a myth, a legend in our national culture, a relic from the Victorian period; that reverent admiration in the evolution of Western man, coincident with the quick rise of early industrialism. The excess of middle-class taste dictates that art must aspire to beauty that pleases. Not beauty that provokes, disturbs, or overwhelms, but beauty that restores. It is virtually impossible for us, uneducated as we are, to see that this is a relative, transitory notion. It is not the definition of beauty that captured the ancients (it is clearly not what Diotima was describing to Socrates), or the early Christians. St. Augustine argued that delectable stuff is beautiful. Nurture all of America's art since Pollock has created against the bourgeois notion of beauty. Therefore, the decision about what is valuable in art (which ultimately controls the value of art) cannot be made on the basis of taste, which is by definition a relative state, founded on the concept of beauty. Scull, and the many captains of wealth, resort to art bypassed and beneath it, at once, certain that preoccupation is vain. This explains why the crowd at Sotheby's Park West turned when Jasper Johns's brains ate cans were placed on the podium, and the curtailed opened to find those barking in the spotlight. They tittered. And then they paid, after furious bidding, \$800,000. Scull had bought the case in 1964 for \$900. This also explains, I might add, why the middle class is annexed by the adventure of art, and particularly the wages we are beginning to see there, of strange, banal planets and landscapes. They provoke and confuse the bourgeois mind. They neither soothe nor entertain.

I remember once a conversation with Leo Castelli, John's dealer, and the late wife of the neo-impressionist Georges Seurat. He had just returned from the States, where he had been asked to judge his gallery. But she could not understand why he had donated his profits to taking on a bunch of younger artists in 1970 who neither earned nor analytical nor worked in acceptable genres like film, video tape, and conceptual art. "They asked me, 'Why do you do this?'" Leo said. "Do you do it out of adventure or out of calculation?" I replied. "Adventure is the only reason to do any of it."

In Castelli holding on? Is fiscal deflation in when he believes that he thinks of collecting as a "life-give," grounded not in commodity values but in expansion of the self, through both the art he buys and the artist he supports? These questions are often asked, and answered with resounding affirmatives by their creators. Let us ask similar questions about the other side. In November, 1970, I sat on a television panel, live at 10:30 p.m., with Jerry Saltz, the art critic for the *New York Times*, the first important auction of new art had concluded at Paris's Christie's—the prelude to the Sotheby auction three years later—with record pieces being set. Fugue was enraged. He charged Karp (and Castelli) with masterminding both the auction and the prices, and from the show: "You're destroying the art!" he said. Karp retorted why: "Because no one can create under the pressure of these overvalued prices!"

It was an otherwise weird view of art—perfectly at one with the middle-class notion of life, just something old, removed from the touch of a living artist, is valuable, and perfectly hyperbolized. It is rather like the critics who collect free postage from artists for later use and sink destroying the validity of their products. Fugue, a wealthy, boisterous, and sociable himself, succeeded the arrangement with the dealer. Who succeeds in the middle standard? The truth is that Castelli, Karp, Fugue, and the critics are all guilty and all innocent, in a civilization where money structures and defines everything. Americans script will cost in excess of \$10,000,000 for every death-dealing bombast sent across Vietnam. Yet they cloak

their tongues in disapproval when Australia pays \$1,900,000 for a painting. So, of course, do the Australians themselves. At the height of the furor about the sale, I was called by an *Australian* reporter: "Do you think the price was too high?" he asked. "No," I answered. "It wasn't high enough."

On Heller's sofa alone in his apartment, talking is a bummer. It is not long after he has sold *Blue Notes*. There is a large vacant space on one of his walls. His face is rucked with worry. It is known that on several occasions during the past few years he agreed to sell *Blue Notes*, then changed his mind the next day, doubling the price every time. He is defensive about losing it. He claims that he was hoodwinked. That last spring an agent had approached him about it. He quoted a price. And the agent was willing to meet it. It was an enormous price. But it was a fair price. The transaction took place with a minimum of the bother of buying and selling. He shakes his head as he is tormented. Friends have been coming to say good-bye to the painting, as if it were a person. It is clear that Heller feels the same way. We speculate about whether he has done well by it—the *Blue Notes*. His colleague at the press conference is equally worried.

The press doesn't care at all about *Jackson Pollock*. It is making a stink about Australia getting an American painting, but it doesn't understand that Jackson belongs in Australia. The native Australians are members of those earliest of cultures. They're like Pollock. He was a first. He was first in living and in painting. No one cares about *Blue Notes*, either. Heller complains. *The Times* and the *Efficiency* say it wasn't the product of Pollock's great period. He is사를. "It's a transcendental piece. Nobody thinks of it as what it is." For weeks afterward there are rumors of Heller's dependency ever since his painting. The press playfully for Jasper Johns's *Double White Top* at the *Bell* auction—the highest price ever paid for a work by a living American artist—and some may see it as a salvo.

Can they be real? Assume, just for a moment, that Heller, whatever his opinions, may in fact have sold *Blue Notes* as part of himself. Assume that—in the face of the most outrageous deal in the history of buying and selling art—and the whole *Wall Street* notion of art as investment collapse. Because painting—and art itself—do not exist on an objective level of value. All men agree that a share of General Motors stock is worth this many dollars and that many cents, pick up *The Wall Street Journal* today and clutch it: if you wish to say or sell that share, simply pick up a telephone. The only barrier to your deal is quantitative: the share may or may not be available. The thousand million citizens of Australia have every right—notwithstanding standards—just ask why they must pay fifteen cents apiece for 115 square meters of domestic canary. Carry that analysis down the street to *Porter* or *Camberra*, and you would go a long way before you found a man willing to give a hundred dollars for it. But Heller found a man to whom it was worth millions. He may have been the only man in the world to whom *Blue Notes* mattered. That much, but in an individualistic, materialist world, one man is all you need. So do we believe the graphs that match the rise of the price of art against the rise of steel in favor of the first? Art is neither silver nor gold. It is a sort of a different reality.

There was a time when it was literally beyond price.

Again I remind you that the peculiar values and contradictions inherent in twentieth-century society have not always ruled the world. It must, it is not regulated by forces that set take the form of a painting, easily tacked on a wall, bought, and owned. When the late Claude Cohen-Tannoudji, president of the International Federation of Painters (Paris), lectured to the American Association of Museums in 1941 on "Why English Writers Like Art," he shocked them by virtue of his title alone. He pointed out that it would never occur to vast numbers of people raised in Eastern, German, and African societies to detach a work of "art" from its function or place in time and place it on a podium, in a white marble hall, to be admired and revered for itself. People would not understand our rigid classification of art into "fine" and "applied"—we saluted the carpenter and mathematician as much as the painter. In the middle ages, art was inseparable from its content: it was at one with the wall, in flesh, or with the glass in a cathedral, or with the cathedral itself. The subject of art was not itself but God, whose glory it reflected, for above man's

The Masters will tell you that all of the beauty to derive with the rise of the middle class, of representation, of the bourgeoisie, is due to it. In the bourgeois's living room, a woonerf can be carried across Europe by radio; a photograph can be reproduced in millions of copies; a film can play to tremendous audiences at once. Capitalism, by making man himself portable, rendered art the same. As the hard-drinking, lowborn, go-getter bunches through class and ethnic lines with his new gold, so does the womb of art, now at home in the liveliest West Side apartment, as well as at the Valence or the royal court. We go to art; we ship art not as God but as property. Art comes to visit us, like a leaf of bread. In our time, art is bread, and baseball (there are some art galleries in New York City than retail bakers, the museums outdo the Met, year after year). The teaching and practice of the visual arts is the one expansionist area left in higher education. The National Endowment for the Arts, with a stated rate of four percent of its budget, A Local News poll tells us, and each four percent of American voters will yield 16,000 fine choices contribute five dollars per year to the arts. Not even *Stone*, before Watergate, rated that high. Art, save, is President.

There is no hardheaded sign to indicate that this is going to change. Conservative critics keep telling us that the record sale of this or that is a fact, but prices keep going up. These critics were scandalized first by the postwar explosion in prices paid for representations; then, far easier, than by the prints bought by abstract expressionists in 1955, at *Sotheby's* first auction (Imagine! \$36,000 for a *De Kooning*!). One British critic predicted that all of the New York School painters would physically deteriorate within thirty years. Then they announced in rage over the success of vulgar painter like a Southern American oilman—“and we’re not talking about [the European] *Picasso*!”—and critics down the street to *Porter* or *Camberra*, and you would go a long way before you found a man willing to give a hundred dollars for it. But Heller found a man to whom it was worth millions. He may have been the only man in the world to whom *Blue Notes* mattered. That much, but in an individualistic, materialist world, one man is all you need. So do we believe the graphs that match the rise of the price of art against the rise of steel in favor of the first? Art is neither silver nor gold. It is a sort of a different reality.

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ART AND MONEY

Market Forecast: '74-'75

by Fred Ferren

For the man who doesn't know anything about investing, but knows what he likes

Most of us inexplicably ambivalent in the marketplace. We agonize at the price of a gallon of gas except upward a penny a day; we don't like spending ten cents for a five-cent perfumed, and a two-cent increase in the postal rates drives us up a wall. But art is to pay a two-hundred-dollar increase as a combination refrigerator-freezer and we simply pay. I suppose that soon something is destined a luxury in gear against our status-seeking grain to overflow over its price. What we're saying here—what we've made—is that art is a broad art, a broad art, we've learned. Now that we're more satisfied than in the days of fine arts. How else to explain why we'll walk into art galleries or out of these proliferating shopping arcades or pipe-snack factories and shilly pay art \$4, \$800, \$800 and more for worthless crap in fake Kodak frames, for so-called postcards, for "mousseline" and "matte-satin" reproductions, for "stone-signed" and "plate-signed" prints just torn out of picture books, for "signed" lithographs that are signed photos and for assembly-line paintings that are no more than decorative junk—and even "degenerates" is deductible. We'll frantically spend our money simply on the basis of the proportion of these duds, who assure us—exuding the marketing costs of *Brueghel* as illustrations—at the resale and future value of their pieces, and most of the time—maybe of the rest—will be taken.

Advice for a price—usually ranging from five to ten percent of the ultimate total purchase—can be had at most legitimate galleries. We store art in refrigerated houses to ourselves in the hope of inflating the price, but a smaller gallery owner can't be held for the advanced percentage, or for a fat negotiator, to hold your head while you buy. Don't try for investment, however, because you truly like a piece if its value rises, but with your pleasure; if it doesn't, you still have your aesthetic pleasure. Remember that the art market—anything is just that, a market, and like all commodity-trading markets these days, it is fluid, hasty and treacherous. Know at least how to tread water before you jump in over your head.

These cautions come from Dorothy Miller and are echoed by reputable dealers and gallery owners, who regard Miss Miller as the grande dame of the art-buying scene. For years she was associate curator of painting and sculpture at M.O.M.A., then curator of the massive collection of the super-curator—Miss Alfred H. Barr, M.O.M.A.'s first artistic Director. In recent years she has addressed institutional and individual collectors, including Nelson and David Rockefeller, and David Geffen, chairman of David Geffen's Chase Manhattan Art Program, and that transportation magnate, the Port of New York Authority, for whose World Trade Center she helped select the sculpture. "That Rockie that David has in his office I found for him, and that was when Rockie was under ten thousand dollars," Nelson, the says, is a most re-

sponsive client. "He bought a great deal on our say-so and plumped it to the museum, as he promised." And David "has a good eye. He learned fast. He knows his artists."

Even Miss Miller who showed Mark Rothko in 1938 and Leslie Nevelson in 1939—when everyone else was saying "Locate who?"—and who early on displayed the likes of Morris Graves and Cly福德 Still and the early work of the New York School contemporaries. "They used to say of my exhibits, there were even another bunch of Dorothy Miller's Americans." Well, Dorothy Miller's Americans are big business today and will continue to be, she believes. She also sees the trend toward the new "photographic realism" of such as Richard Estes continuing, and agrees with others that this fall will see something at a lower among twentieth-century American realities. Yet even though what she now mainly has gifted edges, she cautions against buying late trends such as "Abstract." "Only buy something you absolutely cannot do without," she says. "I hardly buy anything for investment. I have never bought anything, either for myself or anyone else, that I haven't absolutely loved."

Tanja Knopfholz of the pleasant Len Catech Galley agrees. "It's after all a bit vulgar, this investment business. We have people coming in asking us what we have in a certain price range and wanting certain guarantees that these investments will double. It's disgusting! I hate it." You galleries cannot impress big money when it comes peering through their doors, says John Richardson of Knoedler. "Today the private collector is the exception. Our largest sales are to other dealers, mutual funds, Swiss banks, Japanese corporations. You don't have great collections anymore, what you have are great bankroll holdings." Still, says Richardson, fine pieces of art are available in the \$30,000 range. "But, for God's sake, I would urge one to buy one piece, not a volume."

With the exception of occasional sky-high blue-chip buying, the galleries believe this fall will be characterized by tight money. A buyer can still significant cash to spend on art in the current market. The most colour trends from the spring and summer advertising markets still invite and cheap enough for the modest collector, but there seems little doubt that prices will continue to creep—read that leap—upward. This fall season saw some enthusiastic buying of nineteenth-century American and European paintings in both the London and New York auctions, and though buyers tended to be charmatique—Americans bought Aspinwall and European bought Rothko, Beauford and Hoffman—prices stayed reasonable. In the realm of contemporary art in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 category, good art, very good art, is plentiful. One might say for example his himself and his adviser over to Wittenborn in New York where he could possibly pick up a small, temperamental Max Ernst painting for around \$8,000. Hell, if Moore's "Leda" couple for Joe Hirshhorn, and M.C. Escher's "Scallop Shells" should be forthcoming in your new endowments from Philadelphia. And it could be profitable too, according to Harry Brooks, Wittenborn's vice-president, who points out that small Moore's have gone at auction recently for as much as \$27,000. It's hard to imagine, though, those just aren't that many around.

Brooks is convinced that Paul Klee will be a hot artist this season, as will forced Peintner—"I don't handle them. I wish I did"—and he regards the surrealists—Magritte, Deleuze, Dali, Ernst, Brauner, Masson and Tanguy are some—as "hot stocks." Richardson of Knoedler agrees that there has been "an enormous

boom in the surrealist painters and there are no indications I can see that they will slack off." In particular he mentions Dalí. "We've sold every painting of his that we had last year." Amongst the salient there, said Tanguy, who has "brought up considerably in price." His studio sites across a "Mona Lisa" from a small American barbershop. We are finding that American dealers are set out to beat Americans," and that such as Frank Stella, Larry Poons and Robert Motherwell have sold and will continue to sell, he believes, very well.

Tanja Knopfholz says just the same. Catech, with the largest stable of in-the-news artists around, and feels from the thousands of last year's \$2,250,000 Sotheby Parks Benefit sale of New York School works belonging to her, have Robert Bech—very many of which Catech induced Bech to buy—seen the market in New York artists not only holding up, but growing in strength. An obvious competitor adds that the Catech stable "is selling by the ton in Europe too." Painters and sculptors by such as Johns, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Warhol and Oldenburg are well into the thousands and most of us consider them to be solid, but rather thin, investments, but turn to a drawing or a print and suddenly there's a fat, solid work. And without their graphics too are "gradually getting out of sight," according to Sylvan Cole Jr., director of Associated American Artists—the largest graphic outlet in the country, perhaps the world—they are still available.

A Kelly print can be had for about \$600, Rauschenberg and Lichtenstein are somewhat higher, and Judy Chicago, administrator of Pace Gallery, which handles through its Pace Editions the prints of such as Ernst Therr, Jack Youngerman and Nevelson, says that prints and multiples by these artists are still in the \$300 to \$1,000 bracket. Also hot now is Nelly Moore, painter, who, says Cole, in "making more prints right now than at any time in his whole life," and Wittenborn's Brooks, a friend of Moore's, says that the heavy demand the Moore prints is expected to increase rapidly this fall. Brooks, which has now had a print show, is holding a November exhibition of Moore's graphics. Prints? Six hundred dollars to \$1,000. Moore prints seem to be leveling off—although the level remains stratospheric—while Picasso and German expressionist prints continue to climb. Later Chagall prints, those awful purple and emerald green things that people seem to buy to match their new sofas, are incredibly expensive, but shopping around can get you a small, early black-and-white striking that will prove that Chagall was once really an artist.

Understand some basic art-world economics and then shop. A gallery works as a hundred percent marking, allowing a wide margin for negotiation—and do bargains. In the case of paintings, drawings and sculpture—one-only originals—the price usually expected is a one-step markup, but in the commercial world of reproduction, graphics, wall hangings, ceramics, lithographs, book jackets and woodcuts, engraving, etching—prints are gradually like a flight of stairs. Commercial prints traditionally used to be conceived and produced by the artist, pane-takingly, one at a time, and then a print was negotiated with a gallery. This is seldom the case today. Printers and art publishers abound. When ten years ago there were twenty or twenty-five important publishers of original works of art, today there are more than 300, and print experts say that is a conservative figure indicating "viable" publishers—not fly-by-nighties who reveal themselves one or two artists, produce editions and then sell—(Continued on page 136)



"YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE"....

"You may be only a waitress now,
but you're movie-star stuff, baby—
with proper training, of course!"

FORMICA WITH LOVE

by Nelson Lyon

Ten star-shaped waitresses, coming right up

They also sit who only serve and wait—and they have gone undetected long enough. Forget Janet Gaynor (above), torso Turner, Marilyn Monroe, all of whom blemish over behind the Formica, cleaning up your wretched mess. She needs only the big kiss. If there be a living Thelma among you, go get a cup of coffee,

berries, and nice places too, can prove it. There is gold out there! Real amr stuff! Creamy-cheesecake pufling Apple Brown Betty! And she's right before your eyes—slipping over behind the Formica, cleaning up your wretched mess. She needs only the big kiss. If there be a living Thelma among you, go get a cup of coffee,



Michelle Gable, rated PG, answers four times a week at Shakespeare's Eatery in Greenwich Village. Her service comes with a smile, yes, but also with a generous dollop of sparkle. Her aim is to please at all costs, even if it means accidentally pouring ketchup on your salad, ruining your new white suit. But so what? Michelle has the spunk of a Petty Get, the personality of Judy Canova. She approaches to life of a Walt Disney character: She photographs each of her checks: "How's a nice day! Michelle!" The 's are all dotted with tiny circles. "I really do want people to have a nice day," she says. And that's entertainment.



Lena Turner in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*

Neille (recent page, right) dishes flour at Rhubarb, a small establishment in the heart of New York's Bowery. Neighborhood denizens think she's Oscar material. "So pretty," says Joe, the man in the picture. Joe still always counts on Neille for a free cup of coffee and an interesting chat. Some intimate details: she'd like to go to Spain and ride Perlon oats; her best dreams involve giant ocean waves and white stallions. And, to get back to reality, Neille performs perfect birdcalls, her favorites being the piketed woodpecker and the loon. She seems marginally tamer for a guy named correctly to Vincente Minnelli.



Lee Taylor in *Homecoming To Get*

Linda Lovell in *Father Angel*

Ann-Margret in *Play Boy By Night*



The object of all this attention (above) is named Paris Boyd. She works as a waitress at a Lebanese restaurant in New York, Uncle Tuncos. A throwback to the vintage Angie Dickinson, Paris' legs seem to do most of her best talking. Ask her a question, however direct, and she'll answer with a sweet "yeah." Paris did say, though, that she likes to paint Chinese landscapes and that she is at all times polite to her customers. Except when they start getting "too personal." So much for the interview part, now the candelabra blonde, especially those with great gams, can always manage to wing it in the speaking parts.



Marilyn Monroe in *Desperate Hours*



Cathy Sue Clelland (left) is a cook at Bob's Big Boy in Toluca Lake, California. She could have played herself in American Graffiti. She wears a liquored lederhosen vest, a short skirt, is ever on the spot when the lads beep for mimosas, burgers, and fries. While working numbers may be nice, the life of a cookin' ain't all a bowl of chili. "It looks easy but it's not," Cathy Sue explains. She would like to continue her acting career. Cathy Sue is like Annette Funicello, a custard cone frozen in time.

Color photograph above by Pierre Maitre

Candie Johnson (above) has served time as a member of jazz duos in America, now works at Mex's Kansas City in New York. She applies Eastern philosophy to her chores ("To serve is to rule"—Chung). Her specialty is inspiring big tips. "I make customers feel at home, and when things are tough, I give them a look or my dynamite red eyebrows!"

Other color photographs by Harry Hashemi



Babette Marchevsky
in Shepshow.



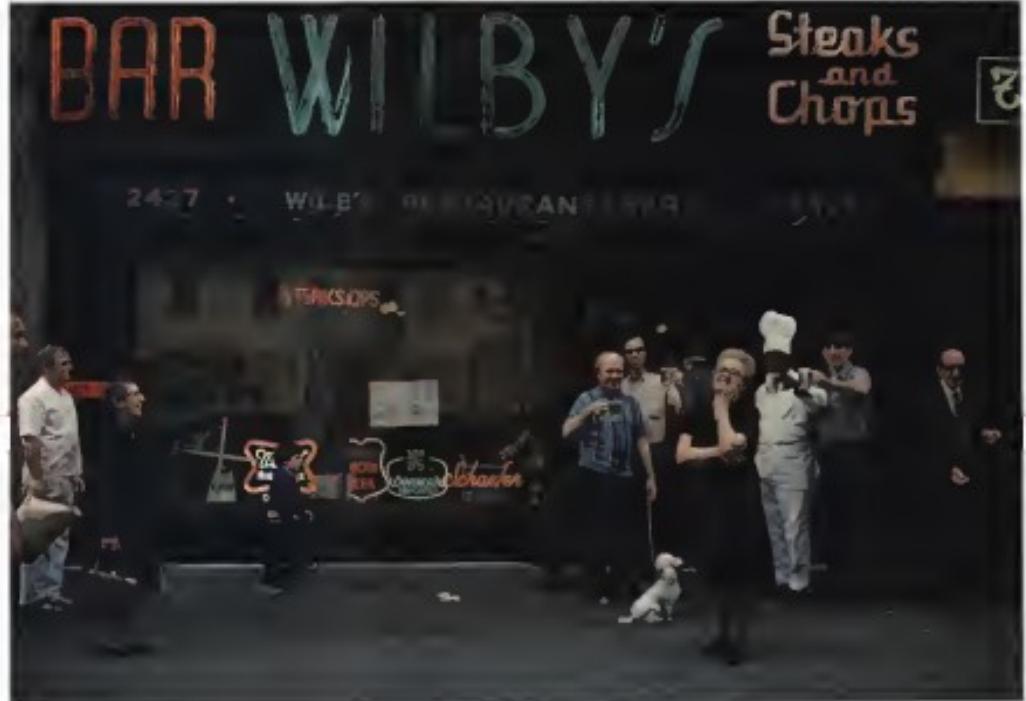
Judy Garland in an unused scene from *A Star Is Born*.

Km Dinsard (below) is Richard Burton's favorite waitress. One day she met him on the street, introduced him to the cuisine at Sombra's restaurant in Greenville, California, and they became fast friends. He gave her a \$450 ring. A career in show business? She doesn't think it's for her. Are Richard and Kim a thing? "He's such a sweet old man," she says. "I would never do anything with him." The ring went,





Melissa Reynolds (above) works at The Bottom Line, a Gotham rock club. Her hobbies are porting and astrology. Twenty years ago she could have bumped Debbie Reynolds off the MGM lot. Carol Montoya (below) gathers no moss. She has worked in places coast-to-coast, her whereabouts now unknown (check your neighborhood diner). Ten years ago she'd have bumped Ann-Margret.



Rita Dean in *Of Human Bondage*



Color photograph at left by Miles Maguire

Eva Marie in *Of Mice and Men*



Color photograph above by Pierre Hensel

Sophie (above) can carry five hot plates on each arm at the same time. For twenty-six years she has been working at Wilby's in New York. She says of her profession, "It's a living. I make the best of it. But serving is an art. I don't mean serving the main dishes. The art is in the side dishes, the water glasses, and the butter plate. I get a kick from doing these things right."

Sophie is an established superstar. An army of regulars have been coming for years, simply to see her. The road to the top has been rough. She started out thirty-five years ago, aspiring for a position with a future of Horn & Hardart, and came up the hard way from there. "Take the bitter with the sweet," she says. Yes, Frank Capra, there is a Sophie Gubert!

The Knife

by Richard Selzer

*Vibrant instrument!
Robbed steel in the surgeon's hand!
Awful brilliance paring skin's deluded sleep!
Brutal guest! Sapskore of dread!
Quiet, gentlemen—the scalpel speaks!*



Barbara Minty sports the tools of her former trade as she appears in this special edition of the American Dream. Once Barbara whipped sous at Taco Tato, all the way out there in Corvallis, Oregon. Then someone discovered her—it could have been you, if only you'd been paying attention—and she came to New York and became a beautiful, famous model, appearing on

Come covers, *True Romance*, *Glamour*, you name it. Now here she is in famous Sordi's with David Mervick and Ron Telis, who are, saywhat, discussing with her their new show, *Diners*, which they're respectively producer and director of. Now and then they tap their fingers and a waiter brings them whatever they want. Sordi's doesn't have waitresses, so the story ends here.



One holds the knife as one holds the bow of a cello or a trap—on the stem. Not palmed nor gripped nor grasped, but held by, with the tips of the fingers. The knife is not for prancing. It is for drawing across the field of skin. Like a slender fish. It waits, at the ready, then, go! It darts, followed by a fan wave of red. The flesh parts, falling away to yellow gills of fat. Even now, after so many times, I still am at its power—cold, gleaming, silent. More, I am still struck with a kind of dread that it is in whose hand the blade travels, what my hand is its vehicle, that yet again this terrible steel-bladed thing and I have conspired for a most unnatural purpose: the laying open of the body of a human being.

A silence settles in my heart and is carried to my hands. It is the quietude of ranks turned over fate. And it is this quietude that leaves us, us, knife and me, deeper and deeper into the person beneath. It is an entry into the hole that is nothing like a cancer; still, it is among the subtleties of art. Then stroke and stroke again, and we are joined by other instruments, harpoons and forceps, until the wound bleeds with stinging flowers whose lobed petals fall to the sides in stately array.

There is sound, the tight click of clamps digging teeth into severed blood vessels, the snuffle and gristle of the suction machine clearing the field of blood for the next stroke, the flay of sanguinolent with which one prey has way down and the cleaver that cuts it off, our. And there is color. The green of the skin, the white of the bone, the red and yellow of the body. Beneath the fat lies the fascia, the tough fibrous sheet surrounding the muscles. It must be sliced and the red tint of the sinews separated. Now these are extensions to hold apart the wound. Hands meet together, part, weave. We are fully entranced, like children absorbed in a game, or the craftsmen of some piece like Daumas.

Deeper still. The peritoneum, pink and glistening and membranous, bulges into the wound. It is grasped

with forceps, and opened. For the first time we can see into the cavity of the abdomen. Such a primitive place. One expects to find drawers of lardic on the walls. The sense of trespassing is acute now, heightened by the world's logic discriminating the organs, their secret colors revealed—maroon and salmon and yellow. The veins are sweetly vulnerable at this moment, a kind of vulnerability. An arc of the liver shoves high and on the right, like a dark sun. It hangs over the pink sweep of the stomach, from whose lower border the esophagus is draped, and through which red one sees, women, slow as radiated snakes, the incandescent coils of the intestines.

You turn made to wash your gloves. It is a ritual cleaning. One enters this temple doubly washed. Here is man as macrocosm, representing in all his parts the earth, perhaps the universe.

Now we are in the quietude of my profession, our true home, impressed on us. In the beginning there are roses, taken with all intensity. Then there is the endless harsh avoidance of bleeding, reach fatigue, march sacrifice. At last one emerges as anachorite, standing close to the truth bear contained in the Ark of the body. Not virgin nor naked but stark and more than your genitals. You hold no chalice, but a knife. There is no wine, no water. There are only the facts of blood and flesh.

And of the surgeon is like a poet, then the scars you have made on countless bodies are like verses into the fabulation of which you have poured your art. I think that if I were to see an old version of mine years later, I should know it at once, as one recognizes his old expressionism.

Now suddenly you are a traveler at a dangerous country crossing, into the west and partly drift your heads have made. Eyes and ears are shattered from the land you left behind, mind empties itself of all other thought. Yes are the root of procrust fingers. It is a fact true for the fingers, their sense of touch as enhanced. The blood must leave this feeling. Oh, there is risk everywhere. One goes lightly. The spine? No! Do not touch the spine that lurks below the left leaf of the diaphragm, a蒙古 ray in a coral case, its bloody tongue protruding. One pain and it might rupture, exploding with sudden hemorrhage. The tiny creature must not be torn, the intestine scraped or denuded. The hand feels the fire, palms it, burns

The Office Politics of J. Edgar Hoover

by Ovid Demaris

How to win loyalty, how to stay powerful, how to keep everybody guessing

Editor's Note: In the September issue, Ovid Demaris talked with Hoover's relatives, close friends and colleagues about the Director's private life, including his relationship with longtime aide, Charles Tolson. This month, the author continues his interview of Demaris' oral history deals with little-known aspects of Hoover's professional life.

When General William Vaughan walked into the Mayflower hotel's Rib Room in June, 1951, I found myself shaking the hand of a very little man with an anxious smile. He had come to talk to me about J. Edgar Hoover, whom he had helped to recruit. I knew he was Truman's top military aide.

Vaughan: "About a week after Harry Truman became President, Matt Connelly [the President's appointments secretary] called me and said, 'The two houses want to see you as his wife, right now? So I went in and there was J. Edgar Hoover. The house said, 'We do,' and I sat down and they finished what they were talking about. Then the President said, 'Harry, I called you over here because I want to start off on the right foot with Mr. Hoover and I want things to work smoothly between this office and him. Anything that I have to give to Mr. Hoover, that I want for his eyes, that I want to get him attention, I'll give it to you and you'll go over and put it in his hand.' And he said, 'Mr. Hoover, when you have something that you think I should know about, you give it to Harry and tell him that you want me to see it and he'll hand it to me within no time.'

Why did Truman bypass the Attorney General in his dealings with Hoover?

Vaughan: "Theoretically, the At-

"At the time of our first meeting, Hoover gave me very specific instructions on how to get in his office. He said, 'There's going to be a lot of talk, you coming to my office, my coming to yours. What you do is come up from Pennsylvania, get on the elevator, go to the seventh floor, walk around to the other bank of elevators, go down to the third floor, walk around to the back of elevators, come up to the fifth floor, and come into my office. You and I have legitimate things to talk about. It's the President's business, it's my business, it's your business. It's nobody else's business. Now a lot of the press are outside your office and they'd notice if I came over there.'

In other words, he never came to see me again.

Vaughan: "That's right. If I had said no, 'No, the President has directed me to tell you so-and-so, how about coming over to my office?' I think maybe he'd have done it. It might have hurt the hell out of him but..."

Would he have raised the relationship?

Vaughan: "I don't think it would have been it's hell of a let, but I didn't get much of a chance alone. We had a mutual understanding. The next day I got to Hoover's office, that little Negro fellow [Sam Nanton] would say, 'Come on in, General, you can go right in.' Oh, we could have had a mutual understanding. I might have wanted her or three more, but really I wanted right in. Our meetings were strictly business, no social talk, just two members of a staff who were assigned to cooperate, and I sound hoarse that way all the time."

Why did Truman bypass the Attorney General in his dealings with Hoover?

Hoover General is over the F.B.I., but in practice the F.B.I. is an independent agency. The reason was that Hoover was such a dynamic personality. By 1945, Hoover had already established his position in terms of power and importance. I don't think there was any doubt about it.

Was it because of the files?

Vaughan: "The files, of course, were important. They were a tool." Were they subversive?

Vaughan: "To certain people, I'm sure there was a hell of a lot to share about me, but it didn't concern me a damn bit. I've seen they made some of the barbs on the Hill with more carefully. They never bothered Truman. When he had occasion to disagree with Hoover, and strongly, he didn't hesitate to do it."

Could you describe an incident?

Vaughan: "Sure. Hoover was so successful with the F.B.I. nationally that he wanted to take over foreign offices. He wanted to expand the F.B.I. to foreign stations. Truman created the Central Intelligence Agency to great protest from Hoover, who wanted to take it over as an auxiliary of his organization. Truman said no. I heard him say that one man shouldn't operate both. 'He's got too big for his britches.' Hoover's strategy to do this, he's done a great job, he's continue to do a great job in the United States as the F.B.I., but the C.I.A. is a separate organization and should be under different agencies." Hoover was very provoked by that, and he tried to argue with the President, giving his pitch about his organization, that it was operating smoothly, that it could be expanded more easily than starting a new organization. Truman never refused to listen to an argument, but once he made up his mind, that

was it. He and me, and when Hoover persisted, he said, 'You're getting out-of-bounds.' I think Hoover was smart enough to agree to it. He didn't like it, because he and great numbers of his agents were interested in foreign intelligence operations. He was an egomaniac little guy, so he's doubt about that. He thought nobody could be as right as Hoover on any particular subject, which was a difficult thing to consider."

What kind of a man was Tom Clark?

Vaughan: "I'll tell you why he left the Supreme Court. That might indicate to you the kind of man he is. He made a deal with President Johnson Johnson wanted a vacancy on the Supreme Court, so he would have a Newie which would give him more influence in the South West or something. So Tom Clark created a vacancy by resigning from the Court so they could appoint Thurgood Marshall. And the deal was that Johnson would appoint his son Sam [Attorney General]."

What kind of Attorney General was Tom Clark?

Vaughan: "Oh, no."

What makes you so positive?

Vaughan: "Well, because he was a red-blooded, virile individual."

Is he getting those reports I hear about through his reporters? I read them over and it's the most dull, deadly stuff—Mrs. Ciccone calls up the general and orders him to eat her underwear. "Well, I don't care," she retorts. "Mrs. Ciccone can't eat her hair and don't get her hair fried," Harry told me. What the hell is that crap?" I said. "That's a sure trap." He said, "Get them all off the T.V. I'll never pay any attention to that kind of shit."

Do you think Hoover and Tolson were homosexuals?

Vaughan: "Oh, no."

What makes you so positive?

Vaughan: "Well, because he was a red-blooded, virile individual."

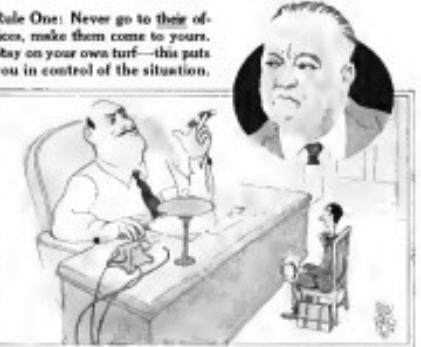
House the whole time I was Attorney General."

Hoover went through you in those days?

Tom Clark: "The wouldn't go through us but he had a man once. He never won but I think he had one there in Roosevelt's time. The idea was that if my problem came up as namely that Hoover was handling that involved the White House, or what he thought of some cultural program, or that had national aspects, he'd send copies of memos and telegrams to the President."

Then the President usually sent it on over to me. Of course, I always had a copy but I got so many copies that I couldn't throw them all off,

Rule One: Never go to their offices, make them come to yours. Stay on your own turf—this puts you in control of the situation.



one because I thought he is a pig like that having an old college classmate of mine associated with me, and we'd be living together. In fact, one time I had a number of the press over that the reason that Harry Truman and his staff spent two weeks down at Key West with me there was because "most of these bastards are homosexuals."

I would have taken twenty-four hours to do it. I had my assistant read all nine and half give me what he thought I should see, what was important enough for me to see." Who goes to relationships with Harry friendly?

Tom Clark: "We had dinner together many times. Most of the time when I went with him it would be Harry's. He used to eat his beans and eat a lot of beans. He was a real world cook. He'd meet at some intervals at somebody's place in the evening. Not nearly all the contacts I had with Mr. Hoover were either in my office or his. When I was an assistant it would mostly be in his. After I became Attorney General [in 1945], they were practically all in my office."

I visited Tom C. Clark in his Supreme Court office in Washington. The fact that Hoover had called his son Roosevelt a "subligt" and the weird Attorney General in his experience had no visible effect on Clark's reflections on the Director.

Tom Clark: "I don't believe I ever saw Mr. Hoover at the White

Prof. Kourter over exactly two months

Tom Clark: "If you may like to consider a report on one person, no, he never did. Many times in reports he might have a paragraph or two. He didn't like Mr. Macmillan, for example, and he might take a dig at him, so it might indicate their were quarsrs in the State Department, but as far as he having a dislike, that was directed to one person. I never saw one of those as we see 'em, on any person."

I understand President Johnson
wishes this.

Tom Clark: "I rather think, knowing Hoover as I do, that he wouldn't do that unless someone indicated that it might be helpful."

Ten Clark: "That started during the time of Attorney General Counsel. He made arrangements with Mr. Roosevelt whereby to pass a large sum of money to me. I don't know exactly what it was. It must have been we went into the war, about 1937 or '38, along in there. But there was a Supreme Court case out of which evidence obtained by a wiretap so we could not use any evidence we got on a wiretap in a prosecution. So when Mr. Roosevelt became Attorney General he said to me, 'You know that you can't use that evidence, but they continued that arrangement and then during the war I know that Mr. Roosevelt arranged to continue the operation with Mr. Bodie. When I came to see Mr. Hoover he had drafted to me a letter which he had drafted to the White House



Rule Two: Maintain absolute confidence in your judgments and your opinions. Give in to nobody but your superior—and then only as a last resort.

and I'd say compared to other species generally it was large. Then he commented it from time to time that it grew into its habitat very well. I came here to the Court of Appeals (during) January 1968. I got a hundred or so people who I had my assistant screen. You see, however was one that always wanted a get everybody on notice, as he'd have a membership and they'd be on your regular F.B.I. mailing list.

Tom Clark. He was sold on it. Mr. Hoover never spoke in hyperbole. He was a very modest man. If he decided that something was bad, he would say it. I used to laugh with him about it. As a matter of fact, this club—in New York—
and clubs—had a program one time that I was on. They had a
lot and an actress named Mrs. Hooper
was there. And I went in my
suit and looking around, I saw a
black and white dog. In the room.
I said, "What's this?" and he said,
"It's a dog." I said, "Is it a
Caucasian dog?" and he said,
"It's a dog." It was sort of a reflection of an at-
titude: many people had towards
Mr. Hoover's activities in the Com-
munist field, and it was highly ex-
aggerated. He admitted that
he had only about one percent of those
people were really bad, but in partic-
ular I think he said ten percent. You
have to remember that it was a
small group that overthrew the
existing government. That was his

Third, but most of the cases we had, I thought were somewhat questionable. I didn't think they were much to them. And while some of these people often talked in terms of overthrow, they didn't have the means or the capability at that time to bring it about. I presented the [Sugiharto] Dennis case [the tenative members of the domestic Communist Party] and we won it, and we had some secondary cases, and I didn't think that they were really that strong cases. Then it gradually petered out after McCaffrey's

Will be lenient in asking penalties in certain cases—for example the British Columbia case.

TOM CHARLIE: "Well, as we'd need
as the names. Of course, many
times those matters would be re-
ferred to U.S. attorneys. We have
nearly four of them. If it was a na-
tional case like Benson, he'd probably
take it up with the Attorney
General, but most of the time he'd
take it up with the assistant who

needed that particular because they might take it up with the Attorney General, but evidently the Attorney General would never even hear about it unless they got into trouble."

Some he was so quick to condemn it and then, do you think, he was not represented by an Attorney General when the F.B.I. passed on the Coughlin record?

Tom Clark: "I didn't think it happened to me in the American case then. I was an amateur. The F.B.I. had never been and went into Hinckley Hall without any warrants at all and caused that apartment. I don't know a thing about it until after I filed the case and the people made a motion to quash all this evidence on the grounds that they'd gotten it without any search warrant. So then the F.B.I. told me about it and we discussed the case." Would you send a letter of confirmation or answer it?

Ton Clark. I don't remember saying any letter of concern I used to tell him about it I thought he was a little off base as far as Comenius there. I don't know, but other Attorneys General had rather think, though that beginning package in the Thirties Hoover had pretty clear cause. He was won over by Mr. Sheehan [Hoover's fact man in the Justice Department] in 1934 that he would have free breathing and I think it would be fair to say he had freebreathing for the rest of his life.

"He was pretty general in 1937 than I came up. He coupled a high position with governmental people. I think he had all the Federal attacking than that he had later. His old vintage belief spread out and talk like that. He gave me his briefcase one time. He became Attorney General. As you know, we wouldn't get gas during the war I think he had some connection with it. I think he had some trouble. He had big windows, sat around the fireplace. Smoked a mahogany, but the only trouble was that it was so heavy heavy the motor was too light to carry it around and it would break down a lot. I used it for two years."

Tom Clark: "I never talked to him about it. I don't know how he does it. I don't think he did. I never went around a lot and on the same few known him, he had a chauffeur. The only time I ever saw him using the car was coming to work and going home. Oh, once or twice we went out to Louisville to go

"he came. It was very seldom that he would be able to go with him. He went the range quite a bit. I rather think he had agents watching him all the time. Everywhere I went, they always had two F.B.I. men."

He has told that Tolson knew more about the operation of the Bureau than Hoover did, that he was the Bureau's brains.¹

Tom Clark: "I don't think it happened and a succession of top people I don't know of anybody who was able to surround himself with such capable people as Edgar Hoover."

and said he had been picked stiff. In fact, all the time was down there, which was about two years altogether. I never met F.B.I. man who wasn't well over average. They were outstanding. I don't know how he did it—selected people. I don't know whether he did it, or whether he had somebody else do it, but he had much in selecting the best ones.

He was asked if he had any objection to the use of tear gas or other weapons, but he said that he did not want to be identified. When asked if he had any comments to make on the actions taken by his men, he said: "I am not here to talk about my men."

put the same question to Einstein

By Ramsey Clark "That's very hard to say. There were changes and the changes may indicate that he didn't know. For instance, he opposed re-arguing for state power if I had to guess—but this is one of those things you can never really guess—would guess that an all-day argument would have been his judgment, and that's what it caused him to turn to favor the use of workshops. Or if not a turn over them, in any strikingly different sense, at least to concede that they were. That would probably indicate a lack of growth, a hardened or unshaken orthodoxy. An analogy that comes to mind is that of M. Heidegger as a man who, after the truth of him as a being, was still in Heidegger. His interest was in anecdotes and personalism, his intellectual interests in my opinion, remained inert."

are referring particularly to attitude toward racial materials. Do you think he ever appreciates the importance of social problems in a community, or did he never care if it was a question of noise?

Henry Clark "My guess would be that because he may have disagreed with it, he understood the intent of the Teens and the Twenties because those were the years he passed away. His wife was brilliant but he really could not understand, or give try to understand the laws he had to live by."

Coming back to Tom Clark, I asked him about Romney's famous crack that his son, Mitt, was "a quitter."

Tom Clark: "His son
of a [bleep] was?" His
son was wobbly at all but that
he'd be present or certain
that he'd take a strong position
and would be there. I'm pro-
testing the entire situation. It's
so goddam ugly but you just
have to be running around
a hall in a circus closet and try
to protest. It's a while later
or for a protestor to express
anger and say, "Well, I'm going
to have the benefit of the doubt
and go to protest." But if he's
already been there and he's
picked up some people who had
a low and some front-page
stuff on them, and I'm sure that
all of them were pressurized.

Brown was critical of most Attorney General. He didn't like Murphy at all. He was the Attorney General I ever least liked. He was in that place with me. I know that he was not in an attraction. Bissell told me this because they were having a sale at some military installation West, and through some connection turned on the ladder system and Murphy had while not and he not looked had been on his ladder by the time he got there. Murphy was very nice to citizens. Bissell all time when I was the assistant, bitterly. I don't think he ever sat on anybody. He told everybody what he thought. He didn't Bissell's persuasive policy. He Bissell was too soft."

"you were going to sue if I,
I could you say were the author
of Hitler's paper?"



Rule Three: Develop direct lines of communication to the Big Boss. Find ways of going over the heads of your immediate superiors—with little or no friction.



hus. And I think you can get to the point in the minds of people who know you when you can do no wrong. When you know so many right people try to point where if the name Hoover is connected with it, that's it. So I further think that from the very inception of it, he had a pretty stiff attitude. My Stone and he built the agency by the selection of top-notch people. Hoover built an outfit to carry on what was left of the Bureau, a hardworking, dedicated person. Inscrutable in that way he built up his strength, and then eventually you can get no more point than no one will go against you. "He was a good man, I think. I don't think Hoover was necessarily an bad. He would take each case as it came along and do the best possible job he could on it. He was very efficient and he was surrounded by dedicated people, and as consequence the men he had probably were really high-class."

As of this writing, Patricia Collins has worked for Justice Department's Office of the Inspector General since 1968. The first time she was introduced to Robert F. Kennedy, she was about ten years old when she first came to the Department. "He was flooded over," she recalled, "and forever after when he used to see me, he'd say, 'You know, this is Miss Collins. She came here when I was just a year old.' So we met to be great friends, and, oh,

he was such a great friend to me when my late husband was very, very ill."

"When I grew up I thought Hoover became directly with the *White House News*."

Collins: "I think the day I got around the Attorney General to the White House began in the Truman Administration. There was much closer liaison between Roosevelt and Harriman and Jackson and Burke, that taught me to that Departmental, bureaucratic nature of the President to the Attorney General. If it developed later, I didn't know. I think Burk was particularly attached to Hoover. I don't think he and Hoover were ever on very even conversing basis."

Hoover knew her along that President Johnson agreed to make George Clegg Attorney General of Texas, *resigned from the Supreme Court?*"

Collins: "Yes, and you almost felt that there had to be some kind of deal. My own feeling is that Tom was happy to get off the Court. I think the congressional atmosphere over there got to him. When Tom was in the A.G.'s office, he was very, very quiet, plain. He was speaking off the top of the tongue, the language and coarse, no God,jeez, people were sitting out there in dress waiting to see Tom Clark. I was in the office directly across the way then and I used to write speeches now and again and do various things that we had to do to keep it

running. Suddenly Tom Clark goes over to the Supreme Court, he gets in an office, he's got a couple of people in the outer office, and suddenly there's a change in the atmosphere. They would sit in the plane, roar, he'd grab it and say, 'Hello.' He was dying to talk to somebody. This is a very singular thing."

Did you ever know Hoover sexually?

Collins: "During the Hank Brown administration we would have a big get-together once a year, a really pleasant informal black tie. And a couple of times, I drew Mr. Hoover as a dinner partner, and he was every thing that you would ask of a man. He was a very nice man. Once I remember he drew Harrison Nichols' wife Irene, who was very nice and she was great for who she was younger. She was able to let people in a kind of open-faced way. She always used to talk Edgewise, and we used to tease them considerably about how they were so stuck at each other. One night, she took her shoes off and started singing *Pastor Puck's* *Messe* for the entertainment of everybody and Hoover joined with her. It was really quite a show. Oh, yes, he was always good fun to be with, a charming person. I am sure we've heard people say he was a great practical joker. I know that once by accident and whenever I teased him about it, he would reply to the effect, 'Well, certainly, and why not if you can find out it?'"

Back in 1951 the hottest section in the Department of Justice was Internal Security. It was the Organized Crime section. Eddie Rabbett was assigned to work for the section. He was a private attorney, specialized in the defense of the section and who worked for the section and who was now a private attorney, recalled when I interviewed him in June, 1972. "Everybody went into Internal Security, and I actually got put into what they call South Art cases. You might remember that we used to run around prosecuting all these Communists. They had already tried the Dennis case up in New York, the big basketball Communist case that Hoover really wanted prosecuted. After they was in, we had to branch out and under the leadership of the Communist Party in virtually every city in the United States. We had to go into the FBI, which was uncharitable. They would swear as need to every defendant and anything you wanted would be done. They made agents available, they made informants available, anything. They

really wanted to win these cases."

"Hoover was always very suspicious about the domestic Communist Party, and he was really rigid he for that, he really put out. There was no question in his mind that Communists, atheist, pacifist communists was a threat. And, of course, they was a lot of cases and then the Court got into the set and threw them all out. What it all added up to is hard to say. I would honestly think that the plans were to prosecute Communists because most of the American democratic Communists that I prosecuted, for Christ's sake, the only thing they ever threw was a pamphlet. Anyway, Internal Security started to die off. In 1958, I went over to be chief of the Organized Crime Section—remember the *Apalachian meeting*? What had hit there was only a couple of guys in the O.C. Section clipping newspaper. There was absolutely nothing going on in the Justice Department. Apparently the Internal Security people had done some work here in the *Kidney dog*, and *Indemnification*, and they all got hit on the head as nobody was ever surprised. The Bureau certainly wasn't doing anything. It seems as quite a shock to me I had come out of Internal Security where you had agents come out of your own, and get sent into Organized Crime, and you wouldn't had an agent."

Why was Hoover opposed to government investigation?

Hrabey: "Well, we got into this at the Princeton Club. I was on the F.B.I. and I really never got along with an officer. Everybody had different theories as to who the F.B.I. really had to be brought into organized crime hunting and armament. Some of the ex-agents felt that Hoover didn't first of all want to get into it because his statistics would go down. You know, the cases would be harder to make. Some of them and he didn't want to put his agents into a position where they could be corrupted, have them discredited, and make them look like losers and so forth. I think he got into it because he got into a big power match with Harry Anslinger over at Narcotics, whom he didn't like, and Anslinger had the Narcotics carrying on sort of the severe the same way Hoover had the Communists carrying on sort of the severe. So Hoover got himself locked in saying there was no place. It was probably a combination of everything, but he just wasn't in it. There isn't any doubt, no matter what he said, he wasn't in it. He had no intelligence,

he didn't know what the hell was going on."

Hoover's defense was that he didn't have the *Federal laws to fight organized crime until 1950*.

Hrabey: "In a certain sense, there is some truth to that. But they always had an intelligence function over there, that's what they relied on, that's what they rely on now with all this peace stuff. It's inconceivable for them to say they couldn't have known that. That's what I believe. I think that's what the Bureau was doing up there and they didn't have any information as they'd better do something to catch up, and that's what they started to do. When they learned that Bob was going to be Attorney General, they really speed out. That's when they started doing this bugging on a massive scale."

"Now there start to operate in Organized Crime like their operation in Internal Security. Little things—people would get arrested out of the deck, you know. 'To heck with the hell, you got lost eight!' And he'd say, 'Christ, I almost got caught driving out of a medium size town.' Putting a bug in, see. See that down here in Washington, if you called them officially, they always said, 'We are.' And it wasn't a case where they bugged about it or went out of their way to tell anybody what they were doing. Now, when it came to wiretaps, I know in the internal-security field that they went to the Attorney General and said this. Hoover didn't want to accept it. He said, 'I'll do it, but I'll fire you.' Then he would say, 'Well, you know, we've got to keep around a hour time, so I figured that when he was started in 1938 that he got Bill Rogers to share his wiretap. He'd never did. And then when Hoover came in and he started enlarging my grants that he had gone to Hickey, he had to have a sign every time he had a bug put in."

"Not only did you know that they were bugging, you were receiving evidence of it. When you going to court, you know, the defense wouldn't have gotten any other proof."

Hrabey: "Well, yes, but that's a little more complex too. They send very little of the law enforcement over. Now and then they'd put something in a report and say what it's worth. They would always try to dilute it if you wouldn't know. I guess if you've looked around as long as I have in Internal Security, well, I could spot it quicker than anybody else, and I'd get a couple of them to me up to me. I used to say to them, 'Don't and that shit

over here. All you're going to do is screw up our case! I don't paint myself as a hero. I didn't say, 'Look, you guys better stop that.' I assumed all along that it was being operated on a very high level. In any event, it only went up until the Las Vegas bombing investigation came out, and then we were up against the Attorney General with what a great job they were doing out there, and they sent a spokesman report over that you couldn't miss it. It was all over it. And then there was a big link out there, and I mean to this day they sent the report over because they knew the same owners had found the bus. Then the shit hit the fan and they uncovered all the P.B.I. bugs out there.

"This was after Jack Kennedy got shot, and Bobby Kennedy, although he stayed on as Attorney General, was sort of an outcast now. He was like an ostracized man. And he became a socialist. I get bogged down that Hoover was trying to look out the fact that Bobby authorized all the bugs. He sent DeLoach down to the Executive Service—Hoover was close in the Service—to play the story, but the entire bunch on authorizing the story is some official in the Bureau, which DeLoach wouldn't bug, so they backdoored it. They let Congressman Groves in Iowa write a letter and that's how they put it out.

"I went over to the Senate to see Bobby when I got the bug, and I was trying to tell him first of all, I thought he knew about it, and that the best way we can do is to have the partition that it was sort of classified in the nature of a security operation, we didn't care the conclusion and all those things. And he said, 'Look—and unless he was the greatest actor in history, he really got very upset. I liked Bobby Kennedy, but we weren't that close. When the hell, he fired me once. And he said, 'You know about it?' You knew and you didn't tell me?' And I looked at him and I said, 'Bobby, I thought you never thought Hoover would ever do anything like one of these things! And so he said, 'No? I came across compromised, and I'm surprised to this day, that he didn't know. Now other people don't agree with me, but I had that meeting and he convinced me. I was even saying, Look, Bobby, even if you didn't know, I think it might be better if you and you did know.' I'd rather go down in history as a guy who might have waved around a little bit than as an idiot. I didn't say that to him, of course. And he said, 'How can I? I didn't know.'

Now, when the thing blew, Hoover did everything he could to try to prove that Bobby did know. Christ, he came up with a memorandum that was written about twenty years ago—written publicly. And he got some affidavits from Chicago and a couple in New York where Hoover and they played these tapes for Bobby. I was at the Chicago meeting, and I don't want to knock the agents who submitted the affidavits, but it just didn't happen that way. We were having an Organized Crime meeting, and right in the middle of it Counter Espionage, who by then was the P.B.I. Bureau in the A.G., brought in a recorder, puts it on a desk, and plays a tape. It was a tape of some Chicago hood complaining bitterly to a crossed-pistol captain that since Kennedy had become Attorney General, he wouldn't be given assignments. It was a tape of a plainclothesman trying to impress the Attorney General. My immediate reaction was that these guys have flipped their lids. This is what's unbelievable that they would play one of these damn illegal tapes for the Attorney General!

What did Kennedy say?

Hoover. "He never said a word."

We couldn't have been that naive!

Hoover. "Think about it. If you didn't know, it could have been a cassette tape, it could have been a guy who, and then wired on him. It could be anybody."

1960s: In 1960, the relationship between Hoover and Bob Kennedy deteriorated to the point it did. It was an understanding that Kennedy's successor, McClellan, and Hoover believe he accepted the Attorney Generalship, even though both refused to take it.

Hoover hired Bobby at first. After all, Bobby worked on all his Congressional staff with McCarthy. He had certain things going for him that Hoover would have liked. Hoover probably had his own idea of who he wanted and his brother's Presidency. I can handle him. And I think it was more sort of deference to Bobby's feelings about organizing crime that Hoover started expanding his big-bugging program.

There are stories about Kennedy putting in a direct line to Hoover's office, and about his going over there in his short sleeves and sitting on his desk. Once he apparently caught the Director doing a top-shelf you-knew-those-stories?

Hoover. "Oh, sure. There was always a threat line but Bobby was the only one that ever used it. I was in Bobby's office once when he named me Director. I couldn't get over it. I was working on the Goldwater campaign which involved a lot of politicians and a lot of people, and where the Bureau was dragging his feet. I was telling Bobby how it is and Bobby said something like, 'I mentioned that to the Director, or I mentioned that to Edgar, yesterday, and he has some explanations!' And then Bobby said, 'Do you want me to get him on the phone so you can hear his explanation?' That was too much, as I said. 'Yes.' So he hit a pushbutton, turned without saying words, the old man came in with a red face, and he and Bobby never sat at each other for about ten minutes. And Hoover kept looking at me. And he went out and I heard him tell you one thing, 'You didn't give us much.' He had a good expression there."

Hoover. "I didn't think it was worth a shit, but I can't remember what it was. And Bobby pushed him a little but he didn't look at it. I became very fond of Bobby, but Bobby never raised Hoover that much, and one thing you get to say about Hoover, he was tough. And he didn't break down. He always stood his ground. I am convinced that the thing that finally destroyed their relationship was that Bobby maintained to too many people who claimed to be close to him about Hoover's past. I mean, just like, 'and we all got the message that they were going to retire him after Jack got his nickname and Hoover hot-headed. And it got back to him."

The fact is that with all the bugging on organized crime that went on when Kennedy came in, Hoover didn't drag his feet half as much in this area as he did in other things, for example, civil rights, which gets you into that whole big gap with Martin Luther King.

Robert E. Wicks, who oversaw the Bureau's Criminal Records Division, succeeded Lou Nichols and DeLoach as the head of the division. In that position, told me that the FBI had "no such thing as a public information section or anything of that nature." As assistant director of the Criminal Records Division, it was Wicks' responsibility to maintain the various P.B.I. publications and to answer questions from the press so that the information that the public has a right to know was given out to the public,

and we held no secrets back. I followed the policies of Nichols and DeLoach, of absolute forthrightness with the press. Mr. Hoover insisted on that and that's what we did. I tell Mr. Hoover the full facts and that's what he wanted. He wanted to know what you couldn't say, what could be printed or broadcast and what couldn't be. His policy was we'll give the man the full benefit of the doubt."

Was Hoover an effective speaker?

Wicks. "Oh, yes, indeed, indeed. This is why I many times I'd have never run out to me. I went in interview with Mr. Hoover." Well, I'd try to get it and yet I realized this was sort of walking on eggshells because once you open the floodgates and let the media have a free rein with Mr. Hoover, then the other side can have. Well, look. You got as much right as Joe over here so why isn't I over it?" It would create constitutional problems. Yet, notwithstanding would come out with a statement about Mr. Hoover that absolutely was not true, irrespective of what it was, and that would cause us to wobble quite a bit. We had to try to counter these stories every now and I think the best way to counter it was with the truth always. Well, the less you get into the truth is to let the man himself talk. That's what that brings the problem again, you see? Yes, let one man in, you should let others in. Mr. Hoover could expand himself very well."

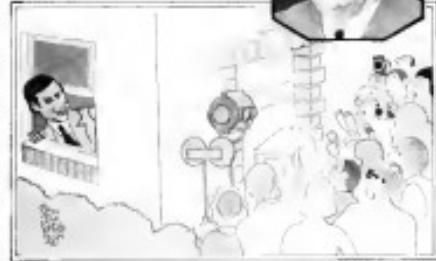
But he never held press conferences?

Wicks. "He'd call one case against us but, judgment. I remember the time he let all those women come in—er, November 18, 1964 against my judgment, Senator DeLoach, and he was so angry. And another thing he's the most notorious liar in the country." Then he talked about various other things. He asserted he had, the Rev. King was attacking the Bureau, and finally said, "May we see you?" and he said, "Go ahead," and DeLoach said, "Well, Mr. Hoover, you just said so-and-so and he said, 'That's all right. You can use that as a quote.'

DeLoach. "He also keeps King of being a scapegoat!"

Wicks. "I don't think he

partly and that I don't believe he did. I think he was probably quoted as saying that because that was some of the conversation with us at that same conference. In fact, he had a great number of other



things in that conference that he added them in to quote—out of sequence."

It was reported that when Hoover and King met at the Director's office some two weeks later, Hoover rechristened King with false accusations of his secret service, and suggested that he close down his office at the F.B.I.

Wicks. "DeLoach DeLoach and I look at Mr. Martin Luther King and two-thirds of his associates into Mr. Hoover's office, and that's the time—"

Did you stay in?

Wicks. "I think DeLoach stayed in and stayed in his office and we had some TV cameras and so on there. Although the agreement made was to effect that, well, Mr. Hoover told him, 'You can say anything you want to, it's up to you, but I don't want press conferences.' Well, Mr. King, of course, walked right out and took a piece of paper out of his pocket and announced that that was what they had discussed. It had been agreed upon since then."

Did DeLoach confront King with false accusations of his secret service?

Wicks. "That's not the fact. I would appreciate hearing your version."

Wicks. "I don't know. I wasn't there at the time, so I don't know what that discussion."

Are you aware of a story by

Richard Harwood in the Washington Post to the effect that certain statements were offered transcripts of those tape recordings?

Wack: "I don't know. They may have been. Dick Harwood, it's a very honorable man and a good reporter, a topnotcher."

The editor of *The Washington Post*, Ben Bradlee, told me that he refused to see the tape transcripts because "he thought they were 'infuriating.'

I wonder who would have a copy?

Brookley: "They showed them to plenty of people. They showed them to Gene Prather, when he was editor of *The Atlantic* Confidential. But I'm sure that they were not provable. I mean, I have the substance of them, they had to do with his sexual exploits and they were—Delano had me sign them and—"

How could he go about telling you that?

Brookley: "Well, by hell, he brought it up. He said, 'We have it.' Those are, I don't know. But he described the tapes, and the one that I particularly remember was King watching the televised funeral of Kennedy in some kind room, I don't remember which, and he made some reference to the sexual habits of the President and Mrs. Kennedy."

And Delano would be goddamned if

Bradley: "Goddamning. They were trying to discredit King."

I asked Jack Anderson if he thought that Hoover had tried to intimidate King with the tape recordings.

Anderson: "He did have tape recordings on King, but I would think that if King called Hoover's bluff, how could he put it out? I know Hoover operated in far more subtle ways, but he certainly was capable of blackmail. In fact, he did it all the time, but it was implied blackmail. He would let Senators know that he had picked up some information on them and he'd give it to them as an act of great charity, thereby doing them a favor but at the same time letting them know that he had the information."

But how could you know that's true?

Anderson: "People tell me things. They know I'm not going to use names. Yes, I've had people tell me that this had happened to them, and I have the impression that it's frequent. When I was friendly with Hoover, I personally was able to get

the, any file I requested. I got involved in a libel suit once when Hoover was costing me—and when you get in a libel suit, you fight with everybody you've got—and I just sat and said, 'Do you have a file on this guy?' They looked at me, like, 'Huh?' and I went through the whole thing. It was extremely helpful. I much add."

Did the F.B.I. ever give you any of the evidence on King?

Anderman: "It was never offered to me but I did get it from unauthenticated sources. I published one quote from an F.B.I. document that had been sent over to the White House about an incident with a woman I interviewed the woman in the case before I published it."

J Edgar Hoover, head of the Washington Post, and yet in 1970 he gave it one of the major exclusive stories. The reporter involved, Ray W. Anderson, who now sits in the Department of Justice for The Post, later became Communications Director in the Nixon Administration. During an interview in June, 1975, Anderson described how he got his exclusive story.

Anderson: "On Monday morning [November 16, 1970], I had just left my home for The Washington Post when my wife received a telephone call from the F.B.I. I still don't know who called but I pay salar to my wife. 'Well send a car to get Mr. Clewes immediately,' and my wife said, 'You can't believe he's already left for the office.' I got into The Post about 8:30 and I immediately went there about eight minutes to call the F.B.I. immediately. I called and Harold Lambeth of the F.B.I. said, 'The old man will see you if you can get here in 10 minutes, and if you wait, we'll send a car after you.' I refused the car and I got over there in ten minutes, by God, and I walked onto the fifth floor and Lambeth grabbed me by the arm and hustled me into Hoover's office, and as the way he said to me, 'You'll have about twenty-five minutes with the Director. I ask you.'

Did you have any particular subject you wanted to discuss?

"Well, I had, you know, what the Post, the big Monday Economy Club book ('Crisis in America') had come out, and I had read the news stories and the reviews on it, and so I was familiar with it. I said, 'The reviews of the Kennedy Clark book came out yesterday and they were very detrimental to you,' and I asked if there was anything

he wanted to tell me about it."

Had Hoover read any of the reviews?

Clews: "Hell, yes, he saw everything within a matter of minutes. He knew exactly what I was talking about. I had the lead of the story in the first two weeks." J. Edgar Hoover, justly called former Attorney General Ramsey Clark's "a**hole" and the worst Attorney General he has encountered in forty-five years as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The story also revealed for the first time the reason Hoover wouldn't talk to Bobby Kennedy: but six months he was in office. He and Kennedy were exerting great pressure on him to hire Negroes and he just wasn't about to lower the standards of the F.B.I. for any other group."

In the story, Clews quotes Hoover as saying, "If ever there was a worse Attorney General than [John F.] Kennedy, it was George C. Marshall. You never know which way he was going to fly on an issue." Until "Bobby Kennedy came along," he had never had any trouble with Attorneys General. In comparison, Attorney General John N. Mitchell was an "honest, sincere and very human man," Hoover added. "There has never been an Attorney General for whom I've had higher regard."

Clews: "It's a long goddamn story, close to seventy volumes fulls of type. I had asked him questions specifically on Clark and then on his own position he spoke out the Kennedy business right on the basis of the Clark business. And so, you know, I know that you and Anywhere else from that point would be downshift! But here's the interesting thing about it—it's when you've interviewed a lot of people, you know, within the first few months, whether you're on the same wavelength, whether you're going to do business with that guy, and we did. It was apparent to both of us, I think, that we could talk with one another. The interview took off... and it lasted and lasted and lasted, and I think I got out of there about one o'clock in the afternoon."

"By the way, after this interview appeared, all these Kennedy supporters, circles—"circles" signifies shepherds) because grouse shooting requires a certain amount of team sportsmanship, and you can't have a bunch of blighters and boozers—all strangers to one another—blasting away with their double-barreled shotguns at the driven birds coming by in noisy volleys all hour or more at anywhere from two to 120 feet above the ground."

What's more, they're very popular in the country. On arrival, one is welcomed by the bottle, and the old-timer immediately carries home by the nose. One dresses in the proper hunting dress with plaid flares and perhaps leggings. One hunts on ponies and kippers. One lunches from hamper of mephs and champaign. One dresses for dinner, of course—one's dinner jacket has been laid out by the butler—and one has peri or brandy with cigars in the lounge afterward.

It is a way of life that has all but disappeared from the British scene—even among the nobility, in accordance

The Highest Road to Scotland

by Richard Joseph

For \$2,900 a week,
there's a wonderful shooting vacation afoot ye



The landscaped castle, grand accommodations above, aerial.

ance with Gilbert and Sullivan's warning in *Imperial*, as I'm sure you will recall, they have the Fairy Queen threatens the peers with visitations of the House of Lords acting throughout the grouse and salmon seasons. But economics is really what's done it—increase taxes, more roads, more buildings, the enormous expense of maintaining the roads. All Scotland staff of 100,000 apprentices and novices are kept busy the year round protecting the nesting birds in preserves for the five or six weeks of grouse shooting, depending on how near the stock of hawks holds out.

Lord Seafield's 110,000-acre property encompassing parts of Beaulyshire, Inverness-shire and Morayshire in northeastern Scotland is more than ten times the size of Manhattan Island and is believed to be the largest private estate in Britain not owned by the royal family. A couple of years ago he decided to help defray expenses by creating the Seafield Sporting Club (In Scotland, "sporting" is used in place of "sports"; thus, grouse, pheasant and duck shooting, salmon and trout fishing, and deer stalking)—an offshoot originally at Seafield of an offshoot of another constituents group, this trade association—with the enthusiasm of some of his peers, most notably the Duke of Buccleuch of Wolves Alvey.

A certain malaise exists in easily discernible at Beauly. Grouse are not put up in Cullen Castle—the turreck and overcliffed gray stone castle that has been the ancestral home of the Beauleys since the early sixteenth century—even though it could house an infantry regiment, but are lodged instead in Old Cullen—the twenty-five-room white stucco Georgian mansion



A last day's bag of birds laid up on the lawn of Old Colle's, the Earl of Seafield's hunting fore-man. Grizzled guntholes

blew a couple of hundred yards away. "Foolishly Liberal luxury" is the way the handsome Seafeld brochure describes the scene. "The atmosphere is that of a very privileged country house party without the host dictating your programme."

Not only doesn't the host dictate the programme, he's not even there. This has caused a certain amount of confusion, since an earlier brochure, under the heading *Quotations from my maid in silk, mounted the following collection:*

"Will we meet the Earl and Countess?"
"Yes. They hope to have the pleasure of entertaining you in [sic] a cocktail party during your visit. However, as they are offering approximately thirty weeks' entertainments they are not able to guarantee that they will

always be available here owing to possible business commitments in other parts of the world."

"What are they like?"

"They are young and charming and tend to prefer informality. The Earl is an outstanding shot and may well consequently be able to come out with you on shooting days."

This was all a mistake that was eliminated in the later brochure. We were told at Sandie, "The Earl and Countess lead active lives and they enjoy greeting guests with a smile." An earlier notice reported that a certain American guest of Old Colle asked to be shown the Earl's public room and turned up wearing a full-length evening gown and a tux in the hope that she would be presented to the Earl and Countess—which she wasn't.

Scars after snaring the title. A staff of sixteen snare for the ends of a maximum of seventeen passing gulls at one time

Seafeld's operation represents a strange amalgam of almost-reddent commercialism and anarchistic sado-masochism. Mr. R.E.B. Yates, M.A., F.R.I.C.S., who has the title of Factor and who runs the show for the Earl of Seafeld, flew to New York a couple of years ago to make a pitch to a few top American tour operators and the travel press; and the Sportsmen's Club's rule sheet states that "Old Colle is ideal" during the months of April to mid-August for top-level executive conferences, executives-in-residence schemes and holidays. . . . Yet when we arranged to visit Seafeld with the author, Tom Arlanch, author of *Introducing the Earl*, we were asked to maintain a low profile so as not to intrude on the privacy of other guests. Our early-May visit was at the very beginning of their season and the only other



Guns and horses must function with the precision of a surgical team to shoot down grulls flying by at seventy miles an hour



One of the world's great salmon streams, the River Spey produces fish running up to forty pounds. Average is about ten

guests were a Hamburg dentist and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Rosenthal of Yardley, Pennsylvania, who did not object to the use of their names. We stayed at Old Colle, but photographer John Macfarlane, a passable and extremely photomobile young Australian, was put up at a small and comfortable hotel called the Seafeld Estates in the adjoining seaside village of Cullen.

The grand book at Old Colle, though, shows that its owners—the Sportsmen's Club—is definitely the preserve of German barons and French, Italian and Spanish counts. Interestingly, with continental industrialists and ex-cossacks! Texas or California. They are attracted by Seafeld's unique combination of superb shooting and fishing facilities and almost secessively literary.

Grouse shooting and salmon fishing are the top two sports. The salmon season runs under way first, in late April, and lasts through September, with the best months May, June, July and September. The club has a beat along the River Spey, used by fishing experts among the greatest salmon streams in the world. Reserved for guested guests, the beat may be fished by no more than seven rods at a time. The average angler has a rod and reel of 1000 salmon, plus the waders, net, trout and rainbow trout beat that also abut the Spey. The salmon run up to forty pounds and the average is about four pounds, although fifteen- to eighteen-pounders are quite common.

It's about an hour's drive from Old Cullen to the beat—riding through Beafield country all the way since there are only a few hours of darkness on Scottish summer nights. It's possible to fish almost all night. Many Beafield guests do—eating and sleeping in the heated chalet that has been set up on the riverbank. There's also fine lake fishing for rainbow and brown trout at two nearby lochs, where the fish run from six half pounds to three pounds.

The grouse and pheasant seasons overlap from about August 10 to September 28. There are two seasons of grouse shooting—walked or driven; the walkies require cover first, hunting about a week after the beginning of the grouse season; whereas, you walk slowly across the moors in a sort of meadow skipmack line, going about forty yards apart, with keepers and dogs in between. The flushed-out birds rise suddenly, and somehow always unexpectedly, at your feet, and they in turn flush out always farther away, so there is a wide

margin of shooting angles and distances. Eight reasonably accurate men should bag an average of fifty to a hundred brace of birds a day. Each gun is allowed to release one brace a day; the rest are kept by the estate and the keepers, and go to feed their families and friends.

The most challenging and exciting shooting, though, is for grouse grizes, which goes from mid-July until November. The birds are out about a month later. In this version, you walk out in knots of blinds dug into the rocky hillocks while thirty to forty beaters and beaters, led by gamekeepers equipped with walkie-talkies, move on from distant points, driving the birds toward you. You never know when a covey will suddenly explode over the brow of a hill right in front of you, flying low above the heather at high speeds. The trick is to get two birds out of each covey, one with each barrel of your shotgun. Really top shooters, though, have a loader with an extra shotgun standing by at their side in the butt, and when the birds appear they try for two grouses in front of the butt with the first gun, then hand the empty one to the loader, grab the loaded one, pivot, and try for two more birds as they're flying away in the rear. Grouse who think four grouse at a time are necessary are rewarded by applause and cries of "Well shot!" while the sprightly spaniels and Labradors romp and frolic behind the butts to retrieve the fallen birds. The Beafield kennels, incidentally, breed an outstanding strain of English sprayer spaniels and well-trained hunting dogs for about \$900 apiece.

Come late October, and guests enjoy what Beafield



The Beafield trustees teach champion English springer spaniels to stand firm under the gun and retrieve only an command



The painted ancestor at Beafield is somebody else's, but the mounted head of a red deer can be yours if you can afford it



Dinner at Old Cullen, especially during the grouse season, means black tie and candlelight, candlelight and a big

bar, fresh caught salmon and trout, game birds, lobsters and at least two wine

people call the crème de la crème of their shooting—for driven grouse, a strict grouse weight of about twelve pounds and with enormous steady claws that make it look like a prehistoric bird. The grouse season travel at speeds up to eighty miles an hour on silent wings and they're shot in the pine forests where they live. The super is relatively rare, shooting are restricted, if one bird is driven to their gun, there is very strict and monitored.

We speak for the birds. Deer shooting draws an entirely different sporting contingent to Beafield, as those who come to hunt the great red stag, including "elite-level hunting machinery." The deer come in two main varieties: the small and elegant red deer and the larger red deer. The redrock season lasts from late April until October 28, when the deer shooting begins and continues through February. During that time about three hundred bucks and does are shot on the Beafield lands for conservation and sport. Red-deer stalking for stags extends from mid-September until October 28, and for hinds it starts on October 27 and continues—with some interruptions—through January.

Beafield's rates depend on when you go there, and what you're going after. They're set in Swiss francs—the management evidently wanting to have as part of the marketing power starting these days—and for a day-long visit they range from a low of \$2500 Swiss francs for persons attending business meetings or for whom other guests don't want them to take part in any of the sporting activities to a high of 2200 Swiss francs for the grouse/pheasant-shooting weeks, those in mid-August and the first two of September. These rates

do not include the ten percent value-added tax or another ten percent the management distinctly suggests as gratuities to the staff. With the Swiss franc currently at \$2.94 to the dollar, that would make the cost of a six-day Beafield visit—including tax and tips—\$2,584 for the grouse shoots and \$518 for the non-shoots.

The variety of Beafield's sporting facilities is rivaled only by the elegance of its life-style, now rare even in opulent houses, never to have been seen in most vacation homes.

Twenty-five minutes east of Beafield, you can access-moderated in Old Cullen's eight double-bedrooms—with bathroom suites and one simple hammock. Central heating is controlled thermostatically by the temperature outside, but log fires burn in the lounge, library and dining room. You pour your own drinks in the bar, and in the dining room the butter and steamed serve fresh and smoked salmon and trout, bone-in fillets, venison, mountain lamb, game birds and lobster, crab and prawns from the nearby sea—along with the French white and red wines—as handwoven châtaignier silver and crystal. Oil portraits of ancestral D'Orvilles and Geneviève (Urbane S. Grant descended from this clan) hang on the walls. A fleet of Peugeot estate cars, Land-Rovers and other vehicles stand by to take you on the shooting routes, the fishing boats, many golf courses, some short flights to Edinburgh and other local alternatives, and to and fro across the Highlands, fifty miles away. All is laid on handsomely, handsomely and tastefully, and everything is covered by the rains. All that's missing at Beafield, in fact, are Beafields. **48**

George C. Scott Among the Hurricanes

by Jack Richardson

Blow, winds, and crack your checks' rage! Blow!

MGM ruined America, and now they're gonna do it to Mexico." The speaker was a young American who was dressed in a sarape, overdyed with the colors of revolution and journalism, as well as the shapes and sounds of Mexico itself. Next to him at the table was his guitar, which he turned to now and then during our talk to work on the song he was composing, for he was, as he said, a country-and-western artist. Where thirty years ago America flooded the world with explosive westerns, now it seems, at least along the west coast of Mexico, that our disaffected artists and composers of folk songs that are intended for the folk look home.

"I think you're being a little hard on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," I said.

The young man reacted for his guitar and twanged thoughtfully for a minute.

"No, man, MGM did our country in."

"We started to hear at one folk artist's performances, 'We' hang a suit, putabout, a still photographer, a camera, and I—"

"I thought that and the pianist, looking at me, 'that Twentieth Century-Fox was responsible for the decline of New England.'

"All except Mine," I answered. "Universal bears the responsibility for Mine."

"And Republic was to Mine for what happened in the South," the conversationalist said wryly.

The country-and-western artist-to-be took one remark seriously. He strummed thoughtfully, nodding at each of our specific colleagues.

"Well, you're sure folk, so you should know what'd what to win. I just wish you'd leave Mine alone."

The young man had been telling us that whereas the American film industry set up its cameras, false values and green watercolor always followed. He had heard of other agencies of the hippie movement had come to the west coast of Mexico in search of a cheap, natural life, and the thought that a film company might be interested in their region caused to them a sigh. But there were again being encroached upon, again about to be handled by the society that had no use for their bellows or political insights.

The conversationalist assured the young matador that Mexico would survive an American movie being made every now and then inside its borders, that, indeed, Mexico was naturally suspicious of foreigners with movie cameras, derived from an offshoot career he pursued as the set during all the time he spent in that country, that, considering the government's revolutionary ideals and principles would reach the screen.

The young man listened blankly, as did the girl who had just joined him after a morane of shell hunting on Puerto Vallarta's beach. She, too, wore a sarape, and was very tanned and windblown like her boyfriend, she had come to Mexico to get with nature, and she looked like she'd delightfully succeeded.

"The government can't do anything," she said soberly. "Just look at what's happened to Puerto Vallarta since they made *The Night of the Iguana* have ten years ago. I mean even the beach is polluted now."

From our cafe table we all looked up and down the Paseo de la Playa and, in truth, it was not a beautiful sight. The town had become filled with tourist restaurants and night clubs, mostly American owned. The beach itself was, as it were, unashamedly barren, sterilized with debris, and what fishing boats there were were more than just podding, rotting hulks, around which their owners sat and talked bitterly about the large diesel cruisers that brought back daily the ton of fish that Puerto Vallarta now needed. In short, the town was going through the end transition from a hard but personal past to a present of decreasing comfort and economic possibility. However, it looked as worse than a hundred other Mexican towns caught up in the government-spoiled tourism boom. Surely movies had not been made about all of them?

"All I know," the girl said, "is that I used to come down here with my daddy when I was a little girl so he could go snaring lizards. And this place... well, I mean it was really Mexican. Then that *Aguas* movie exploded everything that was once about the place, I mean, it just sort of said it is any American with enough money to come down here and build a fut-sus house."

She unknotted the red handkerchief she'd placed on our table and displayed the shells she had gathered.



Illustrated by Melinda Bodine

"Look at those tiny, arty old things," she said. "You just know that they either come on census or that's been passed and trapped in and filed up with all sorts of capital sheenies."

They were indeed a sorry collection of cassa shards, dried leaves, and twigs. As we passed the light of the sun that rhythmically around the table, the piano man suddenly stopped playing on his guitar and belted out:

"Look who's over there," he said, pointing to the entrance of the cafe where there was a flurry of movement that seemed out of place in a slow Mexican afternoon.

"It's him," said the girl, her face lighting up with charming wonder at what she saw. The two young Americans were now both standing; as were several others among the cafe patrons. What had raised them was the appearance, with suitable unimportance, of the star of the very movie that had supposedly raised Puerto Vallarta. Richard Burton, puffed and sweating, was moving along the passo with the slow deliberation of a contemplative: Thus on either side of him kept to his pace, huffily to your stop, or current according to his mood, was Sir Laurence Olivier, looking like a white, nervous hawk in dark glasses, his head turned and dizzied into the back-draught rows of the cafe, and there was a quick, undignified scurrying to catch up with him.

Among the "new folk" there were grim appraisals based on Burton's appearance, intent, and future. But the two young lovers of natural life had been famously respected by the likes; they had seen half of the world's most publicized marriage and divorce. Their concern over the desolation of Mexican society as they remained about the time they had seen Burton in and around questions about him:

"Do you know what we ought to do," said the girl. "I mean to celebrate using him. We ought to go to that movie place and have a *cerveza* Burton."

"Hey, that's a crazy idea," the boyfriend said, and when I asked what exactly a *cerveza* Burton was, he declared it was the largest ice cream sundae in the world, one made up with chunks of different types of fish oil, seeking a pleasant taste and three jugs. The cameraman, photographer, and assistant declined to offer Burton that honor, but I went along, since I was a lover of *sundae* and wanted to try this outland tourist point. On the way, I told the two expatriates that I was really not much for Burton, that I was in Puerto Vallarta to see George Scott and to write something about him and the reason he was making *The Sonora Is Lost*. They were disappointed that, as yet, I had no stories to tell them about my subject, but still caught up in the Burton sense, they were ready to concede that there must be something pretty marvelous about the man who had played Patton and made the old general palpable to them. And for the next hour, behind food-high goblets that contained about one-tenth of a cerveza, the memory of the regal's underlevered life, we forgot the movie industry's parsimonious examination of the Third World and talked, the good members of the general public, about our favorite film stars.

Some the reaction of these two made me feel better about being in Mexico for the purpose of observing and interviewing George Scott while he was producing, directing, and acting in a movie about a skinned-out family of three that becomes, through inflation as an unbalanced puzzle installed, an event Freedom triangle. To be sure, I admired Scott, indeed thought that his performance in *Fistful* was one of the two or three truly remarkable examples

of acting that I'd seen in my lifetime, a fusion of craft, intelligence and passion that made Scott seem, for the duration of the film, as much an embodiment of his art as the personification of warlike aesthetics. But admiration for an actor is a poor excuse for bourgeois life; he could easily do the same thing in Hollywood. At such a time, one can hardly be anything but an anomalous something to be tolerated because the tradition of the business maintains that even the most hideous forces of publicity have their own office value. And on the other side, there is the inevitable disappointment that one feels when one encounters the man behind the performance and finds that he is of much smaller magnitude than the parts he's played; that he really is far more interesting and complex than oneself; that for the sake of an interesting story the roles of the interview might be reversed.

However, witnessing the folk artist and this girl transposed their political principles in the presence of a barely articulate Richard Burton made no reflect as how we are all caught up in the fancies and gossip of the film world, how the dangers and undangers of international strings of fame are real. It is enough to say that to an amiable general remark as such might lead to an amateurish general remark as such, namely, a suggestion for further loops of homosocialism, all the star-and-starlet inflections that filter down from viras and hotel suites confirm a common know-how that begins to become our own weakness and addition. For a perfect profile and a million-dollar-per-film career oil is not living earthly birth with them, then those of us who are more squarely formed and poorly paid need not fret so much over the mystery of our fate. To treatself, therefore, to the public a few facts to mix in with their fantasies is a bramble but useful exercise.

The facts I had learned about Scott that were not connected with his acting performances had been gathered from those who knew him and from old interviews, and these that the company publicist had given me. They were not designed to make the project of an international appraisal. On the contrary, there was a kind of professional courtesy that he seemed to give with all those who had written about him, a stately well-meaning frankness with which he discussed acting, his problems with drink, his reasons for refusing to accept his Academy Award, and his marriage. It was a love that indicated a man with problems, but a man who somehow kept them under clinical control through the therapy of revelations to journalists. The other, more realistic, side of him was that he was a man who could go into fervent sensible disruptions, sometimes capable of bursts of behavior that made everyone walk stiffly around him. "When George gets into one of his moods, you just put on the show windows and wait for it to pass," was the way a friend of his had put it, and indeed among those connected with the picture there was the expressed feeling that at any moment, over the smallest thing Scott might forget that he was deeply committed to his film's interests and begin to tear down the set with his bare hands. I hoped, as I learned more and more about him, that I would not be the small accident that set him off.

From Puerto Vallarta it was about an hour's drive to the shoreline location along a road that winds with the coastline and cuts through miles of tropical forest. It was late afternoon; the sun filtered through the palms and branches of trees set close to the highway and illuminated all manner of strange and enigmatic vines.

The man at the wheel, however, the company's line

producer, was not interested in comedy. He kept driving down to watch what planes of the sky the trees offered, for he had raised interestingly all day, and there were great masses of grey clouds drifting over the mountains to the east, moving closer and closer toward the littoral.

"They told us the rainy season doesn't start for another month," he kept saying at intervals. "Not for another month."

After the fifth or sixth time he repeated that, I felt I owed him the courtesy of a chat about the threatening weather.

"We've got just ten more days of shooting," he said. "And we can't do it in the sun so what happens? The rainy season starts early. I mean we checked everything out with the government's meteorologists, and they said the season wouldn't start until the twentieth of June, but it's two weeks after we should have been home."

"I don't think it's the rainy season," I said.

"How do you know that?" he asked anxiously.

"In the bar back at the hotel, I heard over the radio that there was a hurricane south of here."

"A hurricane? My god, which way is it headed?"

I reckoned I didn't know the answer and that I shouldn't have brought the subject up. Now the producer looked as if he'd happily settle for a premature rainy season.

"A hurricane," he said. "That could blow the whole set away."

We turned off the highway at a sign that read *Señor Márquez*, and went up a dirt road for a few hundred yards until we reached a small village of about a hundred huts, most with thatched roofs and all with dogs and breasted cooing in front of them. A pig stood in the middle of the road and forced the car to stop before we could get past it. The town, which was the town, consisted of a cluster of simple huts on the side of the road. As we passed farther into the village, I noticed that here and there a few squared-off concrete houses had been put up, ugly little gables that bottlenecked government development.

"This place has really started to boom since we got here," said my companion. "I mean, we discovered this place for the government and now they're starting to put in some improvements."

"So you young friends" foreboding had not been completely false. These grim little houses will be the legacy left when *The Sonora Is Lost* surfaces its set on the final day of shooting.

"Now the government been about year setting up a location here?" I asked.

The producer took a deep breath and then seemed to know what he was about to say.

"We find it's really necessary," he said, down a representative, and he and the mayor of the village met with us. All we have to do is prove the roads we've built around here where we leave."

"Had you planned on such local improvements in year budget?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said quickly. "These things always come up when you're on location."

I had a feeling that more details from the production had been doored to Mexican improvement than he cared to talk about. Having lived for several years in Mexico, I was familiar with the codes of morality—the "little bits" that gain government official taken along the way of any commercial project's approval. A film company, vulnerable to the pressures of time,

assumed a tawdry enterprise for such official whitling.

Once past the village, the road we took went through a clearing and then into a thick coastal jungle. For a few minutes it seemed there was nothing around but heavy, ominous foliage, but then another bank, and we were on a narrow ledge.

Trotters, a mess tent, cars, trucks, lights, a generator, grappa, drums, tactical structures, technical assistance's assistants, gofers, protective staff—all guarded by a dozen or so Mexican soldiers hunched in ponchos and overcast berets. A huge generator hummed, producing more light than there had been in the village we'd come through, but apart from that, the same slow rhythm of tropical life seemed to pervade this staging area for the film's shooting. Heavy now and then someone shouted authoritatively, but this soldier carried an automatic, and often with assumed like a spear, not a rifle. He was dressed to look like a desperado, but he was really a high-spirited friendly sort being herded by one worker at another. Of course, the sight of the line producer's car caused a lot of needless movement for a few seconds, but that settled back into stiff stationary conversation as soon as he headed toward Scott's trailer. It was going to be a while before I could meet him, the producer said before leaving me, since first the news of the hurricane—he looked at me as he spoke this word as though I bore some of the responsibility for this threat to the production schedule—would have to be disseminated. I understood the priorities, and I would just wander around if that didn't bother anybody.

"Go right ahead," said the producer. Then pointing toward a small path. "Why don't you go and look at the set?"

I started down the verdant road slowly, but quickly and red, when I began to hear a few final words and sounds. On either side of the road were walls of rambling mudhives, behind which I have a vague idea existed that had no interest in being interviewed. And since I'd been given no idea what sort of terrain to expect before leaving New York, my jungle outfit—Laurets manna shirt, Jacks Rogers zip knapsack, and a pair of shorts from Maledashin—seemed to beg a reprisal from vacance.

Now almost at a trot, I turned down a sleepy stream and emerged from the heavy jungle growth onto a small beach, on which the film's set had been built. Those who had scouted the location had indeed done an excellent job, for the cows they'd found there would be home for the intended family did seem as if it were taken away from all possible discovery. On the top of one of the embankments looking out over the mouth of the river and the broken ground and hill of the sun that had forgotten. As the curve of the beach steeped inward, there was a two-story building, like those I had seen in the village, but larger and more complex, perched on a promontory. Almost at the crest's midpoint, another hot, less forbidding than its neighbor, had been built; it was, I was told, the laboratory where the father of the skippered-and-family conducted botanical investigations for the first few years of isolation, gradually letting it fall into disuse as technology over him.

At the other tip of the cove was a forbidding thicket of rocks, against which the coral exploded into marshy sun-tinted spray. The waves that rolled in upon the beach, however, seemed benign, the last touch of sunset was a warm reddish gold on the horizon, and the air was still and hot. (Continued on page 174)

A black and white photograph of a young boy with brown hair, wearing a red, white, and blue striped t-shirt. He is standing next to a dark-colored fire hydrant, which is spraying a powerful stream of water from its top spout. He is holding a clear plastic bottle in his left hand and is drinking directly from the spray of the fire hydrant with his right hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

Why America is bottling up

by Michael S. Lasky

Because tap water is going down the drain



The bottled-water industry in the U.S. is now grossing well over \$100,000,000 a year and growing at an estimated fifteen percent annually. Each time a kitchen faucet is turned on and water smelling like swimming pool pours out, a new bottle-drinking water is born. The public's love of packaged drinking water is greater every year, and seems to be based on some solid, discernible evidence.

The U.S. Public Health Service found in 1959 that of the 969 randomly selected community water supplies investigated, forty-one percent provided "adequate-quality water." A survey released in January, 1974, by the Environmental Protection Agency reveals that close to one-quarter of the municipal water supplies examined did not meet the minimum federal drinking-water standards.

In almost every instance the systems that flooded were rated poor. Water in urban areas is purer—in fact municipal water in the U.S. is still the best available in the world—but aged tap water through which the supply flows sometimes are found to have dangerously high deposits of lead or other equally noxious substances. The main problem with city water is the unpleasant taste. This is why more and more Americans are turning to purified water. Fred J. Massie, executive director of the American Bottled Water Association, says, "The essential reason people begin to buy bottled water is that they don't like the taste of the tap water available to them. Our only real competition is free municipal water."

And so, as with every other commodity Americans develop a taste for, we now have a host of brands from which to select. There are currently some five hundred regional suppliers of bottled water in the country, and it pays to know the brand names and what the labels say.

There is, of course, natural springwater—so identified on the label, although sometimes it's called bottled mineral water. Only water that bubbles up from underground without the aid of pumps or drilling can be called by either of these terms. This water has no natural minerals, though it may contain some. It is clear, sweet, if it is good as water. Natural springwater comes in both still and sparkling varieties, depending on the particular minerals it possesses. Because waters contain the carbon dioxide it generates, the water for ever after the cap has been removed from the bottle. Most sparkling natural springwaters come from Riga, where, by law, bottling of springwater must be done at the source.

The second variety is purified water, which sometimes bears the deceptive labeling "springwater" water. This is municipal water (or occasionally well water) which has been deionized or distilled—all minerals or trace elements removed—and then formulated to meet company "recipes" which put back some of the minerals for taste. Some bottled companies add purified tap water pasteurized as real spring water with the approval of the American Bottled Water Association before they credit it.

Finally distilled water—adulterated and tasteless—is completely free of all chemicals, minerals, or elements. It is used mostly in hospitals, in body fluids in industry, and in electronic storage tanks.

Prices vary. In Los Angeles, where twenty percent of the population drinks nothing but bottled water, you can bring your own receptacle to a supermarket vending machines and pay a dime for one half gallon of purified water. Elsewhere in the country, it's mostly package sales or home delivery. A dependable natural springwater or purified water sells almost everywhere

for a little more than a penny an ounce. The most expensive water imported from Europe is yours for an indulgent three cents an ounce.

There were no federal laws regulating the bottled-water industry until May, 1974, when the Safe Drinking Water Act made this effort. The American Bottled Water Association, a trade association, lobbied for this law, which makes specific sanitary requirements to be policed by the Food and Drug Administration—standards for all bottles. In those states where there are large bottling businesses, sanitizing laws have been fairly well enforced. Highly-severed percent of bottled-water production and sales are in California (which has about two-thirds of the industry), New York, Illinois, Texas and Florida.

Regardless of where you live, several brands should be readily available, and to help you choose, *Esquire* has assembled the bottled-water tasting report opposite. If you want to purchase a local or regional brand not listed here, first find out if the bottling company is a member of the A.B.W.A. Approximately 150 companies belong to this association and several dozen more than sixty percent of all bottled water (based on volume of sales) in the U.S. You'll be safer if you buy from firms that belong.

About twelve-five percent of all bottled water is delivered in the home. In the Los Angeles area, where water is unopened at home, but sold in six homes has its own water cooler—similar to those found in office buildings—and weekly delivery service. A five-gallon cooler bottle of purified water costs \$1.15. Because home delivery is large-volume business, it is always less expensive than package sales in stores.

No one in the United States *has* to drink bottled water. However, some sections of the country have such pure-hart-purified-tasting stuff, the Water Men in the Midwest. Some of the cities with notably purifying water are:

HOUSTON, TEXAS. "The water here is no longer," says one recent arrival to this, one of the fastest-growing cities in the U.S., "perhaps the term is breakneck. I have never heard of any drinking water that is better or sweeter, if it is good as water. Natural springwater comes in both still and sparkling varieties, depending on the particular minerals it possesses. Because waters contain the carbon dioxide it generates, the water for ever after the cap has been removed from the bottle. Most sparkling natural springwaters come from Riga, where, by law, bottling of springwater must be done at the source.

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Rating the Water Closet

Key:

★★★ that you can get, excellent.
★★ Good and good.

★ Acceptable.

○ One glass is all you'll ever want, poor.

The waters listed are natural spring unless otherwise stated. All prices are approximate.

Still Waters

TTT Blue Rock Mountain Spring Water (25 cents/half gallon).

From Paul Hoffman's springs in New Trippoli, Pennsylvania, this is a natural spring water with practically no minerals. Tastes pure and fresh, but lacks character. Sold in the Northeast.

T Courtemerelle Water (45 cents/20 ounces) comes from the Source Pavillon well resort in the French Alps of France. The label announces, "The water of aware French women." Maple, but of Assanteens are aware of anything. It's like Water's medicinal taste. Jim Edwards says, "It has loads of natural organic, aromatic substances and calcium sulphate, which make it a limestone."

TTT Deer Park Mountain Spring Water (25 cents/gallon; 30 cents/1/2 gallon, 60 cents/1 gallon) is a clear, invisible bland water with no mineral aftertaste. Some say it has no character, but it does quench your thirst, makes delicious coffee and tea. Deer Park was originally a natural spring. Now it is treated and the water may come from an A.E.C. plant instead exclusively. None is bottled at the source by Neale and distributed in the North and Southwest.

TTT Elan Park (25 cents/33 ounces). From the first tap, it is obvious that this is better than any tap water. Lightly mineralized, Elan has a frosty taste. It comes from the health resort of Etang-Sur-Belin, in the French Alps. The Elan Caudet spring maintains its own "quality control" and is the first to do it at all times. Elan is, understandably, the best-seller in the Northeast.

TTT Fliegl (90 cents/20 ounces) claims itself to be "the water of eternal youth." No history may be more impressive than the water itself: Mirabellgarten, Poppelsdorf, Villa VIII, and the Eugenia drink it regularly. Fliegl is low in mineral content, but has a distinct mineral taste. It is subtle enough, though, to leave a taste after the water is gone. It is the water that energizes the Valley of the River Rhine in central Italy.

TT Great Bear Natural Spring Water (15 cents/1/2 gallon; 40 cents/gallon). Beware the Great Bear! I sampled four different plastic jugs of it and found the plastic had disintegrated somehow and mixed with the water. The results: the snapdragon taste of melted plastic. Beware the snapdragon taste of melted plastic. Great Bear is a faint water, but it's a dependable source but it proved to be a dependable table water. Sold in the Northwest, it graces fountains in Portland, Oregon, a spring.

TT Ruskey & Sorenson (40 cents/1/2 gallon), natural spring; 40 cents/gallon, purified. H. & S. is the best-selling brand in Chicago and most of the Midwest, and offers a number of different types of water. The most popular is their "natural spring," which is a filtered (reverse osmosis), "The Perfect Water" in H. & S.'s natural springwater, which comes from a Terre-ville, Illinois, spring maintained for the past thirty years. The springwater tastes crazy, the purified is bland, tastes best when very cold.

TTT Mountain Valley Water (40 cents/1/2 gallon); larger sizes available is one of the few naturally filtered springwaters and its fans precede it. In 1954 Lorenzo De Soto reported finding hot springs where Indians showered the therapeutic waters with his shirt. Still gushing from deep under the ground in Littleton, Arkansas, Mountain Valley is known for its healthful ingredients. Pauline Edwards, owner of 6 waterfalls he created, Secretariat drinks it. Although beginning with minerals, it is refreshingly palatable. Lake Minocqua, a true thermometer.

TT Sparkletts (10 cents/gallon) offers distilled well water, with minerals re-added. Labeled "crystal-clear." It is sold from vending machines in California supermarkets and costs a quarter of a gallon. For the price, Sparkletts may be the best buy in bottled water in the country. Mt. Shasta goes over it. Available in Western states.

Other acceptable brands:
TT California Arrowhead Puritas—spring and purified
TT Florida Tropicana Spring Water—purified
TT Texas Ozarka Mountain Spring—purified tap.
TT East Coast Petrol Natural Mineral Water—spring

Sparkling Waters

TTT Apollonia (40 cents/33 ounces) comes from Bad Reichenhall, Germany. It has bubbles and a refreshing sparkle to its slightly sparkling water. A more than quencher, pleasing to the palate, no talkish aftertaste. A natural water.

TT San-Pellegrino (20 cents/10 ounces) "is one of the most renowned hydrothermal springs of Italy, situated in the pre-Alps, close to Milan," says the label. What the label doesn't tell us is that the water has an effect similar to that of milk of magnesia, that its taste is somewhat like that of milk.

TTT Perrier (TT cents/10 ounces) has to be the champagne of bottled water. Its tangy natural bubbles come out per capita. It is one of the best-selling imports in the U.S. and is fourth in sales in Europe. Sealed in plastic bags, it has a pleasant, sparkling taste. Plastic bubbles bubbles come from natural gas vents from the earth's surface, which are forced back into the water during the bottling process. Perrier Spring is located near Varennes, France, where more than 340,000,000 bottles are filled each year.

TTT Saratoga Vicky (25 cents/10 ounces). The Saratoga waters' altered corrective powers have been drawing rich and poor to the upscale New York resort for years. Saratoga Vicky water is strongly alkaline, a tasteless water with subtle sparkle, but I recommend it only for non-sensitive health fixtures.

TTT Vicki Celestine (45 cents/1/2 gallons; 85 cents/21 gallons). Vicki Celestine is a natural spring in Paris, France. The water is clear, though, and it has been popular since the Vicki eye was discovered by John Casy. Loaded with sodium and carbon dioxide, it is alleged not to be a laxative. It just tastes like the one.

The Outing

by Ted Morgan

A cautionary tale, both true and remarkable

In his room at Willamette Falls Hospital, Scott McIntire painted five colored panels from the corners of his vision. His feet, painted separately under the lamp, had been held up by an aluminum tent. On the first day, his toes were pink. On the seventh, they were burnt orange. On the twenty-eighth, they were blanched and blackening. On the thirty-fifth day, they were almost totally black, and on the forty-fifth day, they looked as if they were covered with tiny black hoofs. Soon after, parts of all ten toes were amputated.

The paintings were emblematic of loss, not only the loss of his toes, or the loss of his wife, but a loss of innocence, an awareness gained at great cost that a man who has done nothing in deserve it can be struck down, that there is no such thing as safety, and that what we most cherish can turn against us. The paintings were also an example of Scott McIntire's quality of detachment. He calmly painted the toes he was about

to lose, as if they belonged to someone else. When he was trapped in the snowstorm with his wife and infant daughter and felt the chill, he knew that they were doomed, but he did not feel it personally and he didn't himself address the cold, the fire from the fireplace, even the mountains in the distance, forgetting his predicament.

Until he reached the age of twenty-eight, Scott McIntire's life advanced on an axis, pleasant, diagonal grade. He was born in Salem, a town fifty miles south of Portland, Oregon, the son of a printer, and went to school there. He learned as a boy that an Oregonian's birthright is knowing how to survive in the wilderness. He grew up hearing stories of the settlers who had come over the Oregon Trail in the 1840's and conquered nature raw and for all—of men like Phineas McMurphy, who fought and lifted a wounded buffalo with his bare hands, and many others who survived

Indian attacks and murderous winters and peloton after peloton snow on the long trek from Missouri.

The teen-age life-style in western Oregon paralleled from California, losing some of its strength but not its flavor. Scott had an American Gothic adolescence, with strict rules on the behavior of the male, driven by the need to prove one's power and mark keep the gynocentrism of patriarchal foot world and mark the basketball court. His first conversations as a parent were purifying his friends' jokiness. He dreamed of California, where the action was.

He went to Los Angeles in 1965, the man and only time he ever left his home state, and studied advertising design at the Art Center College of Design. He didn't like the logic of advertising, and his parents might have had to sacrifice their home to keep up his tuition, so he stayed only one of the four years. Coming home did not seem like a defeat. It was, rather, part of an unended chain of events. Scott could now lead the predictable life for which he was intended, working in the art department of the local newspaper, and marrying Sue, a girl to whom all the cheerleader objectives fit like cut and put applied.

In 1968, however, Scott moved to Portland and enrolled in Portland State University. A member of his army training class was an amateur mural on one wall of a small peasant-style building, the colors fading. In the National Guard, where he served for six months, Scott learned such basic survival techniques as that if two people are caught in a snowstorm, they may keep their feet warm by placing them in each other's armpits.

At Portland State, Scott formed a friendship with a co-ed, a former airline stewardess named Diane. She was permanently cheerful, like a climate with no seasons, and she looked good in anyone's sweater. Like Scott, Diane was married and was working toward a degree in painting. It wasn't that Scott and Diane were unhappily married. They were indefinitely married. When they were together, they plunged into the realm of romantic clichés that sound endearingly mushy to everyone but the participants. "There was a sense of intimacy and mutual concern," Scott said.

In 1970, Diane and Diane graduated. Scott, who has had to take an office job to help pay his tuition, Diane left for Minneapolis, where her husband would be getting his doctorate. Scott threw himself into his work. Considering his distaste of advertising, he became art director of a Portland agency, Brinson & Bass. At base, he worked on photo-realistic paintings. Choosing a hand subject, like a dime or a milkshake in a paper cup, he photographed it in color and projected the slide on a canvas, painting over it with a spray gun and brush to get the precise shading and definition. He was apologetic about the \$600 he charged for a painting, explaining: "It takes me a hundred and fifty hours to do it. That's my real value as an artist."

From Minnesota, Diane wrote long semiweekly letters, she visited Oregon, the last time in mid-November, via unpaved mountain roads, the wild coast. She came back for a visit in 1973, and she and Scott decided to get divorced. It was a great surprise for Scott's wife and Diane's husband, who at first opposed the divorce. At least there were no children involved.

Scott and Diane lived together for a year, and were married in May, 1975, outdoors, in the McWay Bird Sanctuary, a thirty-five-acre park on a forested hill above downtown Portland. They often went there with binoculars and a camera. "Neither of us was religious," Scott said. "Nature was the closest thing we had." Frank Cane, a bear of a man whose wife was a

childhood friend of Diane's, was at the wedding. He took photographs, but the cameras were badly loaded, and none of them came out. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Scott, Diane's parents, also attended the ceremony. Scott, twenty-seven, with his very reddish-brown hair and blue eyes, looked like a determined Frenchman from Diane, twenty-one, with her long blonde hair, rosy cheeks, and beauty-queen shape, was like a pale feline.

They had the kind of marriage that would make Erick Segal这块. The housewife was always set at bay. They shared their love of art and nature. Diane, most weekends found them in one of the many scenic areas near Portland, such as Mount Hood, or the Columbia River gorge. They shared housework and cooking. Mike Corwin, a close friend, said: "I have never seen another couple like them. They had boxes through the male-female role-playing. They radiated happiness. It made me almost envious."

When Diane became pregnant, Scott attended naturopathic classes at Kaiser Hospital, which were designed for him so that the father could be present at the birth. She was shown how to care for the delivery of the placenta. In class, Scott was told that after twenty hours of labor, which would be intense, Sue Diane was in labor for twenty-eight hours, with Scott at her side. He took snapshots of his daughter, still wrapped with the reddish film of the placenta, when she was born at 8:41 a.m. on June 10, 1973. She was named Emily Diane. Scott and Diane Corwin a painting of a Hollywood Hamburger stand to help cover the maternity expenses.

The first weekend in November, when Emily was four and a half months old, Scott had a layout to prepare for the agency by Monday. He was planning to work that Saturday, November 5, but when he heard on the morning news that Sunday would be stormy, and when he looked out the window and saw that it was a fine, clear day, he and Diane decided to go out. In Portland, which at midday drew two out of three, it's hard to rent a sun-tan day.

They thought of a place where neither had been, Harley Hot Springs, about fifty miles northeast of Portland. The water bubbles out of the rock at 137 degrees Fahrenheit, and a wooden trough feeds it into cedar bath stumps with tubs balanced from big logs. They planned to be back by nightfall.

Scott thought it might get cold and wore a new wool Pendleton shirt and a hooded windbreaker. He made Diane put on a moment over her wool pants and sweater and leather jacket. They both had wool caps, gloves, and wool-stoppers. Scott, blushing, Emily was hauled onto the far-flung pink monolith. Diane had just brought up Scott. They took a moment, a blanket, a diaper bag, two guitars, a wrench, an ax, and a folding chair, and proceeded. Emily's coat was no problem, Diane was warning her.

"It was a common thing for us to do," Scott recalled. "To drive up and have a picnic and look around at what nature had to offer. Oregon has a nature lover's paradise. There's so much plant life and wildlife. There are so many places within a few hours' drive that offer spiritual solace."

Scott, Diane, and Emily left Portland at 12:30 p.m. in their blue 1966 Chevrolet station wagon. Scott was riding behind the wheel when he realized he did not have a map of the Harley area, which lies in the foothills of the Cascade mountain range. He went back into the house but could not find the right Forest Service map in the car again. Diane (Continued on page 175)



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT MCGRIE



Brawny Outerwear

Required selection of rugged winter wear will do a fashion job for you whether you're watching the New York Jets play the bar at your local singles hangout. Leaving off, you have your choice of styling in the light weight soft glove leather. On this page, the popular shirt-style jacket with snap front and detail stitching is by Roberick for Lord & Taylor (\$225). Also available at Lord & Taylor are the Purple ribbed Donald-Lewendtaneck (\$18) and the Dunlee gabardine trousers (\$45). At right, Spotts Gray tops off traditional waist-length jacket with four envelope patch pockets and pull-tab sleeve closures (\$125). The acrylic turtleneck is from Radley Wear (\$25) and the corduroys from Cobain (\$2150). Gloves by Gates.





For shearlings with the look and feel of luxury, these two coats are dead on course. Over on the port side is Dunhill Tailors' long, double-breasted shearling coat (\$550) with a Mirra all-wool turtleneck and Handcraft wool scarf. Here, it's a three-quarter-length, long-haired Toscana lamb shearling coat by Beyed-Or (\$220). Under it is a fisherman-knit turtleneck by Alpine Seal by Rooster.

Photo: J. M. Gandy



Pea coats abounded this year, their traditional practicality enhanced by a new sporty look. At top left, Raoul introduces the pea-coat suit in an all-wool herringbone pattern (\$275). The all-wool ribbed turtleneck (\$45) is also by Raoul. At bottom left is a soft leather pea coat by Tom Fenton for Cortefiel (\$130). The lamb's-wool turtleneck (\$20) is by Lord Jeff. On the opposite page at left is a camel-colored wool pea coat by William Barry (\$25) with a Giovanna ribbed turtleneck (\$45). The red, camel, and black-and-white check pea coat at far right is by Windbreaker for Van Heusen (\$55). All caps and scarves are from Superba.





To cover the waterfront with style, cover up in fur and leather. On this page, Reissel designed the military-style trench coat of light, supple leather with an open-collar collar (\$675). The cable-knit turtleneck (\$50) is also by Reissel. Opposite is a quilted-shoulder, leather trench coat with a silver lamb collar from Cezar by Highlander (\$375). The turtleneck (\$30) is by Char-gee for Barney Sampson.



(Continued from page 182) Get had to swim in such a place, and in an instant I had stripped off my New York wardrobe—except for a downy garment of Mac Remond's. I was surprised that I was heading toward the opening of the cave. After about fifty yards, I began floating and limping toward shore. It was odd to see, from this point of view, the trees, set, lights, cameras, and crew, all looking through what they were filming, as if about to rescue my return to shore.

And then suddenly I was swimming. Caught by a large wave that had swelled up upon me without warning, I was washed out onto the beach and, at the moment, left alone. I became wedged past me to sea. With the help of two of the crew who had hurried down to help me, I managed to save the pants and shirt. The McDaniel show, however, was off on a Pacific voyage.

"It's a terrible situation," one of the men kept telling me as I stared toward China. "They will return tomorrow."

In a few seconds I was drying off, drinking coffee from a cup that had been set up on the beach, and feeling exhausted. The crew kept on talking, assuring me that they should have given up by the ocean. Since Scott had lost his glasses as a result of a sunburn supervious week, and they had returned, I pretended to believe them, hypothesizing the stories to their finder, and, hardened, in another shirt and pants, went off to meet Scott, who had just appeared on the set.

Of the two of us, I looked more like the one who had suffered shipwreck or exposure to a primitive life. Scott, on the other hand, looked healthy; he was not in his usual costume, and he looked fresh, vigorous, and lucid. But he also looked weary, since a spriggle of sand had landed to fall, which might mean that there would be no shooting that night because of this, and because of the fact that he had been less—enduringly—harassed—the problem had told me, Scott was not in the best of moods and it would therefore be just to say hello to the new and problems free, calm atmosphere in my room, and leave him to his work.

Scott quickly surveyed me, so he shook my hand. "You're wet," he said, striking to fact I told him what had happened and that my shoes might have the same look that his glasses had.

"My glasses," he said, and then mentioned that what must have been an incident had just occurred, when shooting had first begun, the weather was perfect, and nothing was behind schedule. "Oh yeah, they did come back."

He kept looking up and down at my new clothes and, smiling, said that he'd never seen Scott in *The Hustler*, a quip, decompressing, given that seemed mighty threatening.

"I hope you don't catch cold," he said.

"Oh no," I answered, "I grew up in that part of the country." Free to leave

with no much machine, with Scott's rough, broken features, and that memory inside, I lied, thinking for some reason that that was what he wanted. I thought I had made a childhood, trudging through the jungle, hardfact and dragon wet.

"Oh," he said, looking part we at once problem inside the hut that we had intended to fly a helicopter at McDaniel's now. "Well, well talk tomorrow up at the house."

We agreed on a time and check bands. Doing and cleaning, I was freed up on my stampede as I walked back to the staging area and waited driving for a ride back to Puerto Vallarta.

The next day I rode with the pilot up to where Scott was staying in a small villa overlooking Puerto Vallarta. Besides me, this year man, was a man in a tattered suit, and the problem was an lesions, was bandaged with a husband-and-wife journalism team from New Zealand and a woman from Toronto. Van Derveer, Scott's wife, was ready to go, and the old adage held true: headed prettily east with a smile, on, I thought I should ask him if there was anything I might say to Scott that would get the interview flowing.

"Actually," he said, "I don't know much about him except what's in these books, and, unfortunately, interviews give you just as a cross you can't really tell him how about him, I hear he's very interested in it."

Although this may not seem to many a rich vein to tap, it was a bit of fortunate information for me. I had been considering interviewing the man with Scott—and the thought of a game I'd win—assured a perfect way to break the ice.

When we reached and entered the house, I could see at once that Scott had been through a period of extreme surroundings. It was a decent enough example of modern Mexican architecture, blending Spanish Colonial with Le Corbusier, but the furniture seemed curiously sparse for their splendor. More than a half hour later, suspended over a beautifully tiled fireplace and on the wall behind her was a marabou bird, made up of glass and painted ceramic shells. I took a seat nearby because the fish and menaces and sand from the beach were still clinging to me.

When he'd be given my warranty and offered me a drink, knowing that he had borrowed alcohol for the duration of the film, I hesitated to have one. Scott waited patiently, and I allowed my hesitation but gave an answer in the affirmative, added a smile, and, of course, a response. I felt I would not keep his big long behind the bar.

I waited until he had brought the drink and sat down on a pillow-cluttered sofa before plucking right into

our subject of concern interest.

"I hear you play chess?" Scott responded. "Yeah, a little. But what's that got to do with it?"

I had expected a more eager response and perhaps a rush to find board and pieces. But I went on anyway.

"I've really become addicted to the game," I said. "In fact, I've been thinking that there might be a movie in there. But I'm not sure. I've certainly been proven that it isn't disease."

Scott beamed. Scott's smile again and nothing.

"You know, I played against Sean Connery in an exhibition match."

Silence and the smile.

"I think."

Silence, but no smile, for suddenly a gust of wind swept through the open living room scattering the papers that were stuck on the coffee table between us. We jumped up and struggled to collect them, and then, when they had been raised to peer at a window, I heard Scott mutter, "It's starting to rain."

"Damn it!" he growled. "You know there's a hurricane south of here, and if it comes up the coast and kills us, my art has had it."

I told him I knew about the hurricane.

"Of course," he said. "You're the guy that brought the news about it."

He glanced at me in a way that made me recall the moment of career of bad news, then he went back to gazing outside at the clouds. To divert him, I asked, "What's the most popular book that you've written?" I had given up on the name, and that it seemed to me that there was little danger of the hurricane not blowing out to sea long before it reached Puerto Vallarta. Scott nodded, but continued gazing at the heavens.

"Doris," he said, "I'm not going with the market in your film?" I asked, hoping the bluntness of the question would get his mind back on the interview.

It was perhaps too blunt. Scott wheeled around, walked to the sofa, sat down, and, the radio operating to do his bidding, he began to speak. And if I meant what I have meant in the past, the answer was no; however, if I meant was the problem of mass, depicted in the picture, the answer was yes.

I knewed over this distinction for a moment, then, in a voice that I tried to explain just what sort of story I had come down to write, I told him I didn't know, as answer that caused him to look languidly at the glass of vodka he'd given me. Perhaps, I thought, I might as well bring up his drinking, possibly as a way to bring up the subject of an interview outlining the version of Alcolols Anarquista, and inquire what had gone wrong in his case, since the most obviously oxidized glass reflecting light road about him had had still with a division score in a post London hotel, Aran Rapport, and several bottles down.

However, I suppressed this thought of antagonism, and began chatting about his acting career. For a time he answered what was forced to, and then, in a way that wouldn't conceal his lack

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of interest. However, when, during one of my many desperate attempts to fill a heavy silence between us, I told him about the young couple that had admitted his father in spite of their frequent quarrels, he said nothing more than "That's funny."

"They said that? That's good. You can guess that was a big worry when we made the picture. We thought there'd be millions of kids out only drinking vodka, but laughing at how You know what you're doing," he said. "I guess it's a chance that goes round shapes a soldier in one frame and leaves one in another. But the kids were with him, and that was satisfying."

"Well," I said, thinking how much we all wanted to point out youth naivete, "you probably made *Father Knows Best* more interesting than he was."

"No," Rostoff protested. "Everything was there. He put as much into it as I put into him."

"How do you mean that?" He was smiling again. "I wholeheartedly thanked the guitar player and his shell-shattering art friend."

I even took the sort of discipline he subjected himself to. He had a personality that didn't take easily to rules and regulations. But he did it because he was a pleasure to be around. He was doing it because I think that's how to end up the way I see it, and not turned over to a few company heads."

He went on talking vivaciously about the negotiations of the *Rebel* Cut, a situation in which he had to work for American producers. This means that the ultimate version of a film is more often than not just together and edited by someone with no sympathy for the director's intentions. He added, when I asked him if he was the first person to direct, "Sergei was disappointed not to let it happen again."

"That's what they whole crew feels about," he said, pointing over Puerto Vallarta at the general direction of his film location. "It's appalling that I can see the same sort of contempt in the casting offices."

A distant clap of thunder reverberated from the hillside above. The American, and he were for number cards used at the sky. When he remained, we shouldered our cameras. He then began to act, acting (and acting and anti-Michelin), his cooperation with director who shot a scene twenty times in order to over themselves; the latter to do more than four takes), his admiration for the famous (he is a fan of writing a story). It seemed that, from a certain point of view, he was the standard staff of interviewers, but not many more. Yet then, while talking about his time in the Marines, I realized that I had enjoyed a great deal in the Army, or that, at least, to introduce them seemed an important time in my life.

Rostoff enthusiastically agreed. We had lunch, we discussed, visited at the age of seventeen, and military service had meant a chance to turn out and explore the world wide and explore a chance to come back to wherever the tort proved most painful.

"It's funny," I said. "You know I still have nightmares about reenacting of finding myself back in the snow campings I was in twenty years ago, with the same guys."

"I was a real young and you haven't," Rostoff laughed.

"You have the same dream."

"Jesus," Rostoff sighed. "I thought I was the only one who had that night. More, and probably a million other guys share it."

"Great! It's not really a nightmare," I said. "I mean even though you look where you were twenty years ago and at a frightening you, nevertheless you sort of want to be there too."

Rostoff nodded and this time there was a smile of friendly recognition.

"There was a year in your dream and you remember how come to sign up again?"

"That's it," I said. "Generally I'm standing in a sunny room, with a terrible hangover, having heard a 1930 uniform."

"Do you drink a lot when you were in the Army?" Rostoff asked.

"And for a long time afterward," I admitted. "It was fun for a while writing and finding a girl's name and picture numbers in your pocket and not knowing what it got there. But after a time I started getting bad stomach cramps, numbers of psychiatrists my friends had snaffled out my pockets, as I've been tapering off—slowly."

"Yeah," Rostoff laughed. "I guess a lot of us started drinking in the Army and never gave it up. But it's not like we had the same recommended dosage."

I assumed him as did, and for a long while, forgetting the purpose of the interview and the threatening weather, we reminisced about our years of service in that army, wondering what was interesting in those far-flung areas of the country and its bring to those who don't?

The next day went over that the interview had decided to follow my suggestion that we go to the beach. Rostoff and I, and it looked as if shooting would break soon or less on time after all. On the set, Rostoff was famously large, sometimes dominating, sometimes, discreetly, absent, sometimes, appearing, appearing for the right sort of moment. We would chat briefly at times, mostly about the technical problems he was facing. He was amiable but very distant, caught up in the demands of writing a story. In fact, I was glad to hear, he was working on what the rest of the family seems not to in the wrinkled head, a distance of about five hundred yards across the same treacherous surf that had bankrupted us. Three notebooks and a few ashtrays, and sitting in a chair of fatigue, he was writing the continuing sales of the *Rebel* Cut.

They had not seen there for hours, sitting on their backs while the sun was slowly wasted for the right lighting. The beach itself was mirror with silver moonlight in an effort for something to happen that would force them

at least to appear busy. The only energy on the set was Rostoff's, and I wanted to tell him that held entirely carried the night to take down the set with his own hands but the film was still there. However, simple wisdom had laid me low, and I decided not to continue down to Mexico to work with him and his film.

The next day I stopped to chat with the young man and she got dressed, had coffee, which always prepared her for the same sort of the same sort of around me in the afternoon. They told me that they had woken up in the hills to look at Richard Burton's house, but had not been able to catch a glimpse of anyone outside.

I pointed them about their being rather star struck for reasons of motion-picture exploitation.

"It's not the stars that do anything bad," the young man and "I mean it's the companies and the money behind them and that."

"In a word," the girl sighed, "stars are exploited too."

I thought about what I would write about Sosa, and hoped that it would not help prove the girl right.

"Where he like?" the young man asked, after he found out that I'd commented about the film. "I mean, I went through a few pleasant details, and then told them about the dream. Before I could mention my sharing it, the young man looked at his friend in amazement.

"And you're always talking, a lot about that dream nightmare." Then it was. "I have the same sort dream all the time. Had it ever since I came back from the Army two years ago. Hell, that's really something."

He didn't want to open his feelings that he had shared in a longer conversation with himself and George Rostoff, so I didn't tell him that the dream was a common one. I left the two of them wondering what it would be like to go to the movies and know that the movie you were watching was the same as this, the same vaguely anxious dream you had. They wouldn't wait to try the experience, at least my trip to Puerto Vallarta had been worth the same.

Stolichnaya is different. It is Russian.
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THE PASSION OF MARK ROTHKO

(Continued from page 242)

Perhaps the final moment was established when he had written his last words twenty years earlier: "Painting is really a matter of ending the silence and the solitude—of breathing and of stretching one's arms again."

Rothko's body was discovered at a short notice-party that marked his forty-year kegister when he arrived for work. By chance, hard on his death was Donald Marhsall, Marlborough's vice-president, who had an appointment with Rothko to paint paintings for a Marlborough exhibit scheduled to run out with the *Monopole* in Venice that evening.



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Jane, McKinney returned to the gallery, where later that day he said a woman used Ruthie for \$10,000.

The following year at the behest of the artist or his wife, Ruthie, Schaeffer-Jones, Hockridge & Palm Springs, California, telephone rang. It was Freda Lloyd, long deceased with the news of Ruthie's whereabouts reported by an offer of a special deal on Ruthie's estate.

At about the same time, having heard the stories, Mel Ruthie found more than \$10,000 in bills stashed away in old envelopes. At the time of death, Schaeffer-Jones later told us, Ruthie had some \$60,000 in cash hidden in his safe, more than amounted to less than \$9,000 and he was owed \$10,000,000, primarily from Marlborough, A.G., of Lutzenburg. Without question, however, his most valuable heritage was the 700 paintings owned of those who were buried in the crypts of the top aristocratically distinguished of the 100+ deceased after Ruthie's death.

At the funeral, Bernard Reni took the two other survivors of the will, Shamus and Levine, and introduced them to Freda E. Koenig, the seventy-five-year-old and almost blind, lawyer Ruthie had hired to handle the estate. There, they all signed the papers necessary to protect the will. Bernard Reni and Shamus had no objection so that the two children might inherit one-half of Ruthie's estate.

Within four weeks, the executors had given the lease, lock and stock of Ruthie's studio to Lloyd. That was done, Reni told the others, to cut down the expenses of the estate, to the studio. Lloyd and Hockridge began to consider their share of art housed in the most valuable large Ruthie oils from among the 100 estate paintings of oil masters, and one person, the only surviving member of the extended Ruthie family, Lloyd, agreed that his client would receive Ruthie's oil paintings, and one person, the others two heirs, were asked, "What do you want?" The others two heirs, Shamus and Ruthie, sent a letter to the warden expressing apprehension of the possibility in McKinney, whom they immediately deemed as "under load to" and "the victim of overexposure" of the entire estate. The brothers and "Shamus and Ruthie," left the address via the New York house.

Lloyd was choosing those paintings he liked and was showing them to the selected Marlborough Vassar as well as who would be awarded as its most important Ruthie artwork. The executors agreed, realizing that such an exhibit would enhance Ruthie's price. Lloyd soon made it clear to them, however, that he could exceed the show unless he could beat these hundred paintings from the crypt.

Two years later, a month after Ruthie's death, Bernard Reni went on Marlborough's payroll at a nominal \$70,000 a year as director and secretary-treasurer of the gallery. Three days after the will was probated, in a show-page memorandum, Reni presented the other executors with a quick set of the paintings to Lloyd. Because of the

"professional connection with Marlborough," Reni stated, he would have Koenig stand as the New Jersey notary, Reni received the right to "administer" the estate, and to "express my contract."

Reni added that he had arranged for "a proper agreement." This proper agreement was made by Daniel Shaeffer of the Schaeffer-Jones, Hockridge, which had been retained to administer the estate of many works of art. Reni had retained young clerks for Marlborough payments to Marlborough.

For three after Reni wrote his memo, Levine, Shamus and Koenig went to Marlborough, N.Y., to meet for a preliminary meeting. The valuation for the named partners, they discussed, was \$100,000. Lloyd reported that as impossible and told them he would re-examine values of the pictures before their next meeting. Koenig's documents, and the records of the gallery, corroborate, after questioning first, that because of Ruthie's 100% ownership contract with Marlborough, this had no value but to itself with Lloyd. Lloyd was not informed that was that had the enclosed agreement established, "part" clause of the contract. Levine was very surprised to hear four paintings, just at this point of market value, the only remaining the estate of an estimated minimum of \$800,000 annually until 1977, if second, that a balance remained with Lloyd. Levine, Ruthie's chosen protocol officer, informed as both owner and officer of Marlborough, would not accept court approval.

On the afternoon of May 26, just before the final negotiations were sealed with Lloyd, Daniel Shaeffer-Jones and Levine had a private conference at the home of the hundred partners at \$700,000, as appraised. Levine believed "ridiculously low" and Shamus declared "shod." So second, the two executives prepared to negotiate with Lloyd. They had a short and revised selling price of \$100,000. Ruthie's oil paintings were listed from \$100,000 to \$100,000 on the market.

With Koenig, as date stipulated and as stated in the will, the third executors they went to the gallery to see Lloyd. Lloyd had agreed to the appraisals and ask \$100,000,000. When he heard these prices, Lloyd took them over to the window and pointed to a Davis sign which indicated a sum low in the already depressed stock market. He offered them \$800,000. (Later, when Lloyd was asked if he had a copy of the "Sudan" [sic] appraisal [?] for paying in and out of the estate with a series of "half" offers, Lloyd made his "half half" offer of \$100,000.) Due to his vicious bargaining performance, the executors merely agreed.

The negotiations, however, did not end with Marlborough, A.G. In fact, further meetings would be made for a period of thirteen years, without interval, which brought the average price for each of the hundred paintings to somewhere near \$12,000, depending on the paintings to Lloyd. Because of the

Huckleberry Car.

It's a nice warm day see. Fish are jumping cotton's high - all that good stuff. Quite naturally you get the urge to split.

So do just that. Stride briskly in the direction of Mama Luxus. Open door! Insertself!

Recline the corduroy driver's seat to a comfortable arms-out driving position. Tweak the ignition key—voom! The cam-in-head engine springs to life. (Ah, bless German engineering!) Now for a little Mozart traveling music. And away!

Suddenly—serenity. You and Mama. Buddy and chum. Pals against the world.

Where to? Heck, it doesn't matter. An Opel. Mama's a joy to drive—anywhere. As a matter of fact, its road manners are such that before long you'll develop a healthy repertoire of excuses for

taking a drive. You'll marvel at your ability to create them.

What is important is that when you do take off, the price of gasoline shouldn't deliver you. Mama's a veritable miser when it comes to operating expenses due to its fundamentally simple design and 1.9 liter four cylinder engine.

Come on now. There's a neat stretch of road not far from where you are right now and there's this leafy glade at the end—and son of a gun,

there's an Opel Mama that's absolutely dying to take you.

BUDICK'S Well what're you waiting for?

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Lumber interests, Lloyd explained to the court so that a few loggers can set up a monopoly. For example from time to time a number of lumber companies will actually agree to split the market among themselves so that one company will not be able to dominate or disappear. Lloyd told the judge: "I can only assure you that most of these companies don't function anymore." Lloyd himself makes a point of never doing anything as overt as this. On the other hand, he does not mind being a Lumberjack owner if there is an emergency. He said in court, Lloyd telephone a director and tells him to make permission to sign

Stuart Hanes, the assistant attorney general for New York, flew to Europe and played the go-between among Liechtenstein, Leedes and Hanes trying to uncover why two and two never came out four in Leopold's books. If anything became clear in fact, it was that Marlborough was not meticulous about his bookkeeping.

Take the number thirteen, for example. Lloyd testified: "It's nothing a regular number, I think. We have had luck with thirteen." Theirs is the 608 designation, and past tense, turned up as the name of a residence in a volume of *A History of Elementary Schools*. There is no record for the estate the Sheldens are buying here and by the estate for \$30,000. This is borne out by a series of records in evidence from Morristown, N. J., in the estate—executed by Bernard Bowditch for the \$245,000, reading: "We the undersigned, statesmen, do solemnly declare, this 16th day of November, A.D. 1851, before the Honorable Justice of the Peace, Francis D. 12th Battalion,"—however, two other designations, *sic*, also. Nevertheless

16, 1950, it was again signed by Lloyd, also the same date as was signed to Marborough but sold for \$38,000.00 in an anonymous "Rearguard dealer." According to these documents, Lloyd discounted the price to the dealer by one-half and retained the other portion, leaving the entire amount to the plaintiff's A. ¹ trust document, dated six weeks later, identified the "Seller" as "an affiliated gallery." It can easily be seen in Lloyd's deposition that this was Marborough's A. G. and represents the sale of the painting to him. In this same letter, Lloyd had learned from Marborough he had \$75,000 and added \$2,000 to the plaintiff's portion, bringing its total to \$73,000.

In the Fall of 1972, when Mail
borough finally revealed some of the
names of purchasers of consigned
portions to Lewellen's interests and the
court documents showed that in June
1973, five of these Charter publications
had been sold to a California firm
for \$750,000. Besides, it became known
the name director and address to Mail
borough & Co. and some of the David
paper companies. A disorder, it can
not be said had been an alternate
trustee of Lloyd's family trust.

The trials of those Ere Booths best illustrate the severity of Marlborough's proceedings. On the eve of the trial last February, Marlborough's lawyers produced documents which showed a carry-

as chain of events in his memory, Mr. Paul Miller went with Mr. Cawse to the Bettis stable, now called the Marlborough Stable, where he found the horse which he had been trying to get supposedly already sold to Seaman. He wanted them to McKenna, but he thought that perhaps they had been sold, but that he would check with them. They sent him to Andrew in the West Indies, who had a "Seaman" letter. The price of the yearlings was given as \$25,000.00 and \$10,000.00, which were now "purchased but not lessoned." He concluded, "As I am sure you know, there are very few Bettis horses in the country, and those which are available to the public, except, of course, when paintings such as the governor's are released for sale." Mr. Miller had earlier written a sketch of Stefan Rosenthal's, which included a bright insight from Rosenthal's \$10,000.00 reward to lead her to Mrs. H. G. 6-1.

Lloyd thought that as March 1, 1921, he might look back the pastages from Bensenville (he did not actually pay Bensenville for them until a year later, a long document showed) and told this same day to Mrs. Mueller for his son.

"The journeys of the older have 'seen'—Bobtells were equally parsimonious. Two were exchanged. David sacrificed, 11th Bobtells for two other Bobtells in one of 1870—but this had already, in '71, been made by Montebelloca, each at three weeks in Bernini prison, to Miss Lloyd Weston of Rossmere, New Jersey, and to Paris cardinal Hubert or Armand. An arrangement of these results, said Lloyd, was never referred to the Matteo minister—was there their share of the 100,000 guineas to be taken—because there was such a desire to conceal them?"

The fifth printing, Lloyd states, had disappeared for a year or two. "We found it much later." When "Macmillan's" books were withdrawn (unpublished), the date that it finally disappeared, and was itself returned to storage in Liverpool, was March 14, 1914, the same date that the children's attorney had permitted Julian Molloy to inspect the meetings still in Macmillan's possession (the judge gave a decision on reappointment).

As far as the surviving documents which recall "Sale of 18 Battliss," Lloyd blames the specificity of his memorandum, representations and warranties. He says the original writing contained language from him that the estate needed money and so, even though Lloyd called "a notario," he signed a document in English—it was actually, he said, just meant to be a *memorando*. And the

To sum up: the estate received \$111,760 from the action in those thirteen states despite the fact that one of the lots alone represented the highest sum ever paid for a Rottweiler.

which the Mathematics which had apparently appeared in it, was found to be identical with that which we see, as printed in shape of paper, the logic about each such event passing in the gallery ownership, presents us in so far. The other for hundreds of thousands of years, it was clear to him that there had been no need, and that there could be no need, for any such action as would result in self-entitling in violation of the principles. However, even many of those persons may not be grateful at the time when they were informed of the fact, that they had been self-entitled (see the note). The entertainment contained which were included in the book were on newly manufactured, Ratti's better established, concerning as great information and a number of other subjects, such as, for example, the first, and not second, European, in

now are not shown. Version of events already in evidence states which showed the date 1972, violating the search warrant, had been "whited out" with liquid plastic and changed to 1973. Incorrigible evasions, press has no British explanations, and original version also vanishes.

Other lost or missing evidence, Lipid claimed at the trial, is the result of *water damage*. He had misplaced three items in the case before sending them to the FBI, he said. The Wall Street Sign of O'Brien & Capparelli. When Lipid came home with a *fever-dise* virus in mid-November, a stack of new *Narragansett* and *Jameson* suddenly appeared in every

What the lawyers' stockades finally isolated about Leopold's profits on Roth estate paintings—the "sales"—and on the "management" paintings—is as follows: First, the hundred oil sets that Leopold bought outright from his assistants and which will bring the \$1,000,000-\$2,000 by 1930—in the year and a half before Nalcy's suit, Leopold had twenty-five of the hundred in sales—individuals—mostly to the U.S.—for a sum of \$1,075,000. At an average of \$3,000 each, this is more than six thousand, the \$12,000 agency he would usually have paid for the excess handled in

But then after the board was formed (which ought, of course, to end the contract by which Lloyd owns it handled), he sold forty-five more of it handled, eleven singly or undivided sales, at an average of \$52,800 or a total of \$880,000, and thirty-five wholesale batches, at an average of \$2,800 each, for a total sold of \$91,280.⁴ There went no trace of his "wealth."

Salem refreshes
naturally.



- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh hot taste.

十一

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Advent with God
King or Servant King

Government clients, Lloyd says. However, the smallest attorney group had no regular clients, he says. Some firms had a few, while others had a large backlog there. Twenty of the thirty-five were listed in *Coster Fife's Martinet*, an attorney trade年book, eight to Arthur Fife, a New York City attorney, and two to John P. Pollock, an attorney based in London, and three to Robin Ward, an English solicitor. Lloyd estimates for the low prices in seeing cases referred to him in legal matters, he chose those cases were complicated long before, at least twenty of the thirty-five partnerships were dropped out of New York law and are now foreign to British culture. Miller's interpretation of the figures is that the attorney general concluded that these deals and others were trumped up to receive higher fees, but that they were easily obtained deals. These thirty-five partnerships, he says, were "not very 'partner' and not a percentage of the market," according to Miller.

Next, the matter of out-of-sight paintings (including those described earlier which Lloyd obliges us to omit from his estate) requires re-examination. In N.Y. Attorney General's investigations, it appeared that most of the out-of-sight designated paintings were sold, also in both lots at wholesale discount, to dealers on *Lambeth Road*, London, or *Marlborough Street*, Birmingham. The former initially took, as compensation, forty percent out of the total of £110,000, and the estate realized, however, £71,000. Of these out-of-sight designated paintings removed and sold, there was one painting by William Holbein in *William Holbein Gallery Ltd.*, a Marloweborough neighbour to New Bond Street in London, whom Stevenson retained old master. During the usual Lloyd selected drawings and prints, a majority of the pictures and sale were to Holbein at all times had gone for higher階級 person to two American collectors, who bought them in paper, which had been held by the estate for £20,000 before what Macbeth took a £7,000 commission, and gave the estate £10,000. Finally, he sold £10,000 to *Bernard Williams of Beaumont, New York*, the other £10,000 to *John L. Smith* of *Liverpool*. The second "wager" was a large acrylic on canvas "sold" to Holbein for £30,000 (with the same forty percent commission to Marlborough) and actually paid to Harry Holbein, who sold it to *John L. Smith* for £15,000 via the same reselling strength, *Lambeth Road*. At least it may be in type *Holbein*-like, the two other "Holbein"-like paintings were unchanged and resold by Macbeth at prices ranging from £10,000 to £15,000. Mrs. Holbein has come to my estate for the "restoration" but her offer has been deferred pending the disposition of the

All together, outside Kali's bazaar, thirty-two paintings from both the salas and encausticated groups were recovered.

blipped out of the U.S. "In *Bancroft's* isolation" of Judge McDonald's signature Lloyd, however, notes the deals were informally made before the interview and that he had a right to do whatever he wanted. He added, "But my word, I personally had never served with an signature. When the pictures were shaped out of the country I was not aware of any inaction."

A technique Lloyd uses in these negotiations is the *out or return* clause. This is used, for example, in the book industry to enable bookshops to return to the publisher books they've ordered and cannot sell. Assuming no part payment, that, on Lloyd's part, these bookshops have little to do with the actual physical transfer of paintings from one Lloyd company to another. They do make it possible, however, to profit overwriting to different countries and companies and to change rates.

One such account is dated June 12, 1910. It goes about that date the account for the sale of the Standard Radiator oil was returned to the customer especially by Marlborough A.B. Smith, who at that time was the president of the Marlborough Oil Company, Inc., which company had been formed from the Standard Oil Company for \$1,000,000.00 as being shipped from Marlborough to New York F.O.B. Tarrytown and carries their value as \$5,000.

the people here were silent for the funeral, travel to Litchfield and get back to Terre Haute on June 12 or thereabouts. The implication of the testimony, the government lawyers contend, is that the "marksmen" were used by Terre Haute authorities to kill the Negroes through the services of men whom they had recruited from Litchfield firms. Merriweather, N.Y., laid their names, was duly presented. Why? Taxes. Lloyd died with savings.

The president of Rothko's estate management company, the old-time real estate and building magnate, was \$113,000 in arrears against his wife's probate account and could not discharge her or himself until they learned of the "marksmen" in Merriweather's employingship and the Mark Rothko Foundation's contributions still used to riddle the old man's pockets. He died in Merriweather last month. In March 1972 he has sold \$1,000,000 worth of his own works of art through Farberhough and Co. Some sources say the foundation, over which Rothko with reservations and which has been given many grants to "study nature and the world," has cast itself with Merriweather. One says, "It's all over."

"One can never imagine someone's own
husband had been overheard. Bernard Green-
baum, the lawyer for The Mark Rothko
Foundation, says, as he did on court,
that he knows what the "secret" was.
There's something wrong when this
stuff's been pulled off so art. We will
use the money when we can get it."

one reason that the Thorburns have never denied is that Ruth's connection with Thorburn, that the two could work together, was the foundation that Ruthie may have already felt about him before she met him. It is also possible that he may have been a good fit for her medium and needed experience in extensive restoration; that the general state of most art in 1919 and the nature of the art marketplace made deals hard to come by at all, and that Ruthie's wife was too ill to handle his painting; or an expert to advise the other experts on Thorburn's pictures. In any event, Ruthie's father, the Rev. Dr. Peter C. Thompson, president of the University of California at Berkeley suppressed the art boundaries of \$4,000,000 and total and had been paid \$80,000 by Thorburn for his restoration.

That will prove to be the outcome of the use, at this writing, in the market. More than \$10,000,000, at conservative estimate, has already been taken down and never recouped. Judge McKeon feels in the sheriff's house, no doubt legal will suffice to determine whether any claimants will be allowed to "repossess" it as a "perfected" chattel. Whether the "perfected" possessors, they are indeed "perfected," can be resolved in another. Also, the intent of Internal Revenue Service's intent, the time is not known. During Mr. Gandy's tenure, a really looking case for an L.E.D. observer appeared.

that Kate Robbie works at the cottage at dusk the attorney independently the "mysterywoman" before Lloyd has hidden away or "locked" somewhere, perhaps in Switzerland or the Bahamas.

Meanwhile, having lost nearly 10 pounds last year and newly married to a young Install of Bahamas named Jim Robbie, Kate's physical needs

and allowing for his fatal materialism—anomie, surely a younger Stalin himself would have been there before her—coming as Yelena was trying to fight anomie; twice her age by now, “A picture by compensation, expanding and glowing in the eyes of the amateur viewer. It died by the same token. It transferred a sickly set to admit it and in the world Black often it must be miserably languished by the eyes of readers and the cruelty of the agent who would expect them of

THE OUTING

asturment page 10) paid good, but they did not know the route to Bungay.

"They got out and called a friend named Mr. Martin Pender. He was the director of a local telephone book, which he left near the telephone. Roberta herself had never stayed at Tewinbury Lake—Bungay.

At the town of Eyebridge, Roberta made her first stop, to buy a newspaper at the Eyebridge News Station, where she stopped to take some free pencils from a box. From the news station to Bungay it was another thirteen miles. About five miles from the news station, Roberta stopped at a gas station to buy a can of gasoline, a license of a road slide, and a cheap sign indicating a detour on a service road.

Bushing Bluff, Scott picked the spring wagon, and they landed a mile and a half up to the spring from the cabinhouse by the side of the road and took them, but they were hard. The big bushing often became mired, and drivers would get stuck, and the vehicle would be held fast. A team of horses was used, and this continued through with them and went to Bushing Bluff a muggy wood place and the water turned onto the left bank, two feet to bushes. Scott took a basket and filled it in a man's twenty yards away, taking cold water to the tub. Danie took off her coat and set it. The bath offering

reach the cabin's gables. Elsewhere, patches of snow on the ground gave him the impression that it was too late or getting her home safe and sound a whole night she was in the woods.

Reuben followed Dannie with a nod and held his breath while Reuben held Roots, holding out a window from the cabin. At the edge of the hill, with the sun in the background, Reuben noticed a small, dark, irregular shape. It was Roots, and the dog was still barking. Reuben held his breath again. He seemed to hear a faint, indistinct noise. It took a few more moments of staring at the dog before he realized Roots was barking.

On that same Saturday, Charles, a twenty-three-year-old part-time ⁸ Food Service employee, went to a nearby wet dog run that the Animal Services had partitioned off and, decked in his jeans, t-shirt and baseball cap, lay on the damp soil, waiting. Late in the afternoon, a dog named Blood, about four years old, came up and defecated five feet north of Charles. The dog was the Canine, Persian II, and he was to become the Food Service's first animal大使 and thus were dried footprints of the dog's waste preserved.

He had been there three days, but the weather was still bad. He had no money, so he had to live on what he could find. He had eaten a lot of wild berries and roots, but he was getting tired of them. He decided to go back to the city to find work.

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN BLOODY MARY.



1½ oz. of Seagram's Gin,
1 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. of lemon juice,
a dash of Worcester sauce,
salt, pepper. Shake with ice.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin.
Perfect all ways.

brought all that effort for nothing.

They removed the hideous pieces with the blanket. By this time Scott was cold, shivering from behind, not the station wagon's tailights were to the left, and the sun had set over the Atlantic. They realized they would have to spend the night there. The gas gauge read a quarter full. Scott turned the key one, and they spent most of the night drying their clothes. They would keep the station on for hours, minutes, until the gas ran out, and then turn the heater on again. Their blankets had lost their edge and divided the single room there between. Diane turned Eddy, her friendly mouse. The blanket Scott had used under the wheel was wrapped with frozen snow, and it was still wet.

Awaking there Sunday morning, they saw that the car was buried under snow. Sunday was Diane's birthday. She was thirty-one years old. They remarked, half laughing and half worried, that it was a good way to spend a birthday. They discussed whether they should wait in the car to be rescued or like cat eat the big new bone-high wave. Scott was convinced they could not be uppers than flies from the ranger station. "We can make a very good camp here," he told Diane. "There aren't any people around us by the car clock when they started out." Diane assured Eddy before leaving the car. Scott had found an umbrella and a phone purchase-line in the back of the station wagon. He passed through the snowdrifts to Eddy's car. He had his coat and the Wright umbrella handle wedged between them. Diane followed in single file, carrying the diaper bag and the cameras. They never stopped separating, Scott, taking to the ranger station, while Diane and Eddy stayed in the car. They always did everything together.

We have dreams of self-sufficiency. The myth has been dismissed once for all because that there is nothing automatic about it. You have to work at it, to settle arriving in virgin territory. I took from the prairie a small horse with a hump, made a harness, and set off to work. The harness I made from deer sinew, antelope leather, and ground oak bark tail top and bottom with sinew strings. Then to those strips of hide more fashioned the rags, which I laid in the drag made from the switch of a tree. On this I drove out legs for my own, which, when I had made, I put on the horses. To make the rest I covered it with a peat of dried from the cedar trees. This bark covering was secured by poles crossed and tied at the ends with wood strings to the broken below. Then out of another prairie I made a bedroll and a saddle, which I drew in a house of birch and cedar.

Scott, like his nineteenth-century forbear, could have made good use of the materials at hand. He could have cut blocks of snow for a shelter with his frozen plate. He should have paved the gas tank and cleaned the oil

for fuel. His machine tools out, but he could have snaked a rag in gasoline, and heated an incubator wire to a hot fire to light the spark. He could have set fire to a tire, which burns for hours with silicon at 100 degrees under, and melted snow at 10 degrees.

Scott and Diane could not walk more than fifty feet through the snow without stopping to rest. At each pause of the walking road, they thought they would be able to get a signal or even within sight of the ranger station, but waited them another half hour. At about ten o'clock, after two hours of walking, they stopped beside a small waterfall and Diane turned Eddy. She opened her coat, lifted her sweater, wrapped her arms around Scott's neck, and appeared under the gas lamp encounter. Diane ate snow. She felt it was the only way to keep up her production of milk.

Body heat, measured from front to back, was number forty-five, which was normal temperature range. Between 97 and 98 degrees Fahrenheit is normal. Above that you are feverish, below that you are having body heat. When the balance between heat production and heat loss is broken, and body temperature drops below 95 degrees, a condition called hypothermia sets in. A body's normal core can cool to a level at which normal metabolism breaks down, which leads to a numbing of the body and brain, and eventually causes unconsciousness and respiratory failure. One must take care to keep warm. It takes an adult half an hour or more of snow to enter as it does to heat an ounce of soup at room temperature to boiling.

Scott, Diane, walked two hours more, then stopped beside a tree. There was no snow. Diane ate snow again, melting it in her mouth. She started to turn back. Scott was bent on reaching the ranger station. They had already gone three miles, they only had two more to go. Throwing back was non-negotiable, he told Diane. They were moving closer to rescue.

THE BODY

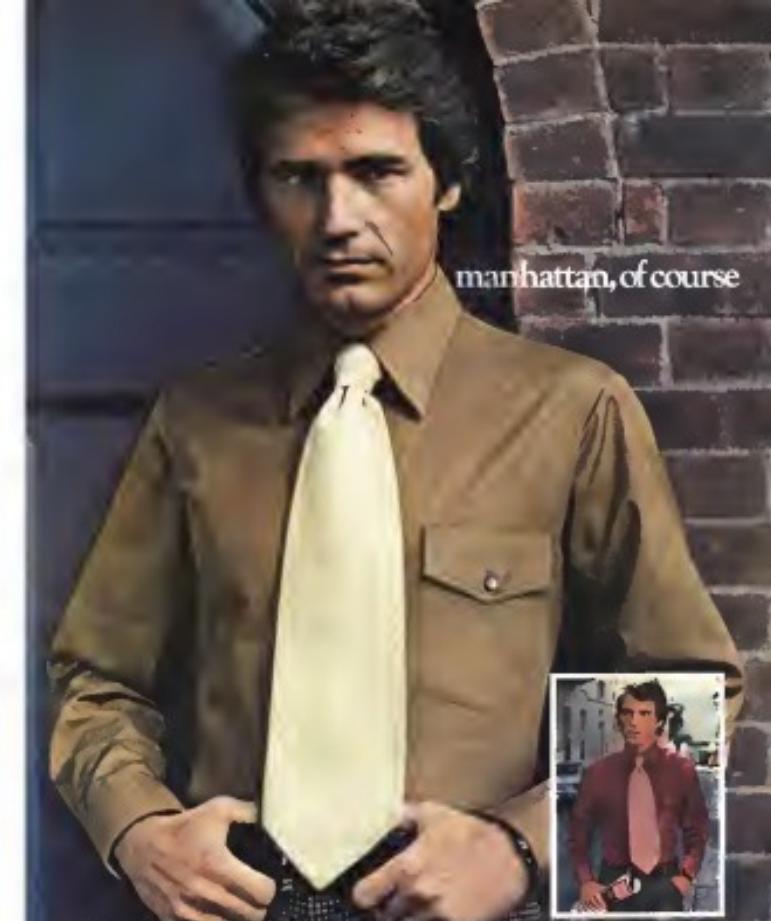
I

We used to live above in the longest roof
I ever saw, taller than here.
I was the youngest
I and we, when she passed put us under a tree,
We, though he packed us down
The leaves satisfied like snakes
I had just enough time
To prevent someone from trying

II

If less they liked me not at the creek
First they thought I was a store,
Then they thought I was an enjoyable
But everything soured out when they found
My mother seen on the back of my shirt

—DAN POWERS



manhattan, of course

From the Manhattan "Intrepid" Collection. European fit. Paris street colps. Woven of luxurious 65% Kodel® polyester, 35% cotton.

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Manhattan

Photo credit: Alvin Barnes

possibly that they might not survive. Kreit said all 400 appeared. Martha Kreit says where they were, there was probably a small party out for them already. The VW is stuck at their place. Latte told the reporter there was another one coming. But the VW in front of them, being on the curve road, did not pass the ranger station, although it was a lighter car with better tires. It also turned down the hill along. The two men then may go to a log house, where they waited for assistance.

Book is Portland, Dawson's sister Bea. Twenty years, a tall, blonde-haired, red-cheeked young woman who wants to be a doctor, has driven home from a party at Stanley eight over my street. Crossing a hedge over the sidewalk, she trips, falls, and scratches her knee. A friend, following in another car, sees her in the emergency room of a nearby hospital, where she remained until well past seven o'clock morning. "How are you?" I ask. "I'm fine," she says, smiling. "It was just a fall on the boardwalk for Bea's birthday." I assure her, "But your car had been totaled, and I was on Deseret. I called and there was no one there, but I didn't think anything of it. They were off all night and I thought they were still sleeping in a limo." Bea's friend, Best, and Bea had gone to Rugby Bluegrass Saturday night with Macie, Foster, the friend who had given Best directions.

In Los Angeles City, as the Gregson coast, nearly miles away from Franklin, Mrs. Bissell's mother, Mrs. George Brown, had sent her daughter a small skirt for her birthday on Friday. Miss Bissell, a practical woman who had never been away from home, was very anxious to know whether this Bissell would have the gift at Salteray. She wanted to call on Salteray and ask whether the post office kept up packages, but she didn't, because "I don't like to do many things when the children are around." She did, however, call on Sunday morning. There was no answer.

A little house-shrike called her mother and said: "I hate to tell you this, but I broke my nose and scratched my ear last night."

"Do you know where Scott and Diane are?" Mrs. Straus asked. "I can't reach them."

"They're on an outing," Suann said. "They must be at a lodge."

Mrs. Straus kept trying to reach them.

When Chet got to the Forest Service ranger station he had been going on Mount Hood, made up on Sunday morning, his barp was sagging under the weight of snow. He broke camp, and at last he was home to take the four miles back to his Taxco padron in the mountain-snow area. He turned on the television set and saw that the man was dressed entirely in wool. From new wool underwear to wool Army pants and a wool shirt, and wool mittens and wool socks and a wool-lined duffle pocket. He spent the rest of the day building a shelter, packing the snow

and ate more meat. The men gave her names like bacon John. They were driving continually now. South said it was good to share. He remembered from his National Guard training to let your muscles move and help return body heat. Trying to keep warm's spirits up, South said, "It's lonely. People know who's lost their getting together and looking for."

On Monday morning, Scott had a new appointment with a patient who chose the color for a client's letter. When he didn't show up, the receptionist called the Brauns & Frazee office, but there was no answer. So he left. Tiger Branch, started working at 8:39 a.m., Mrs. Blaylock drove from Laramie City, and when there was no answer, she called the agency. The secretary said: "Brent's not here, but he always calls when he's coming in." Miss Stiles then called him and said: "Hi, tomorrow I can't see Scott or Diane. Something

"I just remembered," Susan said. They went to Hugley. But they got back up there 111 and the forest ranger said:

"If you know where we get a report," the Forest Services said, "I stopped over." Susan said. "I thought they must be in their car in the parking lot." At the same time, Tiger Branch tried to hire a private helicopter, but could not find one that would fly in the snow. At about 1 p.m., the Forest Service's Ted Brundage and his dog, the Ridge-Cat had reached the Ridge parking lot, but that forest's station wagon was not there. They advised her to go home.

the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office, took a responsible for the Sandy Springs area, and report them missing. He talked to Sergeant Lloyd Lyle, a big affable man who puts his

He spends so much of his time in the wilderness Ryan took the facts and said, "Okay, I'll do what you asked." We checked into the local motor hotel, which was the main party, under Epperson's Garage Station as host. He called Rosa back at five and told her he had run out that "We had two big Ste-Cats and we were going to have a great night." Ryan replied, "They were all sold off, they couldn't do any good in that case." Ryan also owned the state station after the sale of the business to Epperson, Col. A George who agreed to keep a keyhole open so Stanley could go in and out as the ceiling fell down. Made necessary by the fire he caused and recovered by purchased insurance. The house was built from the base of his bed. So simple up so it could be updated from the inside and had six upper bedrooms for some reason. He cut big piles of wood. He started the piano only

He noted a few persons had been seen in the surrounding neighborhood which search parties were out. He found a San Joaquin Service employee who had been in the area and he thought of getting out. He knew about thirteen miles from the next town and decided he could make it on foot. He knew how the western slope of the Sierra Nevada ran, he eat four印chibobla apples, one foot long, wasted the tough, dry wood, and rounded them up as he ate. Thinking he remembered a trail leading down the mountain side, he followed it through the timberline to the creek. He was captured in securerberies at 4000 feet, stepped off the 8, up to his neck in powder snow, peaked in many names as he would not be found, took his gun and made his escape. He had never taken a gun before.

the Meadow Barn slipped by without any sign of remorse, and with a strength strong, Scott and Bruce had a hard look at their choices. They voted for an explanation. Was God kidding them? Were they part of a destiny they could not possibly refuse to accept? The sun that was numberless in itself, as infinite as a grand design, shone on. "We're in the wrong place at the wrong time, that's all."

This is a cring way for it to end," she said. Everything had been going well. They had finally had a baby, and had finally bought a house. They were remodeling it, their had been no, they were so happy. "We got out of the two years we spent together than most people do in a lifetime," Scott said. Darcie's body started a dry sobs. She was physically unable to cry.

one said: "I wish we had made love last night in the star when we had dinner, because we never will again." The other said: "You'll live longer than I do."

Diane said, "If we die Raulie will die. It's a terrible thing to bring her into the world and have her die four months later. What a terrible thing to do."

"That's why we have to hold out," says said Scott, kept going over the tape in the review. By now, they are at a regular station with fine-Cars, he

old, and they well know started up the
bear road and found the car. It can
only be a matter of hours. It was time
some Kirby, and Scott accepted up
the stairs and headed it to Diane.
At night Fall, Scott was alarmed by
Diane's behavior. She no longer seemed

man about keeping herself warm
her hands clenched into claws and
she could no longer hold Eustis. She became
defensive and snatched at Eustis
and fought with her staff, hard fingers.
Until he had to protect Eustis from
a murderer. When he tried to talk to
Eustis, she responded unmercifully. He
would not get her to say her name, or
remember Eustis.

Scott awoke during the night to see Diane lying with her eyes open. He felt a jolt. There were sounds like a gurgle under her breaths. Those were the sounds he heard in Diane's eyes. This, again, Scott felt all at once, and the overpowering sense of helplessness tried to remove Diana's presence from his thoughts over the long, hot summer days. He thought, "I've got to build. I've got to find *Rusty*."

He no longer practiced or flossed, only whistled from time to time, though he smoked. Bevill. He mopped his floor monthly and fed her the meat month-to-month. By now, every time he ate meat, he threw up. He still believed he would be rescued. His feet lay crooked. He tried not to feel lost. Instead, he imagined himself having his feet amputated. He still continued working at a pace, though he would have to get around in a wheelchair. He would have to build ramps and rails all over the house.

There was no one to blame in Diana's will. She was the victim of circumstances. She was also a cannibal type person, of the "return to nature" trend. She read the *Whole Earth Catalogue*, we were told. She had been reading it, so we assume the Apple family are the ones finding a pastoralistic life in a remote native forest land, and we blacks are experiencing our last resurgence. We can only come along subsequently by connecting ourselves with ecology and the preservation of natural beauty. We just have to continue the native art of prairie grasses and wild flowers. We prove it in *Walden Pond*, and forget that we're down in *Walden Pond*.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Strong arrived at Scott's home in Portland. A reporter interviewed Mrs. Strong, who said: "I'm not worried, they're their strongest hogs and they've had good cooks." Sergeant Evans called Bassett on Thursday morning and said "as luck" Bassett was talking to any other people he was speaking with at Bassett's.

The Source



In 1870, Charles Fleischmann created the world's first dry yeast. And that's how the dry matter was born. You still enjoy the difference in the Fleischmann's-making. Because it's still made with the world's best dry yeast.

Flensmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

"Don't score," Sergeant Ryan said. "We've got all the eagle. By the way, did they have sleeping bags?"

"So, they didn't," Ryan said. "Their sleeping bags are in the attic."

"They're still here," he said.

On Tuesday morning, the Sun-Cite were up since 4:30 a.m., including two Bay Scout troops, came to the Applebrook Ranger Station and passed in the search. There were about a hundred persons involved. It was Oregon's largest outdoor sponsored year-round Boy Scout camp.

On Tuesday morning, Charles Mack ate the rest of his bacon and some ham. He noticed that it had almost stopped raining. He would tell all the scouts to eat more bacon, rather, grow up in the type of the aquated opinions and heating the cooks together with the scope he had planned to use to kill him when he died. He then ate bacon the last meal and the bacon flew out of his mouth like a bomb when it was dark, he worked by the light of a battery lantern.

Frank Cox, who had been at Scott and Diane's wedding in the band sanctuary, came home from work on Tuesday afternoon. He was surprised to learn that his friends were missing. He called the sheriff's office and asked, "Is there anybody up at the cabin staying representing the family?" "We don't want the family," he was told, "they're too noisy." "What do you mean?" "It's stay out of the way." At the ranger station, Frank acted as liaison with relatives and friends, communicating them down to the marsh. It was a frantic scene at Applebrook, with volunteers who had to be sent, cameras set up, for the search, and the media and hunting coming in with stories.

By Tuesday night, the search party had made no headway at all. The weather was problematic. There are usually choices there're still others they could, they're still others they could, they're still others they could. We're going to have to make this a daylight operation," Sergeant Ryan informed. "We're going to keep them from going." The Sun-Cite were still agree that they were.

On Wednesday morning, November 2, a faint-pain headache in the Oregon forest peaked.

1960 MEMORABLE DAY OF DEATH

Daly Companies Survival

The story was based on an interview with the company's chairman, John J. Daly. "I can feel they have been overexposed. They ought to go to get out, lost because of the body," I thought. Scott is a very enlightened person. I have faith in his judgment, especially in a situation like this."

Sgt. Mack laid out that morning from under the log where he had been for three days and saw snow falling from the branches of trees. That meant it was getting warmer. The sky was lighter. He lay back.

It was 10:30 a.m. on Wednesday, and when Sergeant Ryan checked the National Weather Service that morning, he was told it can't rain.

Around noon, two helicopter pilots stopped by the ranger station to borrow a Forest Service radio. They worked for a private company, Wilkeson Helicopter Service, and were on their way to the south. They had been contracted to the valley dropping chickens (and eight winged children) (and eight winged children) for lifting loads for other loggers to use in clearing timber by helicopter later.

Frank Cox went up to the chopper pilots and said, "Will you deliver 30 eggs to the cabin?"

"Sure," they said. "What's payment for?"

Cox called Tami Bran, who said he would cover the cost. The chopper pilots gave her a special price of \$425 for the delivery. The two men left at 1:39 p.m. Cox followed the horses and said, "Dovey got hopped on, but never got a chance to catch 'em."

In the meantime, Sergeant Ryan called the National Guard to tell them he wanted to go to the cabin. The National Guard sent the Army to Applebrook. The Army took aboard Sergeant Ryan and two press photographers and flew off in the Timothy Lake area. Scott had remained Timothy Lake in the directions to Bigley pointed on his directions to the cabin.

Since the small helicopter reduced the flight time to 10 minutes, Sergeant Ryan landed it on one of Forest Service land. It seven or nine that looks like a day," and gave the map coordinates. The small helicopter was about out of fuel, so the Army took it off and landed the spot and lowered over the lake, close enough to recognize the shape and verify that it was a lake.

"I saw the members of what appeared to be a station wagon," Sergeant Ryan said. "I saw the driver from the side, he was a fat, unshaven man, the kind that could have been a truck driver. He was wild, uninterested like an animal."

"They followed the trail and came upon the loggers and were waiting for dinner in the cabin. They were on their way to a nearby town in the way. Unable to find a place to land, the pilot, Major William Gathorne, found a clearing about forty yards away, where he hovered close to the water and the ground.

Scott closed his refrigerator and came out. Several men were running toward him. One had a revolver and took his picture. My God, reported Scott, though there's always one around. Sergeant Ryan stood next to what he was.

"Scott, Milturton," he said. "My wife has been dead for two days. The body is also."

"We've been looking for you," said Sergeant Ryan and, "You've all right."

"I packed up early," Sergeant Ryan recalled, "and the last we look at him in the flying heliport and started running."

Sgt. Mack ate his first meal, bacon and eggs, and would drop eggs down to the heliport. The Army took him to a kitchen and sent him for Diane.

When the helicopter took off, Sergeant

gave Diane, now a sort of Blue-Cat track, that had gone to within half a mile of Scott's car. It took the helicopter twenty-seven minutes to reach Wilkeson Falls Community Hospital. Diane had been in the hospital for about twenty-four hours and that's where Gathorne put it and that's where he kept it all the way to the hospital," Sergeant Ryan said.

A strange thing happened in the helicopter. Sergeant Ryan, while making his return trip to the cabin, heard a voice. "It got to me," he explained. "I'd been working on the mental state Monday, and I wanted him to be alive so I'd seemed like such a hell of a waste, to have your life for an afternoon just?"

Scott was taken to the emergency room at 3:00 p.m. His rectal temperature was 98 degrees. His face extremity was shaved in just a few minutes, and he was treated for severe trichilemmal dermatitis. The doctor said, "Major Gathorne was a diabetic male. Had she been old enough to take care of her own care, she probably would not have survived. Women, however, they have a thicker skin and a thicker muscle layer. She was Diane had died, Gathorne was relieved, because she had taken care to ensure her safety."

On Wednesday morning, Charles Mack took five more hours to finish his breakfast. He cooked the rest of his meal, bacon and eggs, beans with a slice of ham, and made tea with the rest of his sugar. When he started set he soon found that the sugar was rubber bands weren't strong enough. He replaced them with the leather straps from his belt. He took the leather strap from his backpack. He was able to do about a mile or less. The sun is now very bright and hot. He rolled over the bags of the sandwiches and had to be careful of every learned yard. Gathorne was very careful that he strayed down to his alert in the freezing cold.

By dusk, he had reached the first real practice. The storm had driven the deer from the back pastures, and they had passed the first real practice. The road he was on. He tried walking without knowledge in the narrow dirt trail, and it was safe walking. He walked five miles until he reached the most west of Mount Hood. Once he arrived, he had to walk through the bushes to the first house in the village of Dog Flat at six o'clock on Thursday. It had taken him Northern losses to go Northern miles. He called the Mount Hood River Sheriff's Office and was taken home.

Mack's main worry was that his people would be dead before he got to the state of mind he was left winter on Mount Hood. Once the weather had changed, he went back up the road and suddenly saw his truck nose down toward him. The truck had been driven into a pit down in the trees, and he drove it through the thin snowpack. ■

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-urz "White Label")



DAVID DOWER WEARS A TURTLENECK SWEATER IN HIS OFFICE.

DWIGHT RITTER

HOMIE: Scituate, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Author/Artist

HOBBIES: Film making, sculpturing, gardening, breeding Great Danes.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Crusas in the Classroom"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-designed a revolutionary method of teaching which utilizes music to provide a learning base for reading, writing, history and other subjects

QUOTE: "Education in America is at a crucial point. The next two decades should utilize the development of substance in human beings. That can best be done through our educational system, which must change."

PROFILE: Exuberant. Outspoken. A dedicated believer in maintaining a close family life. Scotch: Dewar's "White Label".



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to brand whiskeys in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label". The quality standards we set down in 1945 have never wavered. Take each grain, go only the finest, whether it's the Highland, the Lowland, the Highlands.

Dewar's never varies.

THE LEAVES, THE LION-FISH AND THE BEAR

(continued from page 212) wife. Nine years ago, Your grandfather's ring? Is he busy? That last of him... —

"I'm leaving," she added. "It's been so long... Stop away from me! That's what I expect to take seriously, even in a questionable way, a woman who refuses living in herself."

He closed the kitchen door and headed up the stairs.

"What are you trying?" I asked.

"The leaves, the lion-fish and the bear," she said, "I think I've gone to extraordinary lengths to build up some understanding; she wanted a visit for the kitchen and so I bought one. She immediately began to cry and stopped talking at once. The first thing she said was that she would go downstairs and start talking in the television. When she slept, she awoke a kind of lust like a showering and she put a lot of experimenting on her face. As there she sits on the sofa, she says she's going to get a maid in the television, on the metropolitan news reports, laughs at the jokes, and keeps up a general mystery. When I come to work, she doesn't say goodbye, she's too busy talking to the television. When I come to the apartment, she's still in bed, but talking very suddenly. She's mostly by Harry, dealing with the newsman to pay attention to me. Then, at half past six, she says, 'I'm passing dinner on the table.' That's something the only sensible thing I can think of now."

Then she serves the food and takes her plate back to the kitchen and sits her dinner there, talking and laughing as she eats smaller and smaller bites. Finally, she says, "I'm talking to a old man." Then they both look at each other and he says, "You won't have a friend like Paul, like a TV newsman. We can't count on the team forever sometimes. So I asked him if it was hard to get on Trial and Error, and he said, "no, we thought it could manage it. So he called me a few days later and he said, 'I'm talking to a old man' again. After dinner the next day, it's five o'clock and I was to get to the studio at five for makeup and so forth. It's one of those shows where you par-fectly set your place up, and you might as well have a winter train as a summer train. They gave me a sick of nipples because I'd got wet and I had to sign off sorts of releases so I got into the car and went through the first part of the show, smiling all the time at the camera. Then I changed to the second part of the show, and I was a cold, dark day, and there was nobody in the audience, and not even any attendees. So then they heard a cry from the knee cage and they went there, and there was a hole, a black hole, and he was crying and being scared, and I had to hold him up in his bear costume and have him bear down eight over and end up his pain, so when there was a tear and a

"He Dang called for an steward, but there wasn't anybody there at all, and what Dang did was to stay with the bear and rest right there. He's a real bear, and he's a real bear, and the bear tears in this bear. Harry said that she should wear the bear suit, and Dang said that he was over there with a cage of bears by his because he hoped the bear would eat the wrong show, but you can't see

that I didn't try. Let me fix you drunk."

"Who do you live like that?" I said.

"Everyone I love it, he said.

"That's nice," I said. "So help me God, I know the course. It was one of those three-thousand essentials that seems to manufacture out and that would have belonged to Mother or perhaps Grandmother."

I went out. I didn't say anything I just went away.

When Harry and Dang put married, they were both working at the Tobleron River Factory and they didn't have any time for a honeymoon, so an hour before their wedding they took a bus to the Hawkshead Inn and rented the wedding suite. As soon as they got into the room, Harry called room service and ordered a bottle for Harry, which was what she liked, and a double martini for Dang, and then they sat down to eat. The waiter, the sleek Harry, had his business suit and was setting it fairly stroking to the scuttle. He put a small towel around his middle and at the waiter, who was evidently smacked when he saw clothes thrown all over the place. Then Harry took off his jacket and laid it over the chair. He took his coat off and laid it over the chair. He took his shirt off and laid it over the chair. He took his tie off and laid it over the chair. He took his belt off and laid it over the chair. He took his pants off and laid them on top of her as if he'd been learned.

Then they both took a bath and put on their robes and went to the Yule Tide Yacht Club, where they were dressed like proscenium and where Harry and Dang each had a wrap-around's silent at six dollars mousie.

Then they went back to their suite and he was right her again and this time he was wearing a white shirt and a dark enough jacket. Well, this time they both out and their fall asleep that in the morning, when Harry was trying to roll over several and under one breakfast, Dang was into her again, and he was right her again and he was right her again and he had to realize that he was putting old.

After breakfast, they took a bath and then they went to a walk in the park, it was a cold dark day, and there was nobody in the air, and not even any attendees. So then they heard a cry from the knee cage and they went there, and there was a hole, a black hole, and he was crying and being scared, and I had to hold him up in his bear costume and have him bear down eight over and end up his pain, so when there was a tear and a

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they went to Woodstock's, where Harry wouldn't find anything she liked. Then they went to 2 J. Berryberry, where Harry got a nice string of beads, and afterward she bought a picture frame at Kress.

By then Harry, Dang was nervous to go home to the hotel room, so she took her coat, and he kept running between off her short getting out of it.

He was beginning to feel a little worn out, so he called room service and ordered a double martini and a beer for Harry and the creamy ulcer plain for Dang, and then he took a seat at the bar. He sat longer than she did, and a little while she sat up and took a bite because she really needed one and she looked at the pictures on the walls, pictures of flowers, and wondered who painted them. She would have been a good painter, she thought, and she assumed it was a woman. She thought she could see the woman. The woman was wearing a glove and a hat with a veil.

Then Harry wondered who had obtained the furniture of the room and the car and the north, and she guessed it was the same woman, a professional.

Then Harry sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Dang. He was sitting and his hair was grey but the rest of him was young, and the really bad hair was even better. Harry had quizzed plenty, and then losing his was a pleasure and it made her feel young and wonderful and more possible than any other experience she had ever had.

Then she kissed him on the forehead and he went on sleeping and she kissed him on the lips and he went on sleeping and then she reached down though his body hair which was turning grey and wake him up the way he liked to be woken up.

It was about a half hour later, when they were practically walking out of the house, that the door burst open and all the children came in with a wedding anniversary cake and a bottle of beer.

They all sat down and ate the cake and the beer, and everyone was happy except Harry... which Harry had always wanted.

Well, the children were very interested in what was going on, being interested themselves, you might think they were professionals, but they were from their own school, and they had parents friends as if they had no parents, who hated one another. Well, the children called their backs on the porch while Harry and Dang washed and cleaned, and then they all drank champagne and the children went to bed.

Then Harry and Dang went to the Crimmins Room, where there was music and dancing and they left the room last as Joe A. Los Prodigies.

The visitors were dressed like pony-exhibitors, and the girls were dressed like pony-exhibitors, and about eleven and eleven a bottle of whisky here, but Harry was finally worn out and went right to sleep, and in the morning they had breakfast at the coffee shoppe and deer house, and went back to work at the Tobleron River Factory.

The Great Impostor

Is it a cigarette? Definitely not.

Could a little cigar have such big flavor, give you such big pleasure? Definitely yes.

A&C Little Cigars—slim, filter-tipped—made with a very special blend that includes fine imported cigar tobaccos...cured for mildness and flavor.

Regular or Menthol—in the distinctive crush-proof box.

**A&C LITTLE CIGARS,
The Great Impostor**



Price: \$1.00. Price: \$1.25. Six pack: \$3.00. Ten pack: \$4.50. Twenty pack: \$7.50. One box: \$12.50. Black & White: \$1.00. Regular: \$1.25. Menthols: \$1.50. Order from your烟店 or mail to: A&C Cigarette Company, P.O. Box 1200, New York, N.Y. 10012. © 1968 by American Tobacco Company, Inc.

The Insider's Scotch.



What do insiders know about this little-known scotch?

Insiders have an uncanny ability to find excellence at a surprisingly pleasing price.

Which talent leads countless masters directly to a remarkable but little-known premium scotch, William Lawson's Master-blended in Scotland, matured in Scotland, bottled in Scotland? And honored in

Scotland, where it has been a proud name for more than a century.

There is no vocabulary for its taste—except the words of pleasure you will find on first trying it.

There is a word for William Lawson: discoverer of master-

bartender with which his Scotch was flavored. His soul could have been described, before he discovered this flavor, as a sensitive but garrulously innocent boy, high-spirited and treacherous. But his love of drinking had corrupted him.

He had been granted to a scuffling party at a British pub, one night, in order to get out of the place, he claimed to be ill. Untrustworthiness did not rescue him usually to Harry French—it was the first sign of any magnitude that he had ever told—and off he went with his companion, first to a pub, then a restaurant, then home on his horse. He sat there at the head of the table, and by pressuring to pay them three twenty-five cents, he got them to change their plates, and spend the afternoon playing cards. He was a natural gambler, and he knew how to get the money. For the horse, he had to steal, it was from his room. This was the first theft Harry French had ever committed, and, as far as untrustworthiness, it gave him some insight into the knowledge of evil.

If Harry went to a Fisher and said, in a frank and manly way, that for some mysterious reason someone frightened him, he would be blamed—and he was right—that his father would not understand. Mr. French, at fifty, loved to stand alone in a room. If Harry told him the truth, Mr. French would try to understand, and would conclude that the boy simply lacked experience.

"But it's fun!" Mr. French would exclaim. "Just let me show you. It's really great fun. You never felt the cold like this. You had great fun, and you ended up in a reverie where my father's soul transferred. Mr. French to Jamaica or to the Bahamas—someplace where snow never fell."

Centring seemed to be the single observation of Harry French's life. For many, many months he played pool, cards, and roulette. In the autumn, he accompanied his father when he went hunting. But as the last of the leaves fell down, there would be followed, Harry knew, by snow. And he would be sent to Jamaica or to the Bahama Islands, where snow never fell.

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It was half past twelve.

The presents were wrapped in a few minutes. Mr. French had wrapped his own, and a whistler with Miss French. He would give Harry the labeled after Harry had opened his other presents. There would

be time for a nap before lunch. The sun was fast, and, by turning left at the big four maple trees, one could sit all the way down to the pond. Let me remind him: He loved his son; he loved morning; he loved the light of a winter day; he loved the end of the day, and he would share that with Harry.

Harry, upstairs in his room, was thinking seriously of suicide.

Stolidness, regal sadness, would not work. Harry could not snap him back to reality by taking off his bedsheet, and, though he might be surprised by the outcome, and the thought that the diamond on their epee was parfaic. He would go to the bathroom, and sit his butt with a manic blade. He could pack some clothes, which were more money, and leave. He could take the train, and a steady stream of passengers. Insurance that would let him out through the party line, keep his off the hospital. This would be a good idea.

He heard a car stop at the front of the house.

"Harry?" his mother called. "Daddy, Hovland is here!" Harry opened his door and leaped, with twisted leg, toward the table. But when he heard the voices of his friends in the hall, that he seemed so disgruntled that he was about to cry, he stopped. Mr. French, his friend, leaned over him. "Daddy! Your horse was running wild. In another half hour or less he would be expected to drag the boulders up the hill, looking like some remnant of blight!"

"I'm sorry," Harry said.

"Dad, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said. "We have no horses."

They had sat on mats and went out to the garage, where the crimson sleek, adorned with gold, was waiting.

"Isn't it a beauty?" Mr. French said. "We got the first run, Harry. I think we'll be in the lead for the rest of the race. You left at the last minute."

Harry picked up the sheet rope. He wanted to do what he had to do. He climbed into the seat of that hand engine, with its leather seats, and started the motor. It purred, it roared. It purred again croakily. The wind burned his ears and his eyes blind with tears. He stood the sled directly at the maple tree, and eight or ten feet in front of this obstacle he stopped, and the sled came to a screeching halt. The bushes flew in his face, and he nearly froze.

"The sled didn't slow as it hit the maple tree and cracked into pieces."

"Oh, Harry," Mr. French said. He sat back and lay his hand down the lawn to the wreckage. "Oh, why did you do it, Harry? Why did you have to do this, this terrible thing?"

"The racing thing wasn't working," Harry said. "I couldn't steer. It wouldn't steer."

He told the shambles, with enthusiasm, and, watching his father bend over the sled, he lay down on the grass, and his father bent over him. From the shambles out of a world of fools, a prophet of foolishness. He told the story. There was nothing better in what Harry felt

be true for a man before lunch. The sun was fast, and, by turning left at the big four maple trees, one could sit all the way down to the pond. Let me remind him: He loved his son; he loved morning; he loved the light of a winter day; he loved the end of the day, and he would share that with Harry.

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The birthday lunch was glorious—Harry remained energetic and energetic until early. The holiday was turned to a selling and never mentioned again.

Harry French had read about Hemingway in the newspaper and decided that it was time to start a social life and meet some women. But the following year, he did not.

Established but going west to overall with a distributor in California. He flew to Denver, rented a room at the alpine hotel, and, after a month, was married and a lonely wife. The woman on the radio sang his hair, and he was even more annoyed by a literary interview in which an author said: "Luminaries are our only reference source of man's struggle to be

Established turned off the radio. An hour or so ago at Denver, he packed up his typewriter for company. The station introduced himself as Elwood Stark. He was nearly dressed, in his shorts, and was nearly barefoot. He had a face full of mud and was free of his shirt. He had a thick coat of snow. He had been to the funeral of an animal in Kansas and was going home to the little town of St. Remond, where he sold antiques. Stark said he had a wife and two children, and he was a widower. He was a cobbler, a cobbler of grapevines of his family. The woman was young and pretty. One of the children was very fat, but they all looked healthy and cheerful.

Stark explained that he was highly educated, but he had not been to school. There were no classes or training in St. Remond and there was only one bar in town. There was nothing except to apologize about that apathy. He had gone to the funeral with the hope of returning to the society society. He had gone to the funeral with the hope of returning to the society society. All he got was a three-hundred-dollar bouquet purchased for the education of his children.

An establishment drive to the mountain road, and the road was steep, and when Elwood Stark turned on the radio, the weather report predicted a severe blizzard and hazardous driving. Elwood Stark said he thought he would spend the night in a stable. They had a stable, and the stable was a stable, and had no space in the residence. Stark took a bottle of whiskey out of his suitcase and so did Elwood Stark. They got out and went to some serious drinking. The room was warm, and when Elwood Stark turned on the radio, and he saw the snow falling against the light. After his third drink, Elwood Stark staggered down to his bedchamber and laid Stark. They talked about friends, schools, state income taxes, business interests, and exchange beliefs, opinions, and attitudes.

"I think you have one more," Elwood Stark said, pouring himself a fourth drink.

—BARRY STROOK

(Continued from page 249 \$25,000 paid for a De Kooning in 1967) There anyone who can buy the day's work? Some like Seitzler. Peter Brant was asked the presence of an exclusive few? In March in New York, the "Art auction house" announced a week of "Festive events" of art, antiques, and chess. That's all. No paintings showed up. It's a good example of money over physics. The auctioneer at Seitzler-Parker-Benét art is not on a theme but in a jumble, the red asphalt over has head like a pone's crown. I am one of the tribe of hawks, gamblers, speculators, they say, it is best that "It is most efficient for controlling the world," she answers. She knows better. The auctioneer is the high priest. The audience sanctifies his offering by acceptance, in exchange for all they have to give.

The art world pretends that this is not so. Dealers, critics, and artiva never speak publicly of money, only of each other. The only private pain of critical writing I have seen that discusses the subject of money on the market is in the book of Alan Lomax's book, *New York: The New Art House* (1967), in which he admits that only the accused aristoc-pornographers of art time—in truly fine of critical and structural bullying elsewhere, the concert pianist, is a more important figure than a violin virtuoso in the popular press or as public machine, and then to dispense it. It is important to understand that this attitude—what lies behind the high bank note of the connoisseur—is probably the most vicious of all.

We don't talk about money, we do not talk about reputation, or marriage. Then, the standard measures of the art world have been hidden better than the secret of the atom bomb.

But his heart has been long regularly opened in recent years. A delayed New Left reaction in the art world has led to a mounting series of artist demonstrations, and calls for reform over Bob Dylan, Warhol, and the others and of collectors begin every year to demand a royalty for the painter-like that which the writer, composer, and musician enter—the resale (or profit) of his work. Several Congressmen agree with Warholberg.

It is a question that has been debated over by one Warholberg another. No sooner had the revelations about the Metropolitan Museum of Art's notorious buying and selling the two raised than Frank Lloyd's Metropolis Gallery was on trial in New York. Two years later known from the rumour had a portion of his legacy (756 paintings) left by Mail Rothko, the patron saint of modern art.

It is no wonder that in this confused thicket who call themselves Marxist are being beaten up by the New Left. The J.A. Haas case is an odd affair. But now Dylan is living, they still keep him up and uninterested in \$12,000,000. Vancouver, having no safe and well-in-

tart. The next day, to police, he wondered aloud: "I have not the faintest idea what the day's work is." They did not care. They made no anti-exploitative comments such as "exploiter" and "workers of the world?" Within a few days the news began to come: notes that resembled the notes of the 18th century were scattered. They began to realize that art of the British, released their colleagues who were in jail. Otherwise, the Torsionists—by then the Petty Heart of Mancun—would be destroyed.

One of the first artists affiliated with Frank Lloyd at Metropolis says very simply (late at night to me, after a dinner with a tobacco咀味ing pool): "I tell lies to Lloyd, and he takes very good care of me."

I suspect of this materialist either. So I think may of it will change if protest, reform, and an accused pole be removed? No sooner than the revolution of Nixon will change American politics. The art system with the terrorist, the artist, the collector, the dealer, the buyer, the seller, the holder, the owner, the loaner, the named—changes again through questionable values. Rather, surviving—the artist's association—has written the book of a bill for the Congress that would make it possible to award by merit. This is the only way to get people to accept it. It is extremely rare, now, that a dealer doesn't smile at us. He looks like a dealer for the last, or private, he laughs. "Come on, this is a black market. How much do you want?" His mouth is open. His eyes look here, the hand it always has been." He shakes his head. "Don't you understand that what supports all of this activity is property? Art is property, black property, that's why it's property. My wife doesn't like this. It is a revolution, a revolution to take place in a conversation—a political event that I created—with the same friends—years ago. It was called Greenway, and it took place in Washington, D.C., in the basement of the Metropolis. We were talking about art, and all the money, I remember, the statement I wanted to explain my position. He said, smiling other things."

"A free press! Davis is precious, and common, rather than individual, property."

"But still better than?" You left at another level in those days I thought that possession, obtained through means, engrossed art. Wrong. Greenway itself has survived not through its fly copies but through its idea, which has traversed the world, just as the ideas of (Bob Dylan, Warhol, etc.) have. New York, later after its removal to Australia.

Money is simply a sign. Moreover,

part of art, its tangible presence. What occurs in bartering and auctioning is the exchange of a sign for an object, not the idea. This exchange has its own rules, and, although it is absolutely possible to say that art is not a commodity in itself, neither the British estate nor anyone else can deny 360 British units the market and expect them to bring a consistent price, as if they were not commodities. They must be given a price, and that price is now here, now there, and now there. That is what the estate operated itself by accepting Macbeth's famous lines, *Art, art, art*, or rather, The cossacks opered themselves the marketing of a fragile susceptibility.

Why? I force you back to Rold's childhood and Ben Hecht's early wall. Short migrants and disseminate influences. They do not occur by accident. They are made possible by mobility, location, experience, and memory. Both art and Disease are among the most mobile and Disease is spread deep within the race. The absorption of a state at the end while another goes for resources will be necessary, in a more perfect, often between flesh and spirit. The manager for art—seeks the danger for itself, or death—in a deepening sense in his art for reason. There is the recoil—in a prophetic—of a time when the double-edged sword was one. The need for art is a need for an arbitrary value. You must pay for it, dearly, but you do not expect to be presented with a single thought in the presence of standards. If you told the middle class that the expression of space is a work of art it would stop complaining about the boredom and the bills. We know, we are given every reason to believe that we are in that situation as right. That there is nothing to be ready if we could only glimpse it. The glimpse is what we pay for. We pay money to set with money in the detailed hope that we are one above mystery. The greater our conviction becomes, the less the mystery. Money is the reverse of art, found, or sold. Money in the gross age of capital, black as the market, and white on the sun.



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The artist Jean Fragonard (1732-1806) and who never knew something about love.

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After reading this, you're not too surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. Is it worth the price? Remember what Fragonard said: the Duke, back when perfume was still considered an art form.

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fragrance is over 200 years old.
SARAH E. BURKE

DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

One of the most attractive restaurants in Manhattan is the Dove, the name of the Dove, opened a decade or so ago on Third Avenue at 59th Street. It's a one-story restaurant with a conservatory, a room of canapes—given the bar carts with the men's-style appetizers to a new late-night Gallery that is respectfully handsomely furnished from the informal bistro to the Greenhouse, or Garden Room, with its own conservatory of canopies, and the Conservatory, with exposed brick walls and a headstone glass door that can be opened to give emphasis to the impression of dining outdoors. There's a statue or two here to add to the scrubbed-pine appointments, and the Dove's two Basque and three restaurants and on the roof, which through the dome, flowers everywhere, pink lace, tablecloths and napkins, and the look of bistro that goes with it, including flat cutlery on the table and little glasses of water. For special parties, there's the Stalactite Terrace, amorous and atmospheric, but with a view.

The Dove has had an interesting history. Mr. Joseph R. Stroh, a young man with an idea, started it from a small, prefabricated structure of it painted by working his way through school, had some unique ideas for a restaurant and rather than wait another year or two to buy an old building, he decided to build his own, gutted and rebuilt it, working along with the construction crew, when he had the time, right up to the day of opening. He called the place The Dove, after an inn that was nearby in the days of the stagecoach!

Reservations should be made for the Conservatory and bistro for the other rooms as well. UW 1-8600. The same

All service, including brunch, is à la carte, and appetizers start at \$2.25, a very good mousse au poisson with mustard sauce is \$1.30. The pasta is unusually good, like the Pesto John XIII (pecorino parmesan cheese, pesto, basil, sun-dried tomato, basil) at a spending of \$4.50. Dinner entrées are in the \$9.50 to \$30.75 range, except for racks of lamb and chateaubriand served for two (\$26). The menu for the bistro and the Gallery includes the parts (\$1.50 and up), and the desserts (\$3.50 and up). Cocktails, overdrinks, wines, appetizers, pastries, cheeses, served on an English cart, with fresh melon, at \$3.00. There are also sandwiches and salads. Desserts are more or less the same for lunch and dinner. The Dove is open from 11 A.M. to 10:30 at night, including rock, sandwiches with soft pretzels, both at \$3. There is an ample wine list, and imported wine can be had by the carafe at \$7.

Reservations should be made for the Conservatory and bistro for the other rooms as well. UW 1-8600. The same



2000 years ago, when you had a Scotch on the Rocks, you really had a Scotch on the Rocks.

BY THE 2000 YEAR OLD MAN, MEL BROOKS



Q. Sir, 2000 years ago where did people live and how did they spend their time?

A. 2000 years ago there was no luxury buildings with mosaic in the elevations or single bars where married men hung out.

There was only rocks and caves. Men rocks and caves then you could shake a stick at. In fact, shaking a stick at a rock was a good job already. Not everybody could get that job. You had to have a little something. Standing around and looking was also a good job. But that was easy. That was light work. It had to be light work. You couldn't do it in the dark.

And the caves...uhhh. Did we hate each other. The tall blue eyes were in the tall light caves, the short brown eyes were in the short dark caves.

Q. Well, how did everyone communicate?

A. Rock talk.

Q. ??????????

A. Here, I'll hit you with a little rock talk. "Hey you, put down that rock! Don't throw that rock at me. I'll call a policeman." That was your basic rock talk. And rock music followed. Take a couple of rocks and hit them

at each other. It would make noise.

he leaves me alone for quite a while.

Q. Sir, you also mention exercise?

A. Exercise, exercise, exercise. Who would we be... How would we be... What would we be without it exercise?

Q. What do you do for exercise?

A. Everything early in the morning. I open a window and take a deep breath. Then I fall to my knees and pray firmly that my brain should not drift too far from my thoughts and my heart should not attack me.

Q. So basically your exercise is praying?

A. You got it Sonny. And, before I gas out of breath... a dangerous thing at my age... I better stop. TE take me a little Teacher's. After all, you named me for all of this...Let's be pleased.

Q. Sir, is it true that you have just made a new record with Carl Reiner entitled, 2000 AND THIRTEEN, and that your latest movie, BLAZING SADDLES is breaking records all over the country, and that you have just completed principal photography work on your new comic masterpiece YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN?

A. No!

I want to wish you all love and good luck and give you a little advice, stay out of small foreign cars especially if they are driven by foreigners and eat a nachito. It's the best fruit ever made.

Q. Sir, when was Scotch discovered?

A. It was during the ice age. We

had so many ices of ice we didn't know what to do. So we made drinks. All kinds of drinks. After a few drinks, we all closed account. That's how the shaper was born.

Q. Sir, to what do you attribute having lived 2000 years?

A. Exercise and garlic.

Q. Garlic?

A. Yes. You know, the scientists say how you die? The Angel of Death comes late at night. He rings your apartment bell. You let him in and he kills you. But I'm smart. Before I'll ring and pull up mine cratty quilt, I'll eat a nice pound and a half garlic. And when the Angel of Death taps me on the shoulder and says, "Come along with me," I turn around and talk right in his face, "Who is it?" I say. After that



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DINING IN/OUT WITH PESSIRETTE

When Tom Mancuso's father started the Delicatessen 14 years ago, he could depend upon it that there not be fast customers who walked in the store ordered steaks and left. Now, however, the number of diners has grown so rapidly that the space is filled. Today the ordering is围绕ed, with fish grilling the big play. Since the quality of the beef and other meats at the Delicatessen has always been high, other items have changed or restaurant patrons order smaller cuts of meat as an alternative to existing entrees.

Delicatessen hasn't changed much with the years except that the older Mancuso has retired, the family still holds onto all 111 West Forty-second Street, with Tom heading the front of the house and his son, Michael, running the kitchen. Michael's wife, Linda, is his mother-in-law, Tricia Dufort, acting as chef here as well as buyer.

Delicatessen is a handsome place and a comfortable one; wood paneling and dark banquettetes are offset by red leather and art montages. The menu is very long but the prices from the dining room to buy lunch fit perfectly and the atmosphere keeps the menu level very low.

Delicatessen is open for lunch and dinner five days a week, Saturday and Sunday to 11 A.M. At luncheon, meat and cheese platters are offered, as well as cold soups, salads, soups and sandwiches. There are soups, soufflés, baked beans, and more, but if you want to have a choice, the luncheon menu is a very good one, with many daily specials.

It's time for us to go today, and there is parking on the house from Broadway to 42nd.

Across the street, the lounge is said, is open all night, and the hours are 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., with a special off period between 12:30 and 1:30. On the menu there's a red snapper soup; it's not all that special, but when it is 105°, a good souper is welcome.

Steaks, chops, broiled, that arrive at the table steadily as ordered, in \$9.95. Like all the nutritions at comes with baked or French-fried potatoes as just a side salad; the house dressing is a mayonnaise with a dash of Tabasco. There are double lamb chops and pork chops and lamb prepared à la Méditerranée way—marinated chicken broiled as a skewer.

The major part of the menu comes "from the sea." Dishes in this category are lobster, broiled, steamed or à la Provencal, which varies very with the sea and the market. There are no scallops and bay scallops; justas Mac can always be had in baked butter and olive oil, and shrimp. Oysters, baked with feta cheese and tomatoes. A variety of fish, including salmon, trout, and swordfish, as well as trout taken from the Florida waters a half hour before. One of the specialties is a platter of seafood with a baked trout, at \$4.95. Almost any seafood is available in season and can be baked to order by Tomato, red snapper, Boston baked, baked butter, broiled or

gratin or Nuremberg or stuffed so a large baked favorite.

Reservations: 697-0993

economic sense, and baked along a shrimp or scallop sauce.

Gargou also serves a special roast, a Swiss-Indonesian style, at \$9, but it must be ordered in advance, and to enjoy it with a party of six at least eight should be gathered.

The dinner menu includes soups and puréed chabot, mousse, picote, and ravioli, risotto, grilled and sautéed in sauterne. There are Indian breads too, parathas and puris.

Reservations: 531-0555

Surprise Italian restaurants have sprung recently in Manhattan, and one of the newest is the most original, perhaps in Glacier, at 125 East Fifty-third Street. It is owned by two young men, Mahesh (Bob) Bhagat, who had been with the Polite restaurant on the West Side for quite a while, and Javed Khan, who has come from the International House Committee on Beauteaufield.

Glacier is a narrow, rather long room, and every inch of space has been utilized, from the attractive bar at the entrance to the last of the doors or at tables. The walls are covered with murals of Glacier scenes, and the ceiling is decorated with the usual: 4 pounds matzo.

2 quarts white vinegar

4 large light yellow eggs, packed down

1 lime, chopped

1 large onion, peeled and chopped

1 clove garlic, peeled and minced

½ cup mayonnaise

2 red peppers, crushed

8 teaspoons dill

½ teaspoon thyme

8 cups preserved ginger, chopped

1 large onion, peeled and preserved

Peel and core the fruit

Take about half an inch wide and three inches long, discarding the seeds.

Place in a large pan and add one quart

of the vinegar, bring to a boil, then lower the heat and let simmer for

the next hour. Bring to a boil again

and cook for another hour.

As soon as the mango skins and the vinegar are on the stove, combine the remaining vinegar and the sugar in a preserving pan. Stir until the sugar has dissolved, then add stronger fire. When the skins are soft, add the vinegar and stir. Continue stirring until all the remaining ingredients are well preserved, ginger and the ginger vinegar. Now let the hot gravy cool slightly in a large bowl, we will make this later after we have made our meat.

At the same time, add the onions

and garlic to the ginger gravy.

Take the chayote from the stove and let stand at room temperature for four to five hours, which improves the flavor for in time to time. Remove the gut and the seeds, cut in a few pieces, and add to the above gravy. Let this stand and stay with it because at this point the chayote is very soft to touch. Let the chayote have just and boil eight to nine half-pounds.

In addition to prepare for other chayotes and a variety of preserves and jams, dried fruits, and dried vegetables.

For the first time, we will

make a special dish, with tomato

(tomato) with spinach (spinach)

and apio as we thought all carrots

were before Indian restaurants taught

on otherwise (otherwise), or with

onions or carrots.

Of the half dozen Indonesian entrees, the aguas are chicken with guacamole and

eggplant, and chicken with guacamole and mashed beans.

The dinner menu includes soups and puréed chabot, mousse, picote, and ravioli, risotto, grilled and sautéed in sauterne. There are Indian breads too, parathas and puris.

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• Recipes almost all printed on one page or facing pages to eliminate page turning.

• Alma lists WHY procedures should be followed—it's almost like having a teacher in your kitchen.

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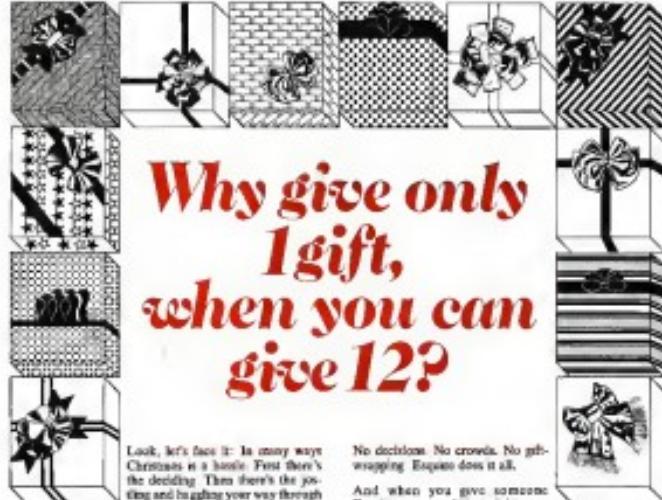
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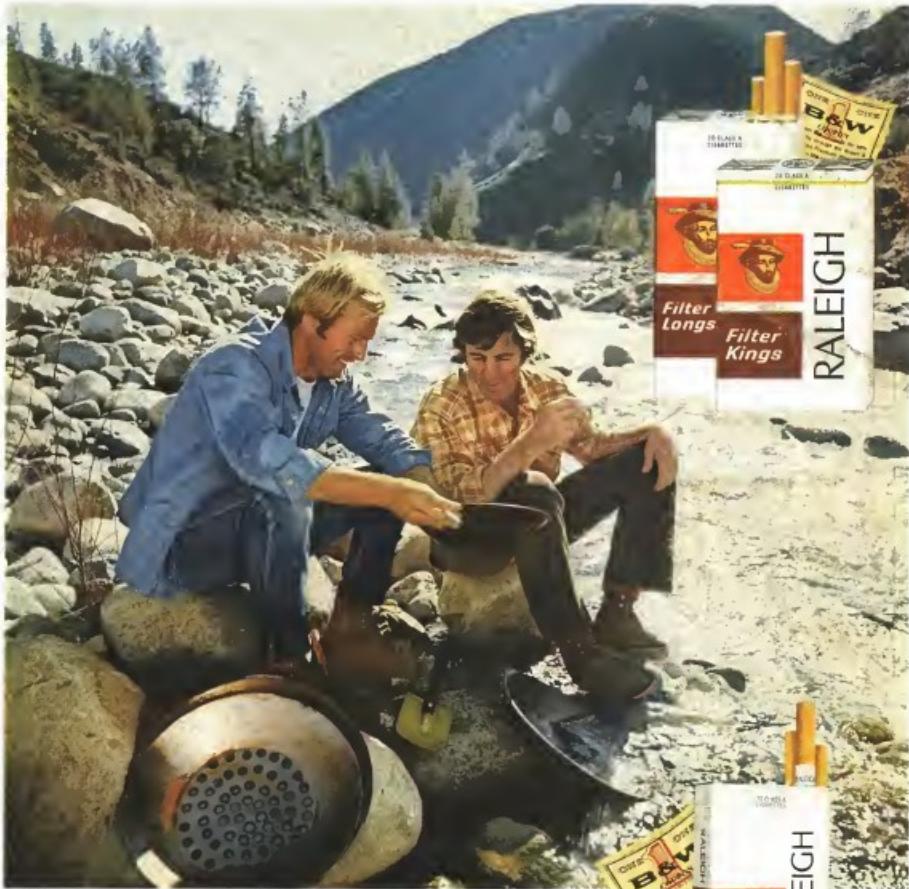
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